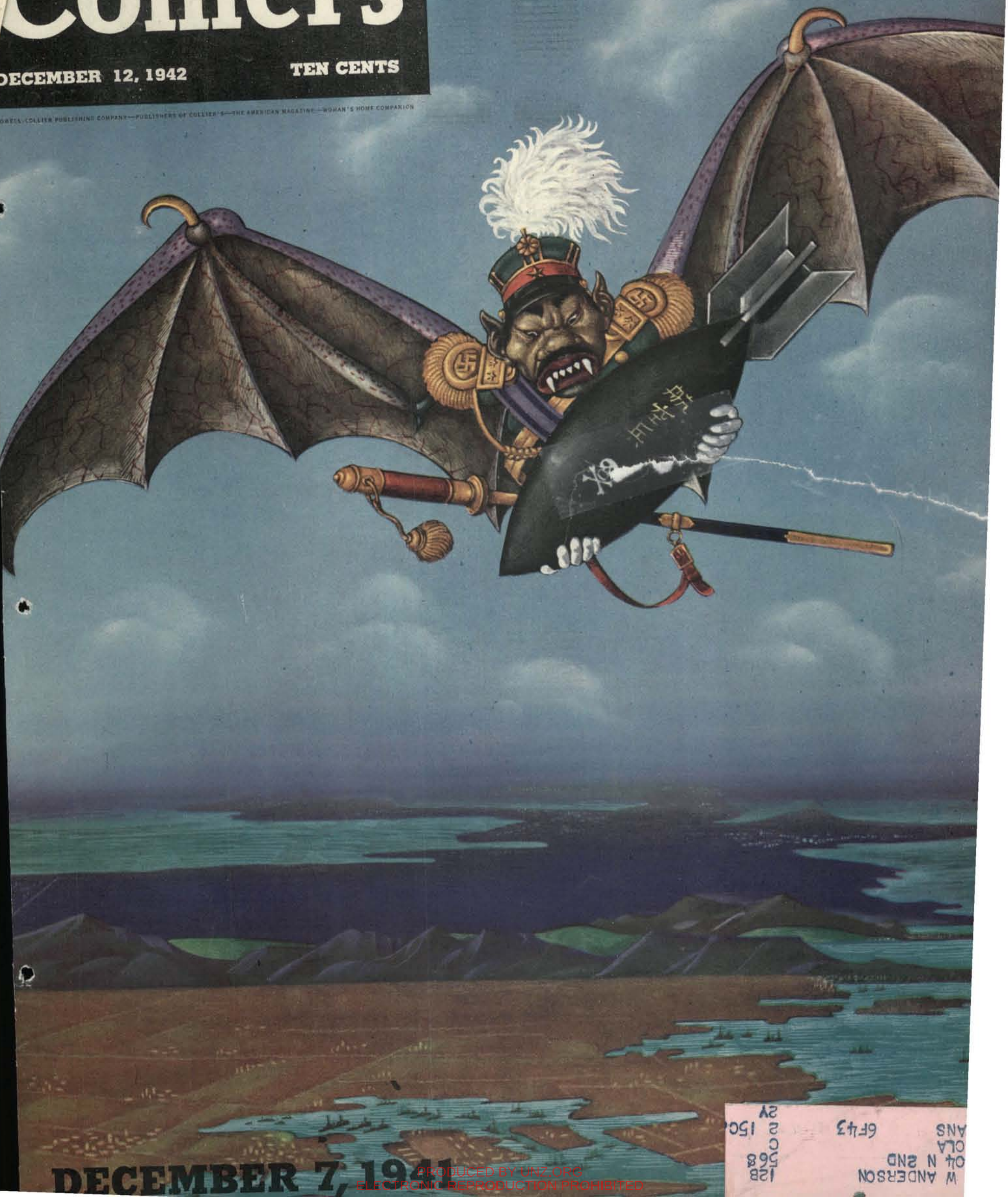
Collier's

DECEMBER 12, 1942

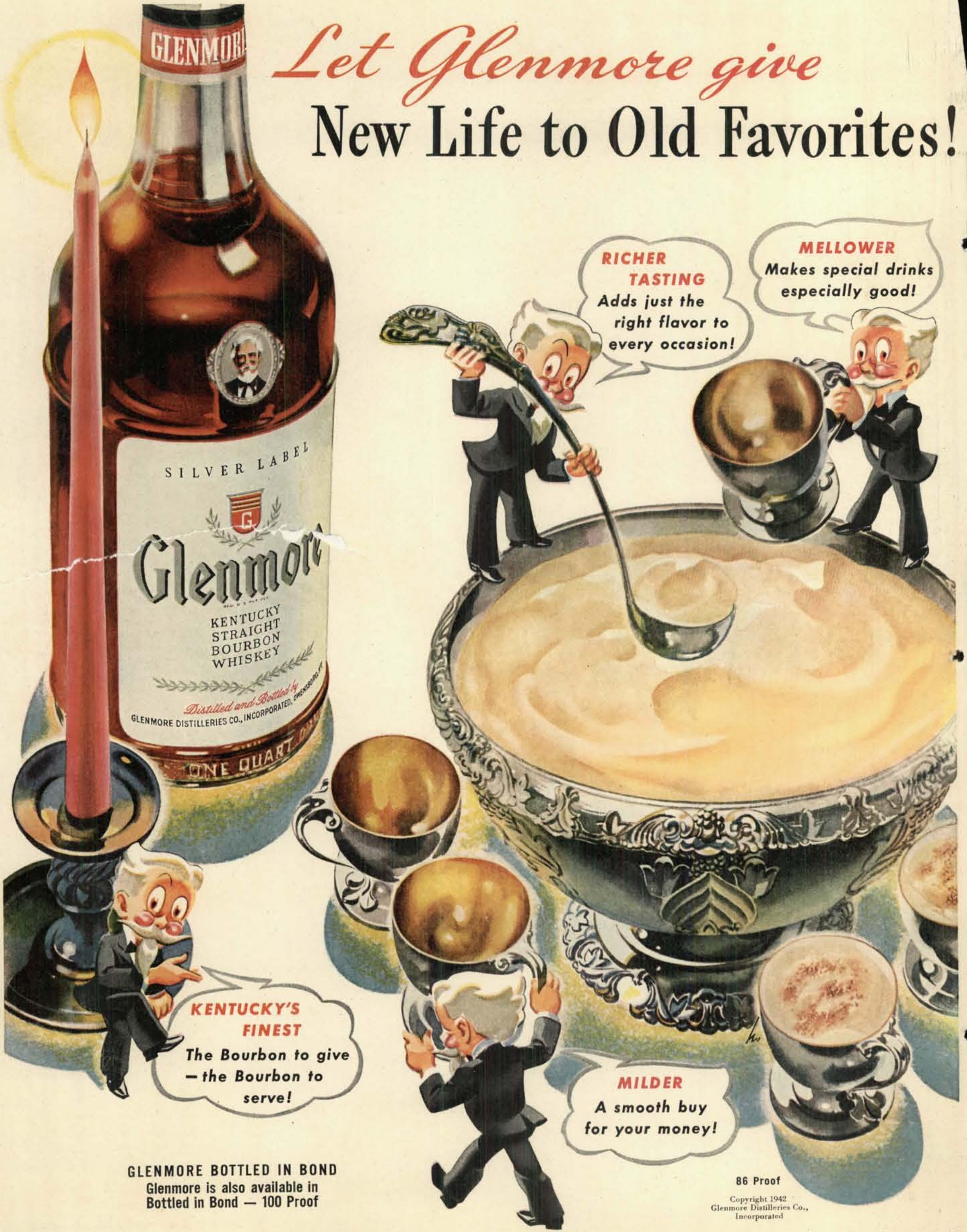
TEN CENTS

ROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



DECEMBER 7, 1941

Let Glenmore give
New Life to Old Favorites!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Glenmore
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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RICHER TASTING Adds just the right flavor to every occasion!
MELLOWER Makes special drinks especially good!
KENTUCKY'S FINEST The Bourbon to give — the Bourbon to serve!
MILDER A smooth buy for your money!

GLENMORE BOTTLED IN BOND
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Bottled in Bond — 100 Proof

86 Proof

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Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
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POUR GLENMORE . . YOU GET MORE

Lost: the very thing we're fighting for!

THE AXIS will never take his family's security away if Bill can help it. He fought for it in the last war, and he's ready to fight again. But tonight that sleepy little tyke's security is no longer sure. No one took it away. Bill lost it.

It's all a bewildering nightmare to Bill now. He'd always been a good driver; it couldn't happen to him. Then that rainy night . . . the sickening skid. The driver of the other car wouldn't be able to work for months, maybe years. Bill remembered how quiet the courtroom was when the judgment was read . . . a judgment that would take years of sacrifice to pay.

Bill knows now it takes more than fighting spirit to preserve his family's security. Too late he knows it takes foresight at home, too. How easily this tragedy could have been avoided . . . if his car had been insured!

It's the Duty of Every Man to Protect His Family from Disasters Like This

explained by G. J. Mecherle
Founder and Chairman of the Board
State Farm Mutual Automobile
Insurance Co.

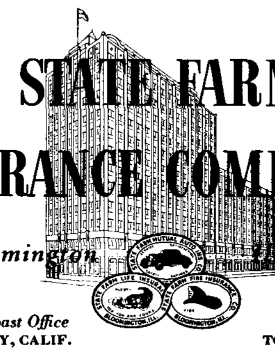
"With the world at war, security at home is more important than ever. We of State Farm Mutual are glad we are able to help by offering auto insurance so reasonable in cost no driver need be without it.

"By cutting unnecessary costs, State Farm Mutual is able to offer more auto insurance for your money. For example, we save you money by *renewing* your State Farm Mutual policy every six months (so long as the risk remains the same), instead of *reissuing* it. You pay the acquisition cost of your policy not once a *year*, but once in a *lifetime*, and your premiums are easier to meet, too. Economies like these have saved State Farm policyholders over $50,000,000 in the cost of their insurance.

"By offering more insurance for your money, State Farm Mutual has become the world's largest automobile casualty insurance company. Policyholders receive prompt service, whether in their own driveways or thousands of miles from home, through more than 7,000 representatives strategically located throughout the United States and Canada. *State Farm offers similar advantages in life insurance, too.*

"Whether your car is now insured in another company or whether you carry no insurance, you should get the facts about State Farm's *More Protection for Your Money Plan.* Just mail the coupon."

Booklet also covers State Farm's popular 80% Collision Plan, Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Plan, Medical Payment Plan, Free Travel Service and 3-Way Savings in Car Financing.


STATE FARM MUTUAL AUTO INS CO
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FREE to Drivers—
New Informative Booklet

Mr. G. E. Mecherle
State Farm Insurance Companies
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Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

SIMPLE ANSWERS

C-122

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City . . . .*State* . . . .

BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY!

LONGINES

the most honored watch for a Hero
The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement" honored for accuracy and long life

Longines*

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Because of the war, only a very limited number of Longines Watches are available for civilians at Longines jewelers. If you want a Longines Watch for yourself, or as a gift, better make your selection soon from the watches now in your jeweler's stock. ℂ If you now own a Longines Watch, we urge you to take particular care of it for the duration. Have your Longines' jeweler clean it or adjust it regularly. ℂ A companion line to Longines—the Wittnauer Watch—famous for sturdy and dependable construction, is also for sale at Longines jewelers. Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals

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AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
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DENVER LINDLEY Fiction
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W. B. COURTNEY U. S. Army in Far East
FRANK GERVASI Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN Articles
JIM MARSHALL West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

Collier'

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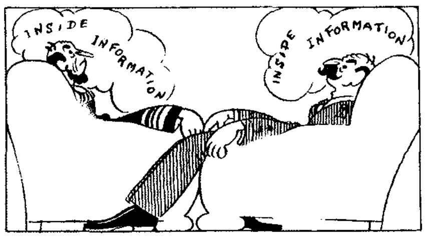
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Edi

ANY WEEK

WE SPEND a great deal of time wondering what things are coming to. One of our correspondents seems to think that the new income tax bill and the War Bond drive have collided, with damage to both. He thinks that three billion dollars in War Bonds will be turned back by holders to meet their taxes and he predicts that the Treasury may try to prevent this by denying bond purchasers the right to pay taxes with them. Thus many of the citizens would be unable to pay their taxes, and the courts would be asked to deny the government the right to sue in order that the tax delinquents might not be deprived of the money to buy more bonds with. Very complicated. Our mail discloses a discouraging growth of skepticism. Our correspondents are not taking kindly to the protests of the White House, the State Department, the Army and the Navy that one may not criticize the conduct of the war unless in possession of the inside information which only top-flight diplomatists, admirals, generals and department heads possess. We select a beef at random—from Mr. Alex Kreight of El Paso, Texas. "I don't doubt," says Mr. Kreight, "that the topside guys in Washington know a lot of things we will never hear of, but what's the use being informed if they don't do something profitable with the information?" And Mr. Ed Holmes Deergeist of Frederick, Maryland, doesn't doubt that our generals and admirals are packed with inside dope. "But," says he, "it's all after the fact as far as I can see. They all seem to know what has happened to us but don't seem to be so well informed about what is going to happen and they don't do anything to prevent it from happening. You can't run a business or even a family that way and I don't see how you can run a war."



ALL this may sound a bit bad-tempered. Our mail is very petulant this week. It's so bad that we've had to turn to Gene Talmadge's The Statesman again for a snatch of optimism. The latest issue of Gene's newspaper is suspiciously lacking in hate. Gene fails to take his weekly wallop at Negroes and, as far as we can see, things in Georgia are pretty sweet even if Gene isn't going to be governor much longer. If we were on the anti-Talmadge side in Georgia, we'd be worrying. Gene reports a visit to Georgia's Tatnall Prison. He says that all the prisoners, even Forrest Turner, love the warden, Mr. Raleigh Lawrence. Mr. Turner, says Gene, is doing a stretch of ninety-five years. "Forrest Turner," writes Gene, "told me that if he had a number of years he thought he could make, he'd quit trying to break prison and try to pay his debt to society." Gene also has a word to say about Stalingrad: "A battle has been raging in Stalingrad for the past three months between the Germans and the Russians. Thousands of soldiers on both sides have been killed. The outcome of this battle will be very important either to the Germans or to the Russians."

Attention Parlor Game Hunters

Many thanks for the thousands of ideas you submitted to the Game Hunting department since the search was opened in our issue of Oct. 10th. As of Dec. 5th at 5 P. M. the season is closed, and the best games will be published in Collier's for December 19th.

FROM another statesman who has the gift of setting down precisely what he thinks, with similar commendable clarity and terseness, we have a letter. He is Mr. Ed Crump, benevolent boss of Memphis, Tennessee, for forty years. Mr. Crump is pretty indignant about this magazine's recent article about the OPA's investigation into rationing in Tennessee. The article, writes Mr. Crump, was "a stab in the back." He says that "we perhaps have less graft in Memphis and Shelby County than in any place in America." Then: "The story was simply the work of a licentious, venal scribbler—selling an unfair, lying article for the money, and this isn't the first time." And that's certainly telling him, boss. We know the licentious, venal louse well. He used to be one of our best friends.

AND that's the kind of powerful, out-loud writing we'd like to see issuing from Washington's propaganda offices. Gene and Ed are getting a little old but when Paul McNutt and General Hershey get the authority to draft the right men for the right jobs they ought to act swiftly. Then, perhaps, there wouldn't be such panics as upset one of the State Department's offices lately.

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THIS WEE

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ERNEST HAYCOX
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DOROTHY SPEARE
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LUCIAN CARY
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H. VERNOR DIXON
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WING TALK. Pa

EDITORIAL. Page

COVER ARTHUR S

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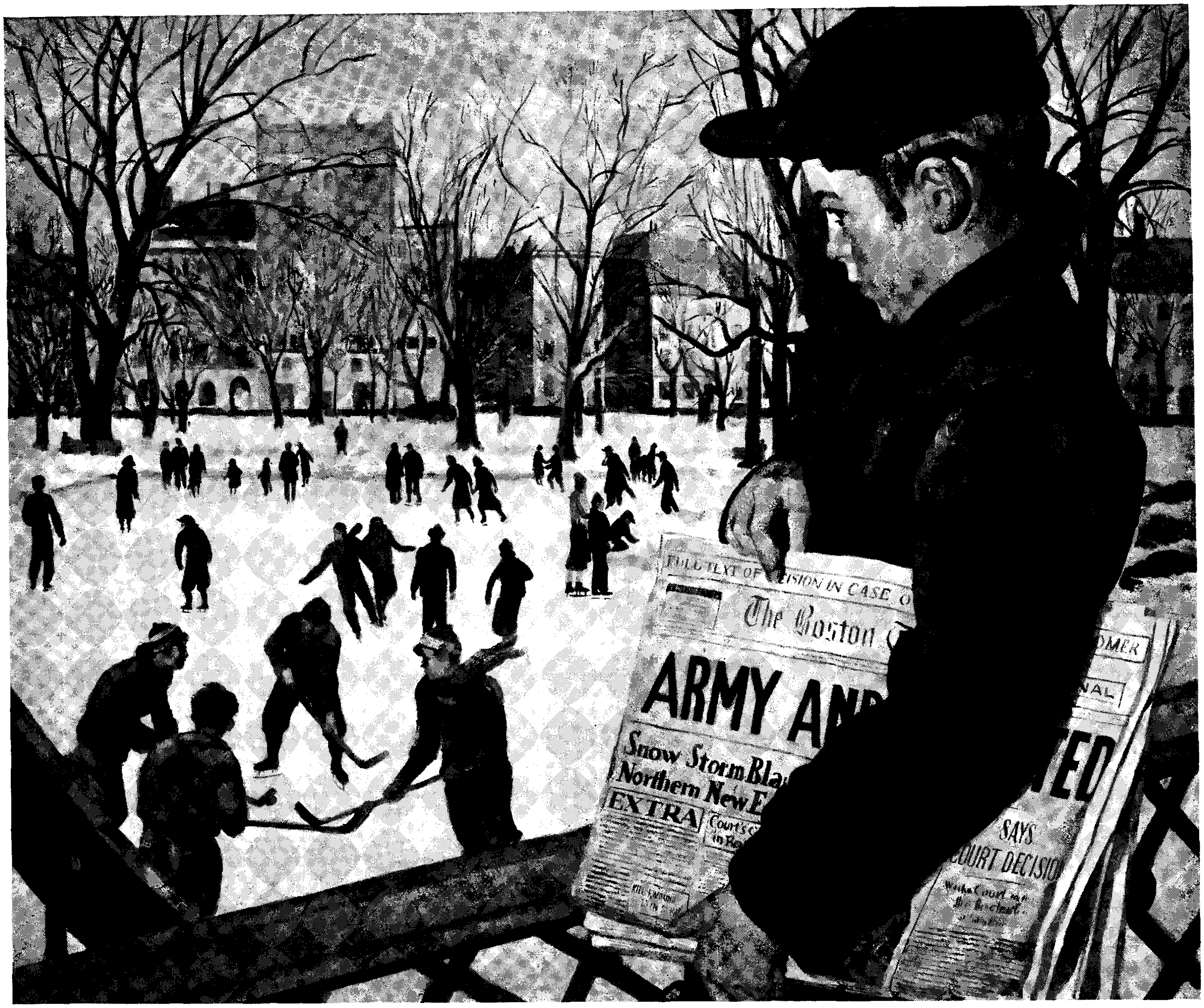


His father didn't plan it that way

IT DIDN'T HURT Bill Henry to sell papers. But even now, twenty years later, certain memories still hurt . . . the memory of his mother's struggle to make ends meet . . . the memory of her valiantly making last year's dress do, so that a growing boy could have a Sunday suit . . . the memory of the brave smile that couldn't quite mask the pain in her eyes, as she watched him start out with his papers while other boys were going skating, or swimming, or playing ball on the corner sand lot.

* * *

TODAY BILL has a boy of his own — a son he is as proud of as his Dad was of him . . . a boy for whom he has wonderful plans. But Bill knows from experience what can happen to the most ambitious plans. He has pledged the security of *his* wife and *his* boy in the way open to every man with a job and a family. The way his father meant to take some day — but somehow didn't. The modern, practical way of life insurance.

* * *

BILL HENRY'S life insurance plan fits his situation perfectly, yet it might not suit yours at all. The John Hancock agent who planned his protection took into consideration the fact that Mrs. Henry was married right out of school and has no business training — that there would be social security benefits for her and the boy if anything happens to Bill. . . . Like every John Hancock representative, he has been trained to consider these and many other factors. He knows, because of his company's experience with six million policyholders, that no two families are alike . . . that every client needs the specialized service which he is equipped to give . . .

When the John Hancock man calls on you, remember that he is prepared to give his complete and conscientious attention to your special problem. Take him into your confidence. It will place you under no obligation whatever.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, *President*

"Everybody noticed the difference the moment I checked dry scalp!"

"Dousing got me nowhere!"

I learned you simply can't control dry hair by dousing... no matter what you douse it with. I'd sop my hair in the morning... and for a while it would stay in place as if it had been glued there. But when it dried, I'd look like a home-grown Zulu. But I gave up dousing when I discovered 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Now my hair looks naturally neat all the time.

"NOW LOOK!"

I put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb...then run it through my hair. That's all that's needed to keep my hair combed. But what's more, I found that I can check dry scalp and loose dandruff by rubbing a little on my scalp occasionally to supplement natural scalp oils.

A brisk massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before a hair wash and a little rubbed on my scalp afterwards...stops that itchy feeling and checks after-shampoo dryness. By taking care of both my scalp and hair, I've really made a very big improvement in my appearance. My hair looks good, and my scalp feels good. Better see what it'll do for you!

FOR DOUBLE CARE BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

40¢ and 70¢

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPR. 1942, CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., CONS'D

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Frankie and Johnnie was the most popular ballad ever composed in the United States. During the latter part of the 19th century, more than three hundred variations of it were sung from coast to coast.—*By Frances Wilson, Fresno, California.*

Demolition bombs weighing 4,000 and 8,000 pounds each are rarely used today in Europe because the 2,000 pounder has sufficient destructive power for almost any kind of job. Released from a plane flying at 300 miles an hour at an altitude of 20,000 feet, this bomb, upon explosion, produces enough force to lift one ton six miles in the air.

The renewed massing of soldiers and war equipment by the Japanese along their Manchurian border today recalls that, during the past eleven years, they have been involved in more than two thousand "incidents" with the Russians. These have ranged from pot shots at one another to a great battle at Nomonhan in 1939 in which the Japs were badly beaten, losing 18,000 of 60,000 men.

Mother Roper, head of a seamen's organization in New York, devotes most of her time today to searching for missing merchant seamen for their families, her work having been increased recently by the secrecy surrounding sinkings and shipping schedules. During the past few years, she has located nearly six thousand sailors.

Among the peoples who practice polygamy, especially the Mohammedans, women sometimes ask their husbands to marry a second wife when they are overburdened with housework and childbearing. If such a request is denied, the wife can take the matter to court and usually make her husband comply with the demand.—*By Margaret Boegehold, Mount Vernon, New York.*

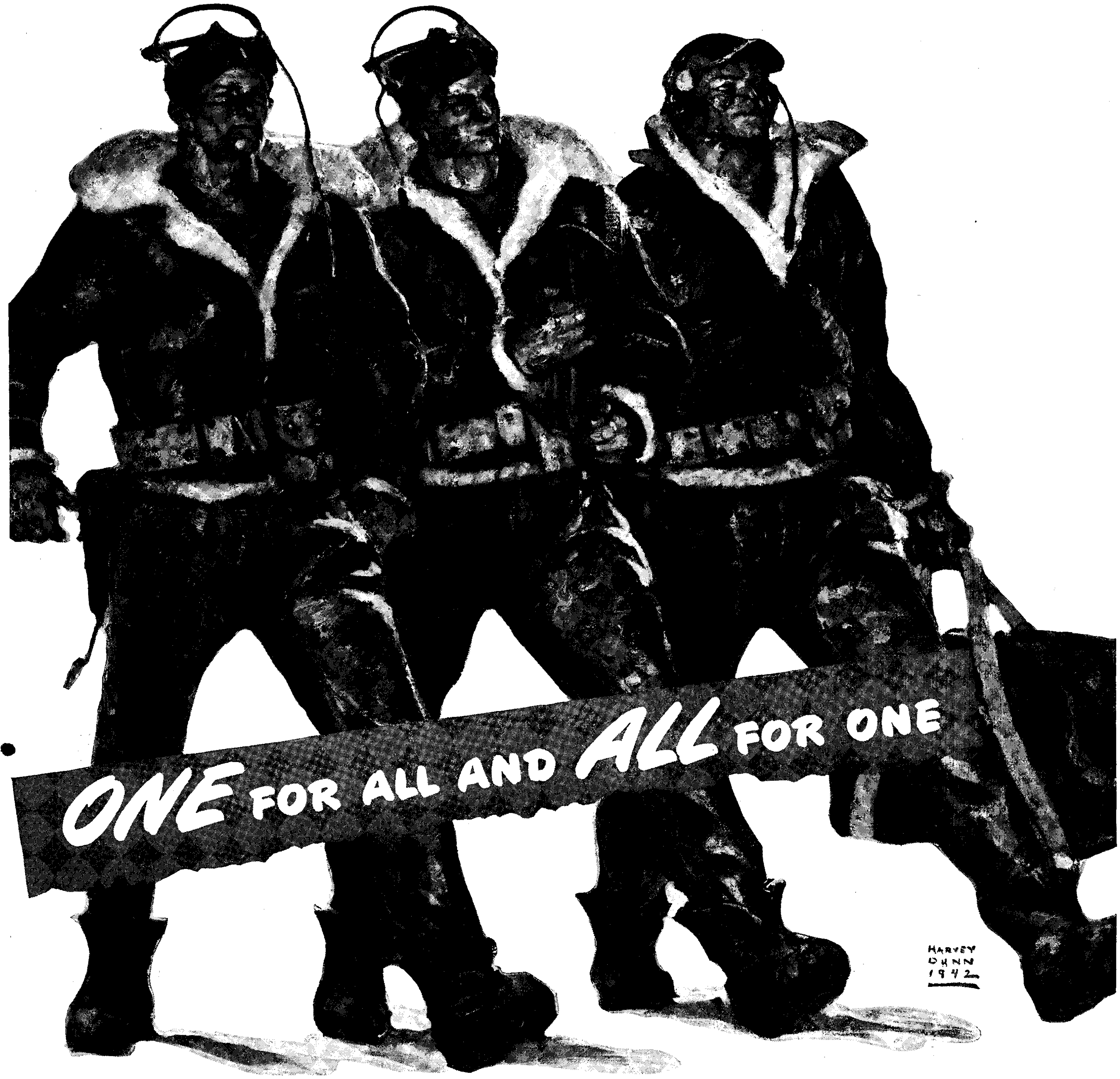
Britain's latest weapon against dive bombers at sea is a new gun whose rockets carry long steel wires to great height, where they are supported by parachutes, while the lower ends are attached to the ship. When bombers approach, a barrage of these wires is sent up in front of them so they have to change their course to avoid entanglement. Later the wires and the chutes are retrieved and made ready for another attack.

Motorists traveling through the Liberty Tubes in Pittsburgh are able to hear, on their automobile radio receivers, the programs of a number of local and near-by stations over wires, strung through each of these mile-long tunnels, which serve as antennas. The wires re-radiate the radio waves after they have been picked up by outside antennas and passed through amplifiers.—*By Les Koons, Chicago, Illinois.*

No originality created the slogan "America First." Previously, an Australian Fascist organization used "Australia First" and the British Union of Fascists used "Britain First."

Fifteen minutes before the first bombs fell on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, a Jap dairy truck entered Hickam Field to deliver milk. After it had reached a point in front of the barracks, the driver stopped and pretended to fix his engine. As our pilots rushed out to man their planes, the sides of the truck fell off and six Japs hiding in it with machine guns were able to kill eighty Americans before they themselves were shot.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher


ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE
HARVEY DUNN 1942

Pilot — Navigator — Bombardier — "The Three Musketeers" of the Army Air Forces! Each of the three is a member of a keen, hard-fighting team, relentless against America's enemies.

Here's an outstanding chance for every healthy young man in the country who is over 18 and under 27 — married or single. No school or college credits are required for bombardier, navigator or pilot training. All you need is good American sense and a desire to get the best aviation training the world offers. You can take the first step right now.

Read over the three alternative plans to become one of "The Three Musketeers of the Air" as shown at the right. Talk them over at home. The Aviation Cadet Board or the Army Recruiting and Induction Station will answer questions or take your application. Get in now, and get on this team!

THREE WAYS TO GET IN

1. As soon as you pass your Aviation Cadet examination, enlist in the Army (unassigned). You will begin Army training — at regular Army pay. You will be transferred to Aviation Cadet training as soon as there is an opening.

2. Join the Air Forces Enlisted Reserve. Continue your civilian activities until facilities become available for your Aviation Cadet training. When they do, you will be notified.

3. (If you are a college student.) Join the Air Forces Enlisted Reserve on a deferred basis. Continue your college course. You will be subject to call by the Secretary of War, in case of necessity.

"KEEP'EM FLYING!"

U.S. Army

RECRUITING AND INDUCTION SERVICE

• Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Service Command nearest you:

First Service Command..................Boston, Mass.
Second Service Command, Governors Island, N.Y.
Third Service Command................Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Service Command..................Atlanta, Ga.
Fifth Service Command, Ft. Hayes, Columbus, O.
Sixth Service Command....................Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Service Command................Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Service Command....Fort Sam Houston, Tex.
Ninth Service Command..........Fort Douglas, Utah

Or write to:

Procurement Branch, F-7, A.G.O., Washington, D.C.

Making
America's fire-power
"FAST
ON ITS FEET!"

WAR takes more than man-power and fire-power today. *It takes horse-power, by the billion!* All *kinds* of horse-power! Some for lightning speed—some for sheer irresistible "oomph"—some for steady, hour-in-and-hour-out pulling at full load.

In every type of fighting engine, Sealed Power Piston Rings are saving fuel and oil that become precious beyond price, after being carried perhaps halfway 'round the world! In army trucks, tractors, tanks, jeeps, motorcycles; in submarines, torpedo boats, destroyers; in bombers and fighters; wherever our fighting forces are using engines—gasoline or Diesel—Sealed Power is serving them.

It's a high honor, earned by Sealed Power performance in years of peacetime service to the car and truck owners of America. It's an added, reassuring reason why you should have genuine Sealed Power Piston Rings installed in your car or truck at the first sign of ring wear (increased oil consumption is the usual tell-tale).

Although Sealed Power plants are almost entirely devoted to war work these fine piston rings are still available in packaged sets, engineered especially for each particular make of engine. Insist on them! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves

SEALED
POWER
SEALED Individually
POWER Engineered
RING SET

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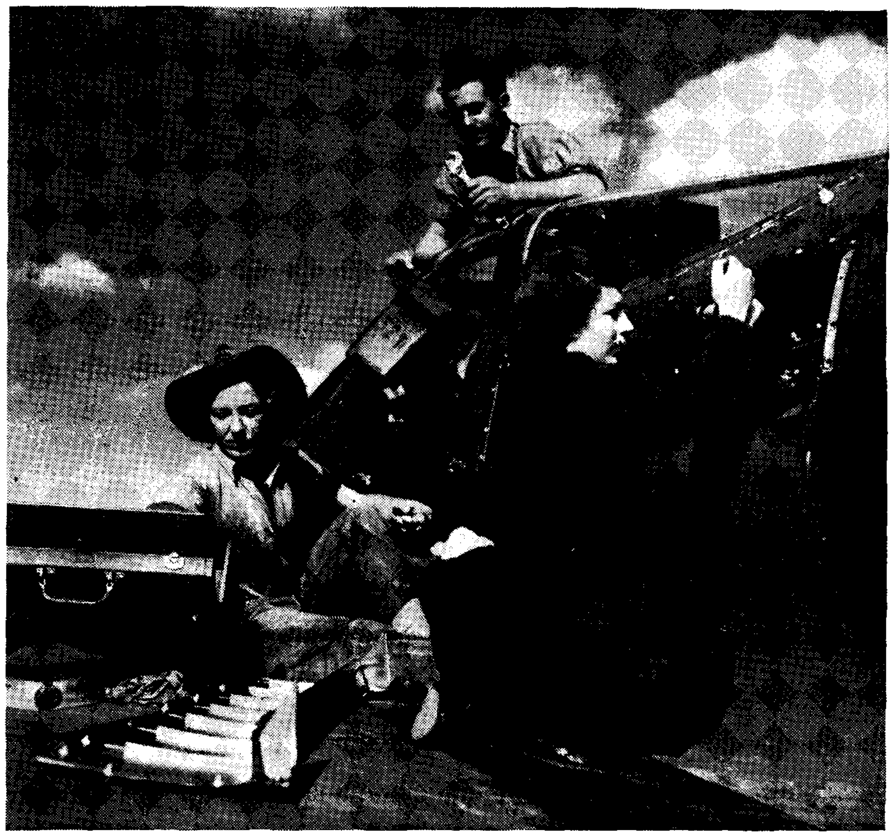
WING TALK


DEARING

The Waaafs help a U. S. Army Air Corps mechanic repair a Bell Airacobra. *Left to right, Betty Philp, Pvt. E. Jenkins, Sybil Crouch*

SOMEWHERE in Australia: Certain novelties of aviation in Australia greatly interest Yank fighting birdmen who roost down here between their walloping flights against the no-longer-so-cocky Jappies.

One of the first observations a Yank airman is likely to make at cocktail parties is that Aussie women are universally air-minded; perhaps more so than their menfolk. While at Aussie fields, probably the first unusual thing to catch his eye is the omnipresent Aussie version of Waafs. Here they add an "a" for aviation: meaning Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force. What the famous Australian accent does to the W—triple a-fs is beyond me to reproduce phonetically.

The Waaafs work right up in the advanced combat zones. They've had casualties. Their commander is Wing Officer Clare Stevenson, a charming 36-year-old feminist champion. Waaafs practically run the whole ground show—clerking, serving messes, cooking, driving cars and trucks, tailoring, folding chutes, administering, handling all telephone, cipher and radio communications, and even "manning" radio location detectors, and making engine and plane repairs. They live and mess exactly on the same basis as soldiers; are permitted but one concession to their sex—hairdressers. They wear Air Force Blue uniforms off duty; blue coveralls and berets on duty.

THE harshness and loneliness of Australia's frontier life is emphasized most to interested Yanks by a service that is unique to Australia—the renowned Australian Aerial Medical Service; popularly, the Flying Doctors. They have six bases in the more than two million square miles of bush, or outback, as it's variously called. Some 250 principal homesteads have radio sets for which power is generated by a contraption like a bicycle pedal. When a doctor is needed, a messenger may ride horseback as much as 100 miles to a homestead with a radio. From here, a call is sent to the nearest Flying Doctor station, perhaps another 600 miles away. Doc climbs into his plane with his pilot—or flies himself if the pilot isn't handy—as matter-of-factly as our country doctors used to climb into their buggies and whip up their horses. The planes are single-motor jobs, with a stretcher in the cabin. The doctor lands as close as possible to the ailing one. He is prepared to operate, deliver, or treat on the scene, if necessary; or fly the patient to civilization and a hospital. Truly, the stork travels by air in Australia. Last year, these little-sung medical heroes flew nearly 150,000 mercy miles.

FOR their nightly bull session at fields outside Port Darwin, Townsville, or a dozen secret rookeries outback, thoughtful young Americans find boundless subjects for discussion in the special air-transportation chances that Australia poses. The Big Dipper has seen more of mankind's purposeful comings and goings than the Southern Cross. So this island continent, sidetracked from ancient, historic trade and expansion routes of the Northern Hemisphere, will loom in the postwar world as a challenge to the potentialities of air transport. With fewer inhabitants now than the state of New York or the city of London, in an area as large as the whole United States, Australia can be drawn closely by airway netting into the international web of good neighbors. Then watch her grow! So imaginative Yank fliers say rubbing their hands, planning splendid tomorrows—and perceiving with awe for the first time the true capacity of the airplane as a gourmand of distances.

With peace, the Yank airmen see Australia only two or three days from home

(Continued on page 29)

IT'S WAR ON WINGS!

SOMEWHERE on the other side of the submarine-infested Atlantic a giant flying freighter drops to harbor—with Navy guns and supplies that *"have to get through"* . . .

And far on the other side of the world lands another great Navy bird of war . . . to unload its cargo of ammunition in a remote Pacific harbor that's rimmed with shell fire.

This is a picture of war on wings—of "freight cars" winging across oceans at a 200-mile-an-hour clip right to the fighting line. Each plane so colossal in size that 20 Nash automobiles could park on its wings.

Building 'planes like these—giant Vought-Sikorskys—is an honored responsibility of Nash-Kelvinator.

And it's only a *part* of the work that's going on in the same buildings where yesterday cars and refrigerators were made.

Another Nash-Kelvinator responsibility is the building of 2,000 H.P. engines—most powerful supercharged engines ever put in our aircraft—for the *Corsair*, the Navy's highest-flying fighter plane.

And already from Nash-Kelvinator have come thousands of propellers now speeding big bombers to the battle fronts.

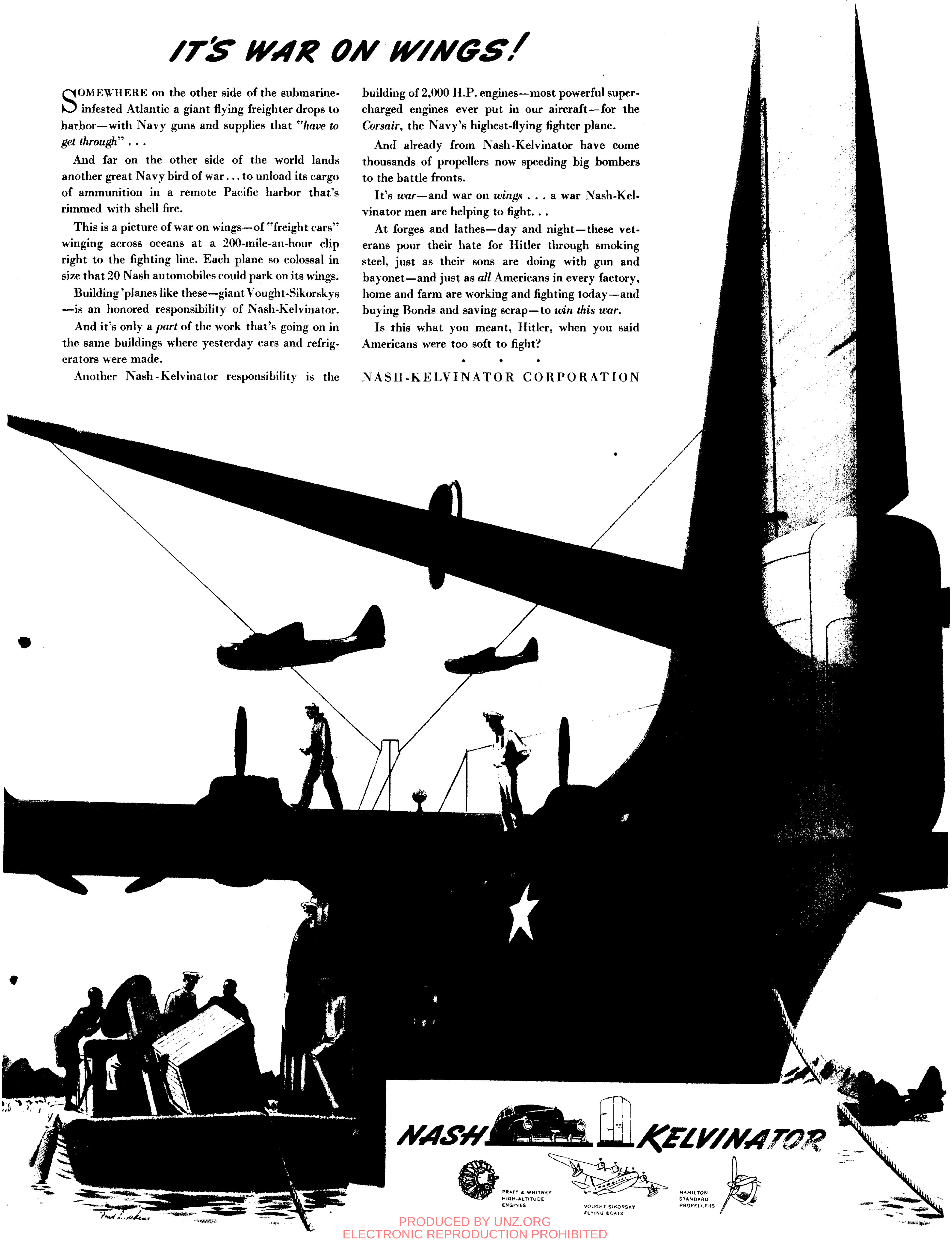
It's *war*—and war on *wings* . . . a war Nash-Kelvinator men are helping to fight . . .

At forges and lathes—day and night—these veterans pour their hate for Hitler through smoking steel, just as their sons are doing with gun and bayonet—and just as *all* Americans in every factory, home and farm are working and fighting today—and buying Bonds and saving scrap—to *win this war*.

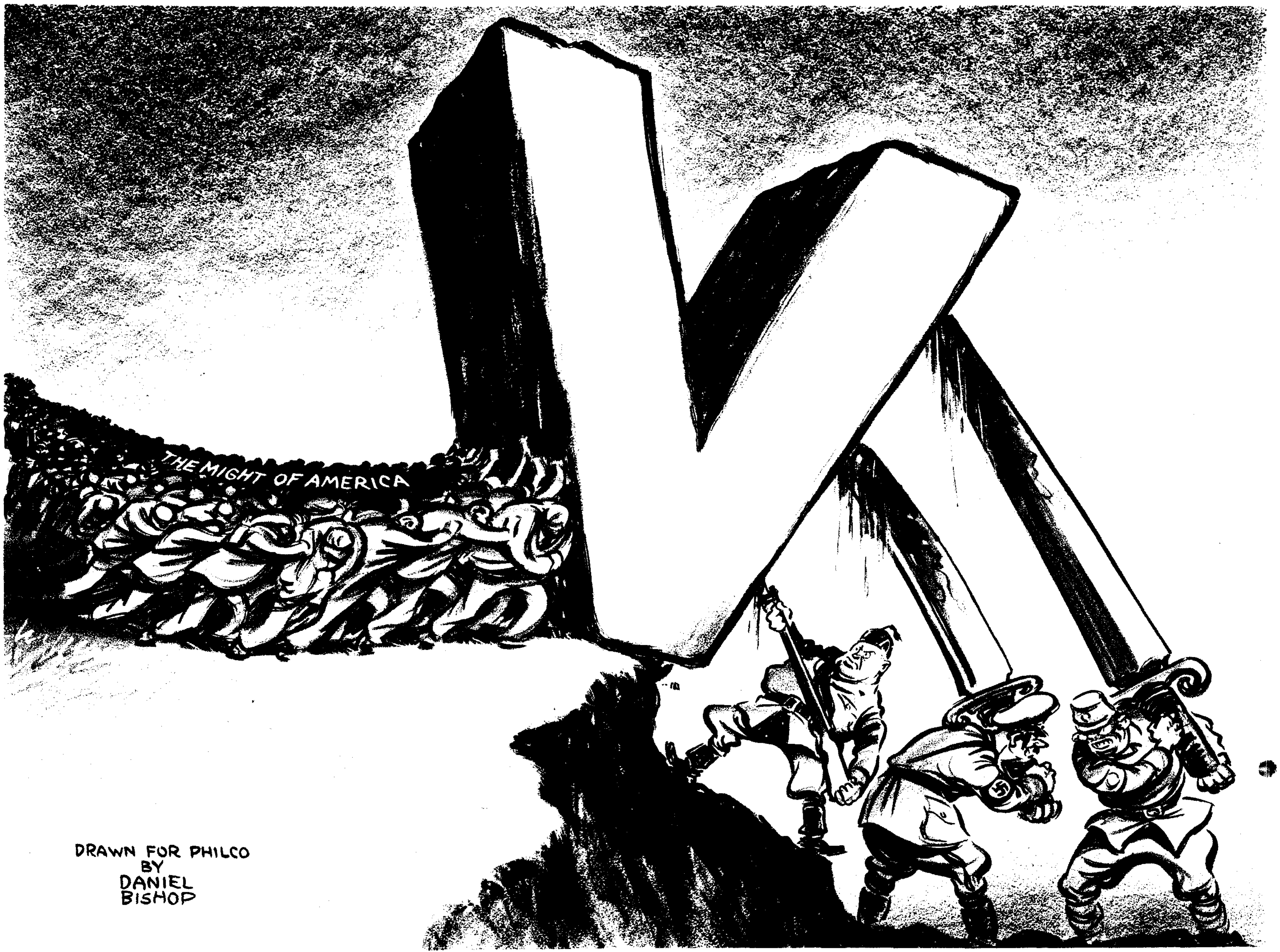
Is this what you meant, Hitler, when you said Americans were too soft to fight?

• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION


NASH KELVINATOR
PRATT & WHITNEY HIGH-ALTITUDE ENGINES
VOUGHT-SIKORSKY FLYING BOATS
HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS

Push—*It Isn't a Wishing Stone!*


THE MIGHT OF AMERICA
DRAWN FOR PHILCO BY DANIEL BISHOP

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As this is written, American arms have taken the offensive. In less than a year after Pearl Harbor, American industry has equipped our fighting forces to carry the war to the enemy. And Axis dictators begin to talk in plaintive tone of black horizons and impending doom!

To the men and women of Philco who have had a part in this vast program of preparation, these events are an incentive to new and still greater achievements. The road ahead, though long and hard, is full of hope and promise. Now, more than ever before, the war production pledge of Philco's soldiers of industry is "*More-Better-Sooner.*"

The electronic miracles developed in the Philco laboratories, the radio communications equipment, fuzes, shells and storage batteries produced by Philco workers are today fighting for freedom in the planes, tanks, ships and guns of many battlefields. When Victory is won, their heritage of amazing inventions will bring new comfort, convenience and entertainment to the homes of the nation.

This cartoon by Daniel Bishop is another in the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists to interpret the spirit of Philco's soldiers of production. It is being posted on bulletin boards of the Philco factories as a symbol to the men and women of Philco of the purpose and significance of their work in the united effort for Victory.

Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Daniel Bishop will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 33C.

PHILCO CORPORATION

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on all products of peace-time consumption, remember too to preserve the things you own. Trained service men everywhere are leaving civilian life to serve vital military needs. So be careful to maintain the condition and prolong the life of your Philco products.

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ARMY E NAVY

The Army-Navy "E" Flag awarded to Philco plants in Philadelphia, Chicago, Trenton, N. J., and Sandusky, Ohio.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR DECEMBER 12, 1942

Washington's "Now" Man

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

William Martin Jeffers, the new rubber czar, has certain Washington characters beating their breasts fearfully. They can't understand a man with so little regard for the rules that he wants to get things done right now

JEFFERS was sitting at his desk in the Omaha office of the Union Pacific Railroad when the phone rang. He picked it up. "The President wants to speak to you," his secretary said.

"The president of what?" Jeffers asked, wondering if this was the president of the First National Bank of Omaha, the president of the Omaha Rotary Club or the president of the Omaha Country Club.

"The President of the United States," the secretary said, trying to keep her voice quite normal, as though this were an everyday occurrence.

The President said that he wanted to see Jeffers. The next day, if possible. Did Bill mind flying, he asked.

"No, I don't mind flying," the railroad president said. "I'll be there."

He was there. He walked into the White House, wondering what railroad problem it was the President wished to discuss. There were plenty of railroad problems all right. Take the matter of tank cars used to transport oil and gasoline. Hell, we didn't have half enough of them. So many tankers had been sunk in the North Atlantic and off the eastern coast that now this precious oil and gas had to be transported up and down the coast by train. That was one problem and . . .

Orders from Headquarters

The President took time out to ask Jeffers how his trip had been, and then without further preamble, pulled a thick pamphlet out of his top desk drawer.

It was the Baruch report. Had Bill read it, the President asked.

"I've read newspaper extracts from it." Jeffers hadn't the least idea where all this was leading.

It was a fine report, the President said thoughtfully, full of constructive criticism. It gave the whole story of our rubber problem and suggested a lot of remedies. Bill had better read it. He was the new rubber director. The President wasn't asking him to take the job. He was telling him.

"I don't know a thing about rubber," Jeffers protested feebly.

That was all the better, the President said, smiling. Could Bill start work tomorrow?

And that is how William Martin Jeffers, railroad man, became the biggest rubber tycoon in the world. He is the master of our automobiles, our baby carriages, our children's rubber-tired fire

(Continued on page 89)

Politicians thought William Martin Jeffers was going to be easy prey for them—until he turned the tables

The Hunters

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

MICHAEL GARRICK and Bob McNare, neighboring planters in Uganda, and Michael's wife, "Tommy," are generally regarded as close friends. And friends they are. Unfortunately, Bob and Tommy—both fine, both *honorable—fall in love.*

Bob presently inherits a baronetcy, goes to England. When he returns as "Sir Robert McNare," he gives no sign that he had ever regarded Tommy as anything but a friend! Tommy—whose vanity is, quite naturally, wounded—soon learns what has happened to him. At a country-club dance, she observes him being markedly attentive to a young woman, who, accompanied by her uncle, had come out on the same boat with him.

The woman is Mrs. John Winston—Claire Winston—a widow. She is slim, gloriously shaped, beautiful. Watching her, with Bob, Tommy realizes that she is rapidly making Sir Robert McNare her slave. . . .

Sixteen years before the dance, Michael Garrick had been desperately in love with a fascinating girl, who had jilted him suddenly and cruelly so that she could marry a wealthy older man. After that, Michael—a splendid young fellow whom everyone had liked—became a drunkard; and his sprees, after he had married Tommy, had certainly *not* contributed to her happiness.

Now, at the dance, Bob introduces Michael to Claire Winston—the woman who had let him down! Michael, surprised and shocked by the meeting, gives no sign that he had ever before seen Mrs. Winston; and Mrs. Winston treats him as she would a stranger, just introduced.

Shortly before the party breaks up, the four —Michael, Bob, Tommy and Mrs. Winston—chat for a few minutes. Bob says that he wants Mrs. Winston to see something of what he calls "the real Africa;" he suggests that Michael (a veteran hunter) and Tommy take Claire and himself out on a hunt, a safari.

Michael is noncommital—he is certain that his wife is deeply interested in Bob; he is well aware that Claire Winston can, if she so wishes, be an unusually dangerous woman. But Bob insists. "We could do it in three weeks," he exclaims. "It wouldn't be difficult at all."

II

VERY quickly Bob began to talk arrangements, and Mrs. Winston listened, letting her eyes meet his now and then. Michael felt convulsed by that laughter within him. Bob was so boyishly eager, so simple-mindedly unconscious of the havoc about him! Unconscious, too, that the lovely creature he was shyly adoring had already marked him for her own.

Michael's lips twitched. Sir Robert and Lady McNare. That was what she wanted now. Why not? Winston had given her the money she had craved, and now she wanted a title. . . . Odd, she hadn't found a better one lying about at home. Devilish odd. With those looks. . . .

What had been her life, these fifteen years? There was secrecy in the fall of her white lids. Winston had been an old man for her. Had she found someone who would be "discreet" when her young lover refused to come back to heel? Probably. She was made for love. . . . Those lips . . . he remembered the desperate ardor of their own young love. She had been mad about him then but not mad enough to marry him.

He looked into the bubbles of the glass that the boy was refilling. He thought harshly, "I hope she hated Winston!" and then he warned, "Careful, Michael!" This was reopening the old wound.

But his heart was as emptied now as if all that bright young blood had spilled out on the earth. . . . He thought how startled Tommy would be if he were to say to her, quite casually, with a nod of his head toward Claire Winston, "There, my dear, is the reason you found yourself married to a man with an empty heart."

He was not proud of what he had done to Tommy. He had thought, with comforting cynicism, that Bob would make it up to her. But he had lived too long, and now it seemed too late for his dying to do Tommy any good.

Bob was talking now as if the safari was decided upon, and Tommy was talking about it, too, with a sudden eagerness that told of the panic within her. She must know what Mrs. Winston was up to. She must know that the glamorous Mrs. Winston wouldn't put in her time on such a trip unless she had a purpose. Tommy was in for heartache. But anything might happen on safari. Claire might not be up to it; she might not wear well.

There came a time, on such trips, when charm was washed out, and the honors went to character and good humor. Claire had the thoroughbred's looks but Tommy had the thoroughbred's staying power.

Claire was saying, "I'm sure that anything you plan, Sir Robert—"

Was it possible she was accepting? Would she risk Michael's presence? Well, why not? Their silence had been a tacit agreement and even if he spoke out, what harm could that do her?

Michael looked up and met her eyes. She could not know all that he knew, but she had her own thoughts and they were quite enough for that flicker of drollery he surprised between her lashes, which touched off an answering spark in his own glance.

His voice had laughter in it. "Well, what do you think of the trip, Mrs. Winston?"

Her lips curved. "It has—possibilities."

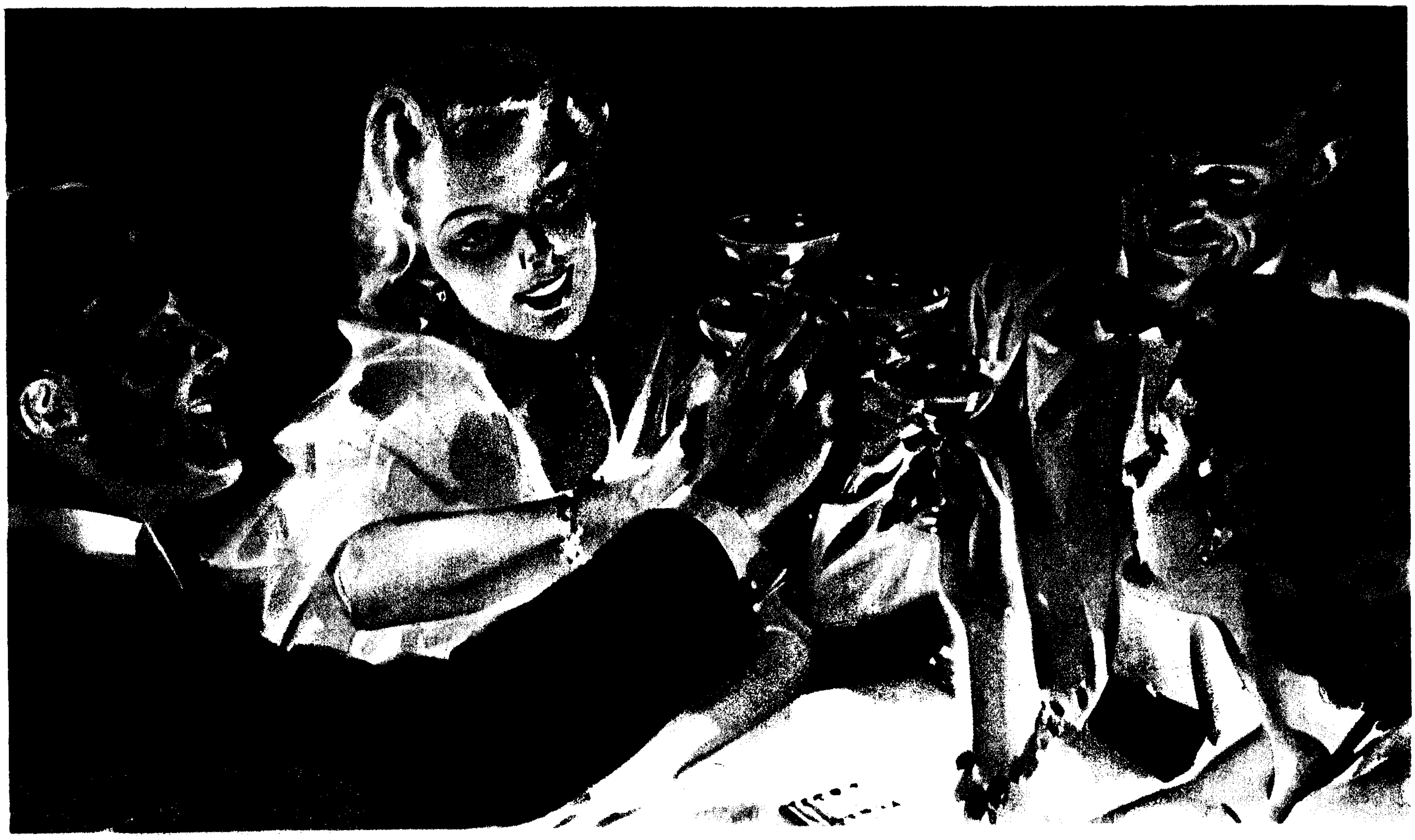
Bob seized on the admission. "We'll plan it out. We'll make a go of it." He sounded jubilant and then, quite suddenly, his confidence subsided and he glanced at Tommy Garrick with his old air of deferring to her, of putting her before all else. "You do think it will be jolly, don't you?"

"Awf'ly jolly," said Tommy brightly, her gray eyes very gay.

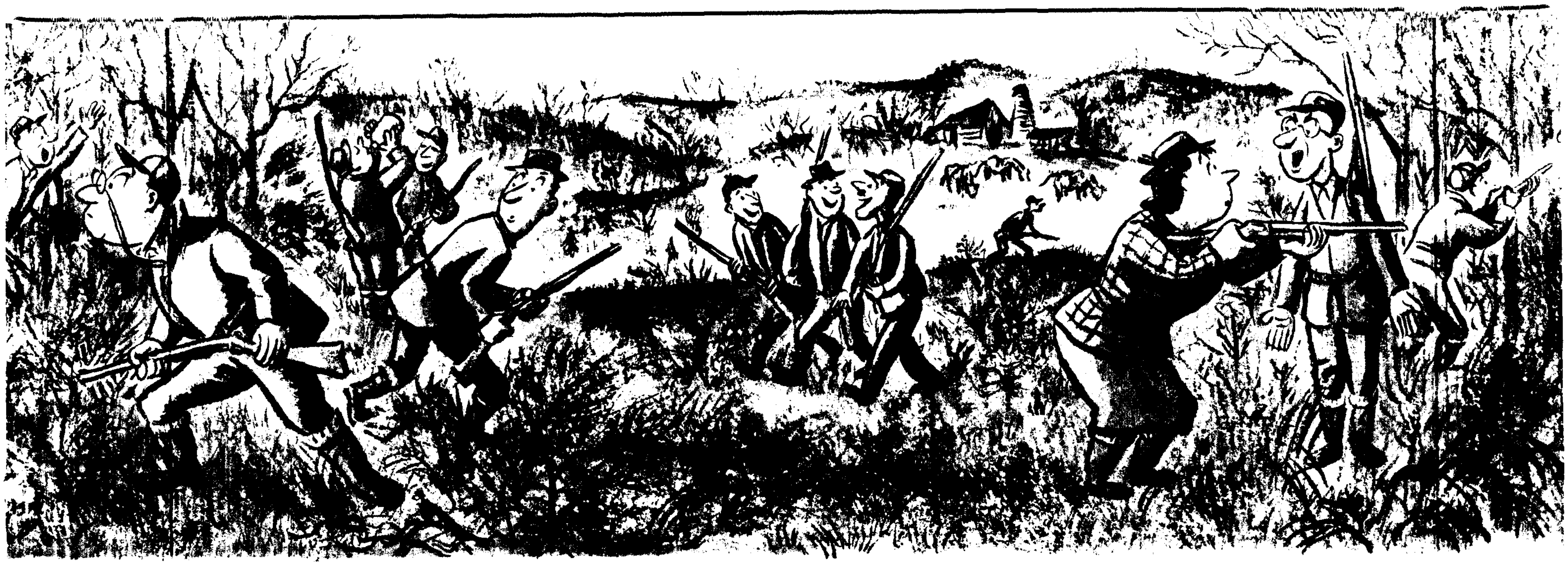
"Jolly as hell!" thought Michael sardonically.

McNare's face had lighted again. He

(Continued on page 32)



Silently, his dark eyes glinting, Michael held out his glass and they all clinked glasses



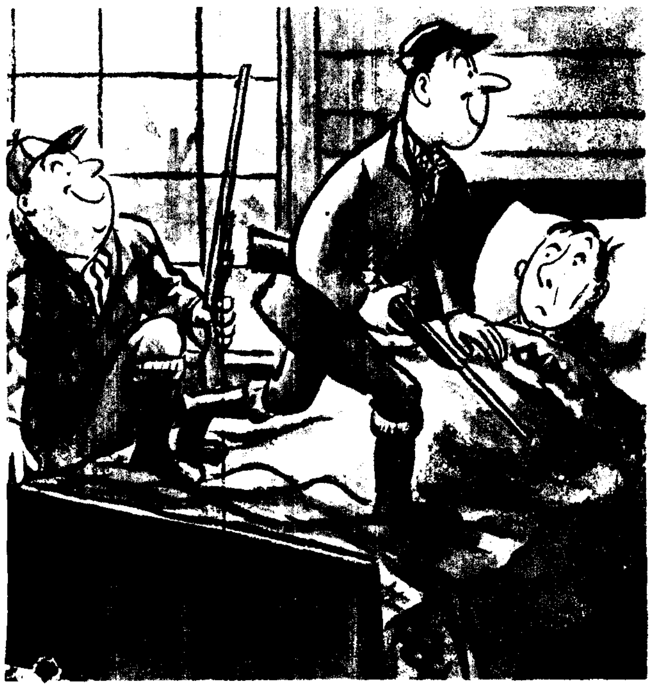
The spectacle of thousands of deer hunters armed with rifles and out to shoot something, if only a red squirrel, is vaguely terrifying even to those taking part

LOOK OUT! THOSE GUNS ARE LOADED!

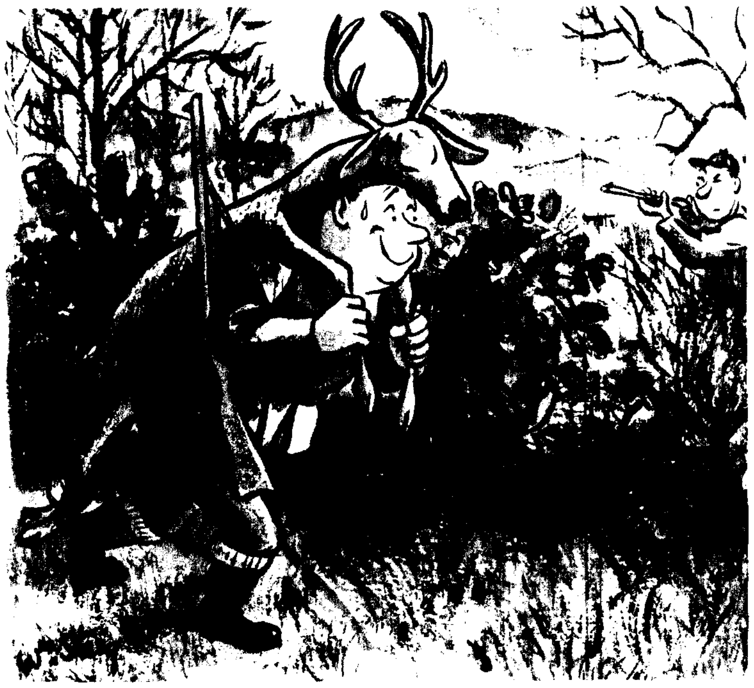
By Bill Wolf

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

What happens when half a million amateur Nimrods come barging into the woods with high-powered rifles and itching trigger fingers



You get two hours of refreshing sleep. You're not even tired when other hunters, walking across your bed to get out of the room, awaken you in the morning



Another easy way to kill a hunter is to shoot at a deer with only the head visible. Some fool hunters carry dead deer on their shoulders when toting them out

IN ONE of the more populous Eastern states, a retired businessman has a year-round home in the mountains where he lives a carefree life until the deer-hunting season arrives. When that dread time comes he retreats into his house and refuses to budge from it until the last cartridge has been fired and quiet has returned again to the hills.

His home is built with reassuringly thick walls, and the windows are made of bulletproof glass. He hires armed guards to patrol the fenced-in areas of his property throughout the deer season, and they have orders to chase from the vicinity anyone carrying a rifle.

No one knows what terrors seize him inside the fortress he has constructed, but he probably winces at the sound of every shot in the forests adjoining his land, and he must feel that he is sending his servants to certain death whenever they venture out to get food for his household.

His attitude toward deer hunters is a trifle extreme; indeed, it is a phobia. Most hunters would rather shoot a deer than a human being. It's much more sporting, because a deer can run faster than a man, and a rack of antlers on the wall makes a better trophy than a framed summons to appear in a manslaughter case.

However, the night sweats this poor devil undoubtedly endures as he lies awake anticipating the arrival of the deer-hunting hordes are not caused entirely by imagination. The amazing spectacle of hundreds of thousands of deer hunters pouring into the woods, determined to have a good time, armed with high-powered rifles and out to shoot at something, if only a red squirrel, is vaguely terrifying even to those who take part in it.

This American phenomenon of deer hunting is best observed in the number one big-game state of the nation. The average person couldn't guess which state that is if he had three chances. He might pick Maine, Michigan, Wyoming or some such state, but he certainly wouldn't think of Pennsylvania, and yet the Keystone State leads all others in the numbers of big game within its boundaries.

The latest census by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service put Pennsylvania's population of big-game animals at 777,300 and, of this number, 775,000 were white-tailed deer. This ranked it first among big-game states, first in the number of white-tailed deer, and accredited to Pennsylvania nearly one fourth of the nation's total of 3,526,200 whitetails.

Forty years ago, deer were so scarce in Pennsylvania that the death of one at a hunter's hands was front-page news. Today, the size of the state's deer herd is the envy of other states and the despair of Pennsylvania's Game Commission, which often doesn't know what to do with so many blankety-blank deer. In 1940, most recent of the antlerless seasons when both adult bucks and does were legal, 186,575 deer were killed during the two-week season in Pennsylvania. This incredible number means that at least 500,000 hunters must have been in the woods, because one deer to every three hunters is a moderate estimate.

Illegal Hunting Methods

But all figures on the deer kill in a state such as Pennsylvania are false estimates of the number actually slain because of year-round poaching, and because many hunters will kill several and report one. Many natives in the mountain country consider it their birthright to kill deer whenever they want meat, in or out of season.

They do it in various ways. Sometimes they make an artificial salt lick by planting block salt in the ground or putting salt in a bucket with a perforated bottom and hanging it in a tree. Each rain makes the salt drip on the ground, and the deer gather around it. Or, they go jack-lighting, blinding the deer in the fields with a powerful flashlight. The deer will stand stock-still. Sometimes they snare the deer, or less frequently, dig a pit in a runway. The easiest way is to plant a field of buckwheat, which the deer love, or scatter apples or pomace from cider mills. But these methods are all illegal. Right now you are going along on a Pennsylvania deer hunt, with everything strictly according to law, to see at firsthand why that phobia-ridden ex-businessman bolts himself inside a bulletproof house when the season opens.

You have planned this trip for a whole year, if a veteran at the game. You are going to take your two weeks of vacation during deer season as most hunters do (this year will be no exception despite the war; most deer camps had all available room reserved in early fall) and you know where you and your party are going.

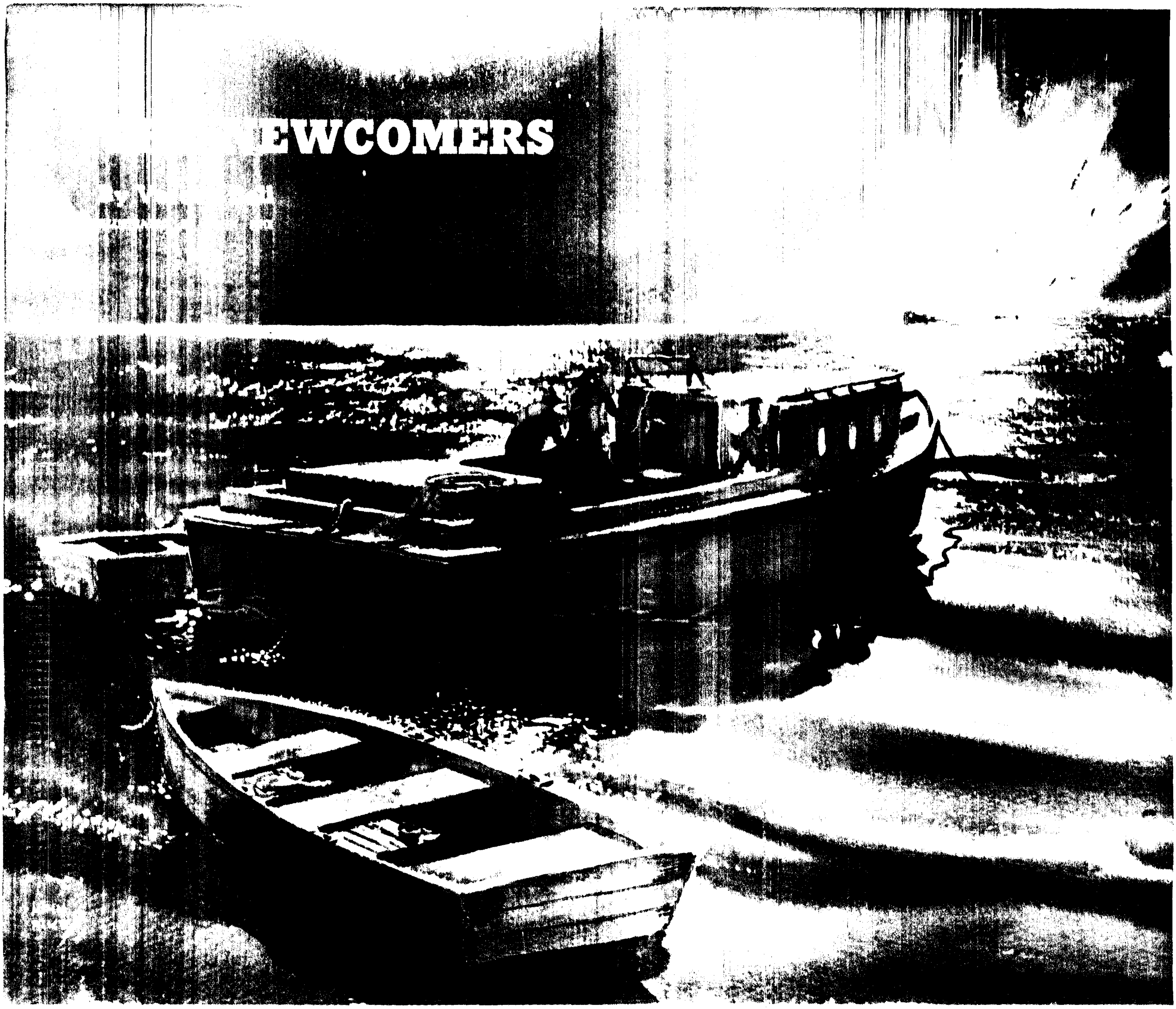
Not all deer hunters make such careful provisions. Some of them decide to go, for the first time in their life, a day or two before the season opens. They borrow a rifle, ask a friend which end of the gun shoots the bullet and which end kicks the shoulder, and off they go without ever having fired the rifle in practice.

You, however, have sighted-in your rifle at a range and know exactly how it will act under all conditions. You take along warm clothing and rubber-bottomed hunting shoes in case snow or damp weather is encountered, you have a rope in one pocket for tying up the deer to dress it and to drag it out of the woods.

You go to a lodge a couple of days before opening morning. This gives you time to get settled, to look over the land, mark the trails back into the hills and watch for signs of deer. There aren't many persons there when you arrive, but the day before opening morning, the place starts to fill.

You start to bump into persons in the barroom and dining room of your lodge. *(Continued on page 98)*

EWCOMERS



The waters Tucker knew were no longer the same. His old fight had been for a living. Now it was for life itself

HE MADE the bowline of his boat fast to the gull-whitened piling, and from one of the two net skiffs that floated behind the boat he fetched the pompano. For a moment he stood on the bank of the river, and looked at the cabin that was his and had been his father's and at the river that flowed to the gulf where he fished, and at the land that had been wild and was not even yet completely tame. Then he went on up the path to the cabin, where waited his four children—"a yard 'un, a porch 'un, a creeper and a crawler"—and Rebecca his wife.

"Hello, Tucker," she said. "You have any luck?"

"Some. Two hundred-odd pounds of blues and trout."

"I'm proud you caught us a pompano." Then she added, "What ails you, Tucker?"

For a long time he didn't answer, and they watched him. He was a tall, fleshless man with skin dark brown as a whip ray's hide. Finally he said, "They ain't to be no more outside fishing after dark."

Rebecca stared at him. "Who said it, Tucker? And how come?"

"The Coast Guard man said it."

"How we goan make out if you cain't do night fishing outside?"

His eyes flickered. "I aim to night-fish outside."

She did not protest, for she knew the uselessness of it. She simply said, "You heading for trouble, Tucker."

"We got to live."

SUNDAY afternoon Tucker and Eli, his fishing partner, went for kerosene. The village was quiet, and party boats lined the dock, idle because of gasoline rationing. The pine bar in the café was damp with beer for young Coast Guard seamen. Tucker regarded them with hostility, for they were newcomers.

One of the moody men at the dock said, "Well, Tucker, I guess you'll get a full night's sleep, for a change."

"I sleep in the daytime. At night I fish."

"You ain't read that notice?"

"I read it."

"You better not let that lieutenant know you going out."

A Greek with a walking stick came shuffling toward Tucker. He was a diver, and the bends had made his lower half almost useless on land, but on the sponge bottoms he was as good a man as any. Now he motioned to Tucker, and when they were away from the others he said, "I have found something."

"What you found?"

"A treasure on the bottom. A treasure of lead."

"Huh?"

"There was this ship, she carried lead, and she went down. Long time ago," John Dorais said. His face was large and deep red and could have been carved from the lime rock of the river bottom, and there was a salt-and-pepper color to the stubble of his beard. "Arno Ricker, from Tarpon, his grandfather he was on her, and last month Arno he find a range his grandfather had wrote, and we go to look for her. You know New Island? She is off New Island.

"We do not find her yet, for some of the range it is by trees and these trees some do not stand by this time. But she is there, and if she is there I can find her. But Arno Ricker is old man, and last week he died, and me I am the last man to know of this lead. Now you and me we will take your boat and go find it."

Suddenly, there was a flare of light, and then a deep explosion . . . and they could make out a vast bulk two or three miles away

Tucker shook his head. "I ain't got time for no such as that."

John Dorais remonstrated, leaning against the fish house to free his hands for argument. He said, "Your fishing it is no good now, you go with me."

Tucker paused, and then said, "I'll study it over in my mind."

He walked to the end of the dock where his boat, the Lulubel was tied. The Lulubel, which he had built himself, was a solid craft, double-planked and tight, braced with natural-bend oak. But the motor was out of a burned automobile and nearly eaten up by the salt. As he was storing the food in the cabin, he felt the boat list, and Lieutenant Brinson stood in the cockpit, the afternoon sun glinting off the silver bars upon his shirt collar.

(Continued on page 93)

The Colonel's Choice

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

Crosby never won his general's stars, but he had the satisfaction of setting a younger man on the right track

AT SUNDOWN Colonel Crosby camped his command on the bank of the creek, directly across from the wooden walls of Fort Tompkins. A detail pitched his tent, and an orderly set up his cot and portable desk and lighted a candle against the coming twilight. The day had been scorching hot and now, inside the tent, the heat strongly collected and the canvas began to exude its own peculiar but not unpleasant smell. Miles Washburn, the colonel's adjutant, came in for instructions.

"No men to visit the fort," said the colonel. "I can't have half the outfit sick with the post trader's rotgut. I want double guards posted tonight, and a mounted patrol cutting a circle a mile out from camp. These Sioux might figure we were relaxed, being so close to the fort, and pull a surprise attack. Ask Kildeen and Allen to step in."

The adjutant departed on his errand while the colonel rummaged his bedroll and brought out a quart of liquor and three small silver cups. He filled them and set them aside. Meanwhile he sat in the camp chair and let his tired muscles go loose, remembering he was sixty-two years old and had been in the saddle ten hours a day for the past sixteen days.

He had never been within the circle of the charmed, taking his soft tours of duty in the East. Thirty of his forty years of military life had been straight field service, the Mexican and Civil wars and Indian campaigns on the frontier, so that now he was a leather-skinned man with the smell of campfire and dust always about him, with a mouth pressed straight by obedience. His wife had recently died, made old by following him from one miserable, isolated post to another; his three children were grown and scattered through the East, strangers to him because of the years he had necessarily been away from them during their childhood. All this had left its iron in Colonel Crosby, making him a quiet man who long ago had known his career would be faithful rather than brilliant.

He stood up when Kildeen and Allen came in, bearing their slight intolerance with them. He said, "Oblige me, gentlemen," and offered them their whiskies and was glad to drink his own. The years of straight seniority put him over them, but they could not forget that during the Civil War they had both been brevet major generals commanding divisions whereas he had never been; dropped back to peacetime rank now, they served beneath him and silently nourished their resentments.

He said, "We'll continue north at daylight. There will be no visiting at the fort."

They expressed their thanks for his hospitality and they departed, none too well pleased. The colonel's orderly came in with coffee and a tin plate of supper, whereupon the colonel ate in lonely fashion, took a stogy from its tight-pressed bale and moved out of the tent's odored heat. The fires of the outfit burned small and yellow along the creek, the watering details were just finishing with the horses and here and there in the creek he saw the white blur of men's bodies swimming. The officer of the guard materialized out of the dusk and came to a stand, and about the same time the commander of Fort Tompkins rode over the water to pay his respects. The colonel shook hands with him, received his invitation to visit the fort and declined it. Then he turned to the officer of the guard, who was a young first lieutenant named Ormsby.

"Sioux always hang around a place like this," said the colonel. "They'll raid our flanks if they can. Keep your mounted patrols moving steadily, but have them turn about now and then and backtrack. Otherwise the Indians will observe the time intervals and slip through."

The young lieutenant said, "Yes, sir," saluted and walked away.

"You are right about Sioux skulking around here," said the fort commander. "The hills are full of them. They deserted the reservation as soon as the grass got green this spring and they have been raising hell." The fort commander permitted himself some open bitterness. "They will burn and steal and do some killing until the weather gets cold. Then they will all decide to be peaceful, return to the reservation and let the government feed them until spring, at which time they'll bolt again."

"Just so," said the colonel.

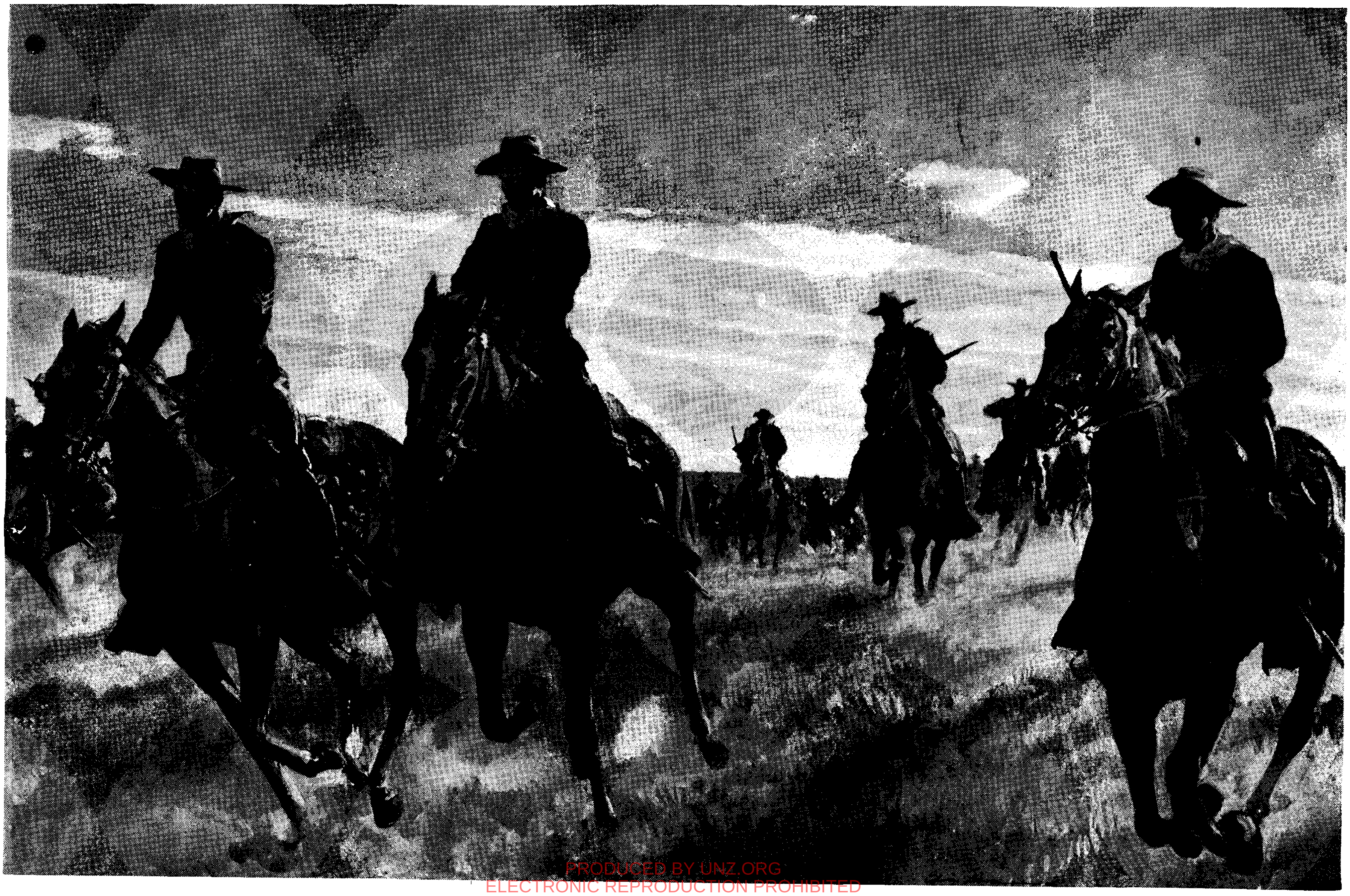
THE fort commander said, "What is the general idea of this campaign?"

"I left Camp Tevis sixteen days ago," said Crosby, "with four companies of infantry, four of cavalry and a wagon train. With instructions to push north. General MacGregor left Tevis a month before me and is now up there waiting for me to use this column as a pressure to drive the Sioux into his arms. I am to push, make contact, and to engage."

"Engage what?" said the fort commander. "They will move like shadows, like water, around you and just beyond you. You'll never make contact with them if they do not wish it, except for some kind of tactical diversion."

"My duty is really to push," said the colonel. "The tactical diversion is General MacGregor's province."

(Continued on page 60)

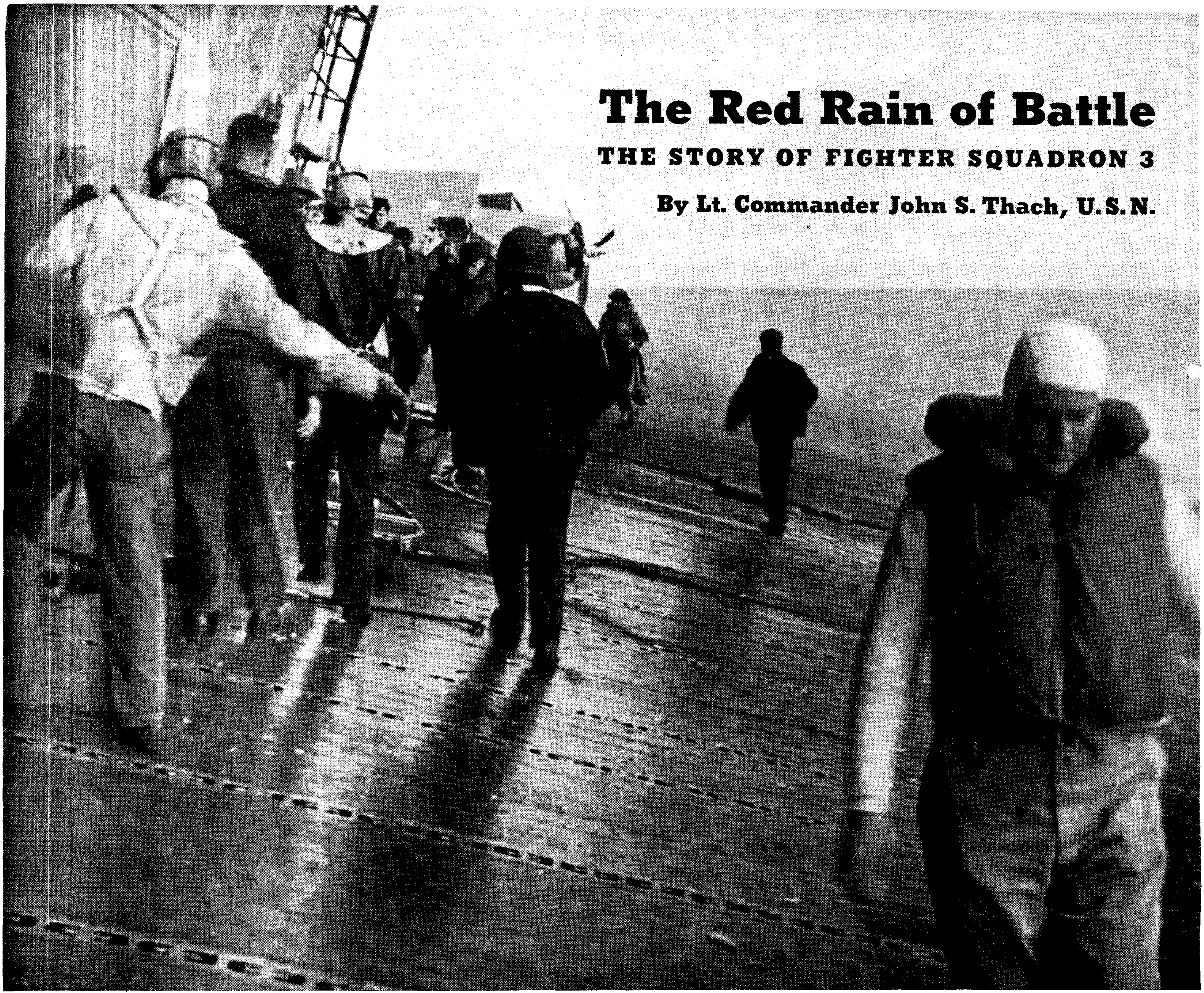


The colonel's command, coming at full charge, struck the Sioux this way. The colonel was at the head of the arrow

The Red Rain of Battle

THE STORY OF FIGHTER SQUADRON 3

By Lt. Commander John S. Thach, U.S.N.



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

In the second part of his article, the author tells you in dramatic detail just what happened to the Japanese fliers at Midway, and why it happened—a triumphant vindication of American air training

ON THE next trip out I loaned all my pilots to Paul Ramsey to go with the Lexington and I was ordered to remain in the Hawaiian area to give some advanced training to new fighter pilots who had just reported to the fleet. They were all eager to learn what we had experienced in the South Pacific and they were ideal students.

Shortly before the Midway battle, I had half a squadron of pilots who never had operated from a carrier, but I taught them how to shoot to hit, and a little bit about fighter tactics. With these new men, plus some of my old-timers, I took Fighter Squadron Three aboard the Yorktown and we headed out to sea. Then came the flash that our Navy patrol planes had spotted a huge Japanese invasion force 700 miles away, heading for Midway. There were carriers, cruisers, battleships, destroyers and transports—the same kind of transports the Japs used in their landings on Malaya.

All the major victories in the Pacific, on each side, have been won through the use of aircraft carriers. When the Japs had carriers and our side didn't, Oriental victories against land and sea forces were rapid and decisive. When the Japs so quickly took the Dutch East Indies, it was carrier-based Zero fighters, coming in from the sea, which took control of the air and paved the way for landings. These Zero fighters, though carrier-based, easily outperformed land-based fighters sent against them.

On our side, when we attacked ships and land bases in the Marshall and Gilbert islands, and at Salamaua and Lae, we completely destroyed our objectives. An aircraft carrier can strike with its air group, suddenly and without warning, and three hours later be 100 miles away from the point from which it launched its planes.

I mention these things because it was obvious that, unless we could knock out the carriers from the approaching Jap invasion force, Midway was gone. And Midway would be just a steppingstone for the capture of the rest of the Hawaiian group. If Hawaii fell, not only Alaska, Australia and the Panama Canal, but our own West Coast would be in great danger. So there we were, out in the Pacific, facing a Jap force greatly superior in numbers and fire power—and we *had* to win.

We would have been foolish to put our ships directly in the Jap path; so the carrier task force was maneuvered instead to hit the enemy from the side. It would be a knock-down and drag-out fight, we knew.

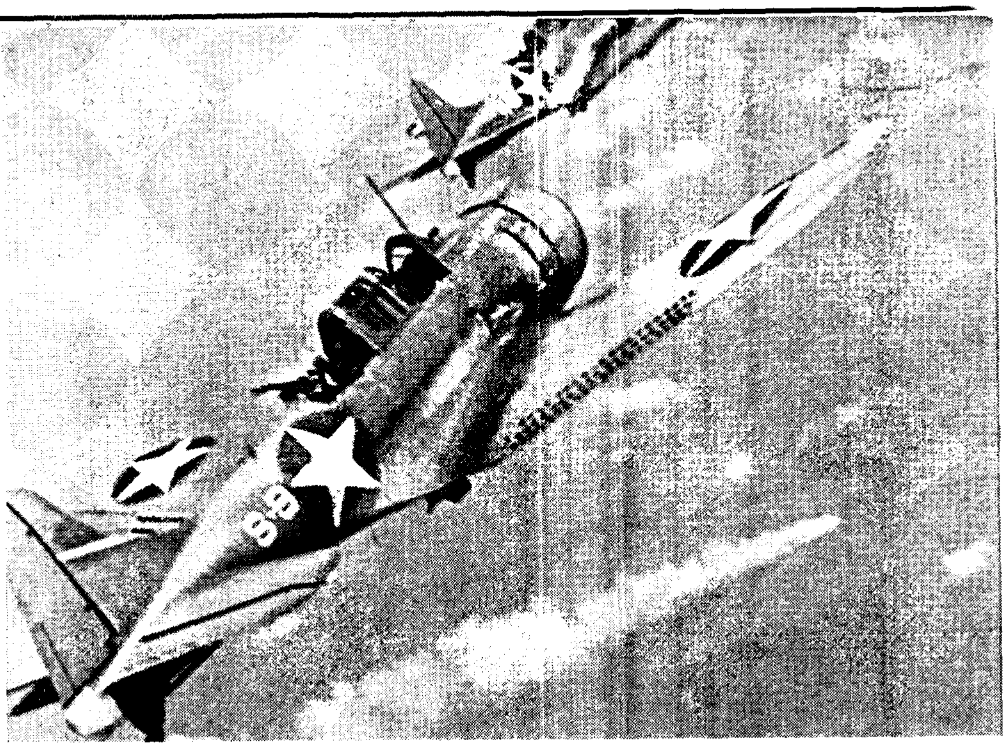
We had as much land-based Air Force at Midway as we could crowd onto the island. On June 3d, long-range horizontal bombers with huge loads went out to attack the invaders. They reported one hit on a cruiser and one on a transport. That night, four Navy patrol planes made a torpedo attack, got some hits at close range and sank one big ship. Next morning, horizontal bombers and Marine dive bombers went out from Midway and got six hits on eight enemy ships. Then six Navy and four Army planes went out with torpedoes. Zero fighters swarmed all over them and the results were doubtful. One Navy and two Army planes were lost.

Walking cautiously over the sloping deck of the doomed U.S.S. Yorktown, hard-fighting fliers and crew members examine the damage done by Jap air raiders in the Battle of Midway

At 6:35 A. M. Midway was attacked by the Jap carrier air group. Marine single-seater fighters met them and a terrific air fight ensued. The Zeros were the better ships, but the Marines did a swell job. Our own carrier force was at sea by this time, getting into position for attack. We knew we had to knock out the Japs' carriers—or else! We figured they had at least 140 Zero fighters, probably one carrier jam-packed with them, because they intended to capture Midway and go on to Pearl Harbor.

The fighter plane is the best possible weapon to cover a landing. It can strafe. Its pilot can pick out any object on the ground and hit it. This can't be done with bombs, certainly not with horizontal bombing. The Germans, later, stopped horizontal bombing at Stalingrad because they were hitting their own forces as often as they were the Rus-

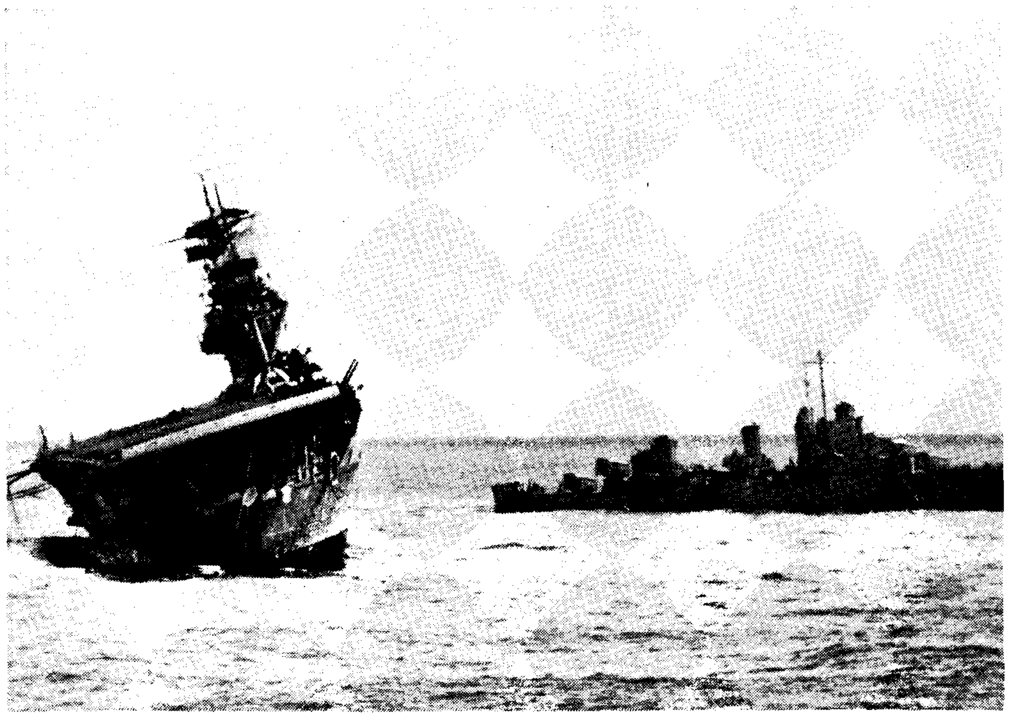
Lt. Commander John S. Thach, U.S.N., whose Fighter Squadron Three shot down at least 54 and probably 70 Japanese planes in two days of battle



High over a burning Japanese ship (right, center) Navy SBD Douglas dive bombers are shown during the attack on the Japanese fleet off Midway

In spite of a protective screen of heavy antiaircraft fire, a Japanese bomber at Midway scores a direct hit on the aircraft carrier Yorktown

Guns still pointing skyward, the carrier Yorktown lists to port after aerial attack; was later sunk by Jap submarine. U. S. destroyer stands by



sians. After that, they used dive bombers, which are more accurate.

Anyway, at this time it was obvious that, with all our work, the Jap fleet had not been stopped or even seriously damaged. The armada kept on coming. My squadron was operating from the Yorktown and we had a report on the position of the Japs' carrier force, but no dope on its course and speed.

Around 11 A. M. we took off from the Yorktown. I was leading a division of six fighters. The torpedo planes and dive bombers had gone on ahead. We were supposed to overhaul them before their arrival at the enemy fleet. We were cruising along at low altitude when suddenly a huge explosion occurred in the water just ahead of my formation. About four minutes later, there was another blast.

Knowing we were going in to attack a tough enemy, we were a bit jittery anyway, and these mysterious explosions in the water didn't help matters any. I never found out what caused them. They must have been bombs, dropped accidentally from high-level Jap or American bombers. But we kept on and finally caught up with Lieutenant Commander Massey's Torpedo Squadron Three. We joined up and flew as escort, going through scattered clouds.

Just after noon, we sighted the Jap carriers. They were steaming at high speed and launching planes, operating apparently at full capacity. Obviously, they were undamaged. They were in close formation, not more than four miles apart, surrounded by heavy cruisers and destroyers. I took a good look at the carriers as we went on in. They were the huge Kaga and Akagi, and the medium-class Soryu, about the size of our own Enterprise. The Kaga and the Akagi seemed larger than our Saratoga and Lexington.

The destroyer and cruiser screen was from eight to ten miles from the carriers. As we came over, they opened up with antiaircraft fire, and a formation of twenty Zeros came down on my six fighters. Then, perfectly timed, eight more Zeros swung in from the side to attack our torpedo planes. It was beautiful coordination. One of my fighters was shot down at once, but we knocked down two Zeros.

We kept on, trying to protect the slower torpedo planes, but we could see that some of the torpedo planes never would get out again. However, they kept right on: not a pilot turned away.

Zeros kept coming at us. It was like being inside a beehive. I'm not certain how many we shot down. I saw six plunge flaming into the sea. One of these six was a head-on shot for me. I had been reading about the fanatical suicide complex of the Jap pilots, and that, I suppose, caused me to open fire too soon; but the Jap immediately pulled out of range. Another Jap pulled away likewise as soon as I opened fire, again ahead on. By this time I began to believe they weren't any more willing to die than we were.

Teamwork Wins Over Numbers

I had another head-on battle when my wing man, Ram Dibb, sang out over the radio, "Skipper, there's a Zero on my tail. Get him off!" This was his first action but he used his bean and swung in the right direction, leading the Zero around so I could shoot him. I was so mad at him I waited until he got fairly close and we both opened up together, almost colliding. In the nick of time he lifted his left wing and just slid over one side of my fuselage. I got a glance at the belly of his plane and it was smoking, with red flames coming out. He'd missed me.

By this time, two of my planes had been shot out of the formation but managed somehow to get back to the carrier badly shot up. We continued to fight and proved to ourselves that superior teamwork will win against great odds. Down below, the torpedo planes still were going in. As we drew nearer the carriers, the antiaircraft fire grew more intense and the Zeros' attacks more vicious.

I got a glimpse of our dive bombers, streaming down in long steep dives. I saw several torpedo hits on the great Kaga and on the Soryu. We were kept busy by the Zeros, but you couldn't help seeing the explosions below. It was the best dive bombing I have ever seen. There just seemed to be no misses.

Attacks by the Zeros began to slack off and we began to get encouraged. There had been a time when it seemed that none of us would get out alive, but I thought we should give them something to remember. Massey's torpedo planes weren't turning away for anything. I was talking to the boys all the time, keeping the team in action, and it began

(Continued on page 44)

Purely Physical

By Dorothy Speare

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VÁRADY

THE entrancingly pretty girl on the supply officer's steps was meditating so sternly that she did not see the small redheaded J.G. until he came to a breathless halt in front of her.

"Oh," she said then, "good evening, Trevor. Do you know a lieutenant at B.O.Q. named Magruder?"

It was hardly, Lieutenant Trevor reflected, a dynamic way to greet one's fiancé of three days' standing. His first role with Mary Thurston, the supply officer's daughter, had been that of adviser on how to rid herself of such characteristic flatfootedness, which was due to the fact that up until now in life she had spent more time with books than people. Rejoining the Navy after four earnest years at college, she had taken a job in the purchasing department at the Sandforth Naval Air Station where her father had been assigned; and when Trevor first met her, she had had the intention of studying evenings for a Ph.D.

Trevor had succeeded in changing those evening intentions. Since then he had been floating in that rosy haze where any further change in the beloved object seems not only unnecessary but intolerable. This was the first rift in the lute; but a fresh look at Mary's distracting face made him decide for the moment to pigeonhole it.

"Magruder, at Bachelor Officers' Quarters," he repeated politely. "Why, no, Mary, I don't believe I do. Why?"

"He doesn't know anybody," Mary said. "He's absolutely pathetic. He says that he and all the members of his support force think this is the coldest and most unfriendly place he's ever seen, the station and town both. Why, he even says his long-distance telephone bill this month will be from forty to fifty dollars, simply because he's actually been driven to calling friends in places like Norfolk and Jacksonville and San Diego; anywhere so he can say hello, and hear a friendly voice say hello back!"

"You mean you listened to this fellow free," Trevor inquired, "when he was even confessing how much he usually pays to talk?"

"You are getting that same Annapolis old-school-tie look," she cried, "that father got when I told him about it! As a reserve who never even saw Annapolis, you ought to be more broad minded!"

"I thought I had experienced all the drawbacks of being a reserve," Trevor said, "including a chat I just had with Commander Rogers. But—"

"Commander Rogers?" Mary said. "That's a coincidence. I was planning we'd drop in on the Rogerses. I want to tell Jenny Rogers about a plan I've thought of that takes care of the whole Magruder problem!"

Trevor regarded her in fresh dismay. Commander Rogers was in charge of station personnel. The captain had promised that Trevor was to be transferred from the thankless detail of matériel officer, but the personnel officer did the reassigning. Encountering Commander Rogers at the entrance to quarters, Trevor had taken the opportunity of telling the commander his views on the subject.

"I understand you are the one who decided my new detail, sir," he said. "Perhaps the captain has told you my specialty is radio and navigation."

"Yes, Trevor, the captain told me," Commander Rogers had snapped. "He told me all about how you saved Squadron 65 up north by constructing a jury rig to bring them in on the radio beam when they were lost in the fog. Very dramatic and all that, Trevor. But one grand gesture does not make you better qualified for communications than the men we have there now with years of experience back of them!"

Recalling this interview Trevor's feelings about seeing the commander so soon again were mixed. Weakly he played for time with the remark that he had not known Mary and the commander's wife were friends.

"There are lots of things you and I don't know yet about each other," Mary remarked. "The trouble with us is, Trevor, we have not known each other long enough for our affair to be anything but physical."

"Affair!" Trevor said. "Physical!"

She met his shock with the insensitive regard of innocence for which words conjure up no pictures. "Do you realize, Trevor," she said, "we've only seen each other five times? We need to have a greater knowledge of our true selves before we can judge this thing soberly."

Trevor gaped at her; the rift, Magruder, even Commander Rogers forgotten in the face of this new menace. "Tell me," he said hollowly, "do you still love me at all? Or is this a way of letting me down easy?"

"Of course I love you," she told him impatiently. "It's only that in times like these I feel we have no right to indulge in purely selfish emotions. If we can prove our love is a constructive thing that brings out our better natures I'll feel we're more entitled to it. That's why my idea about Magruder will be such a good thing for us to work out together."

She got up, teeming with purpose. "Come on! We want to catch the Rogerses before dinner!"

SHE started off toward the married officers' quarters; Trevor followed because there was no other way she could hear his objections.

"Listen, Mary," he tried, "the commander's there now. I don't think it's a very favorable moment!"

"Nonsense!" Mary snapped. "I've been meaning to take you over there so you can get to know him in a casual social way. Now you can get him on your angle while he's off guard!"

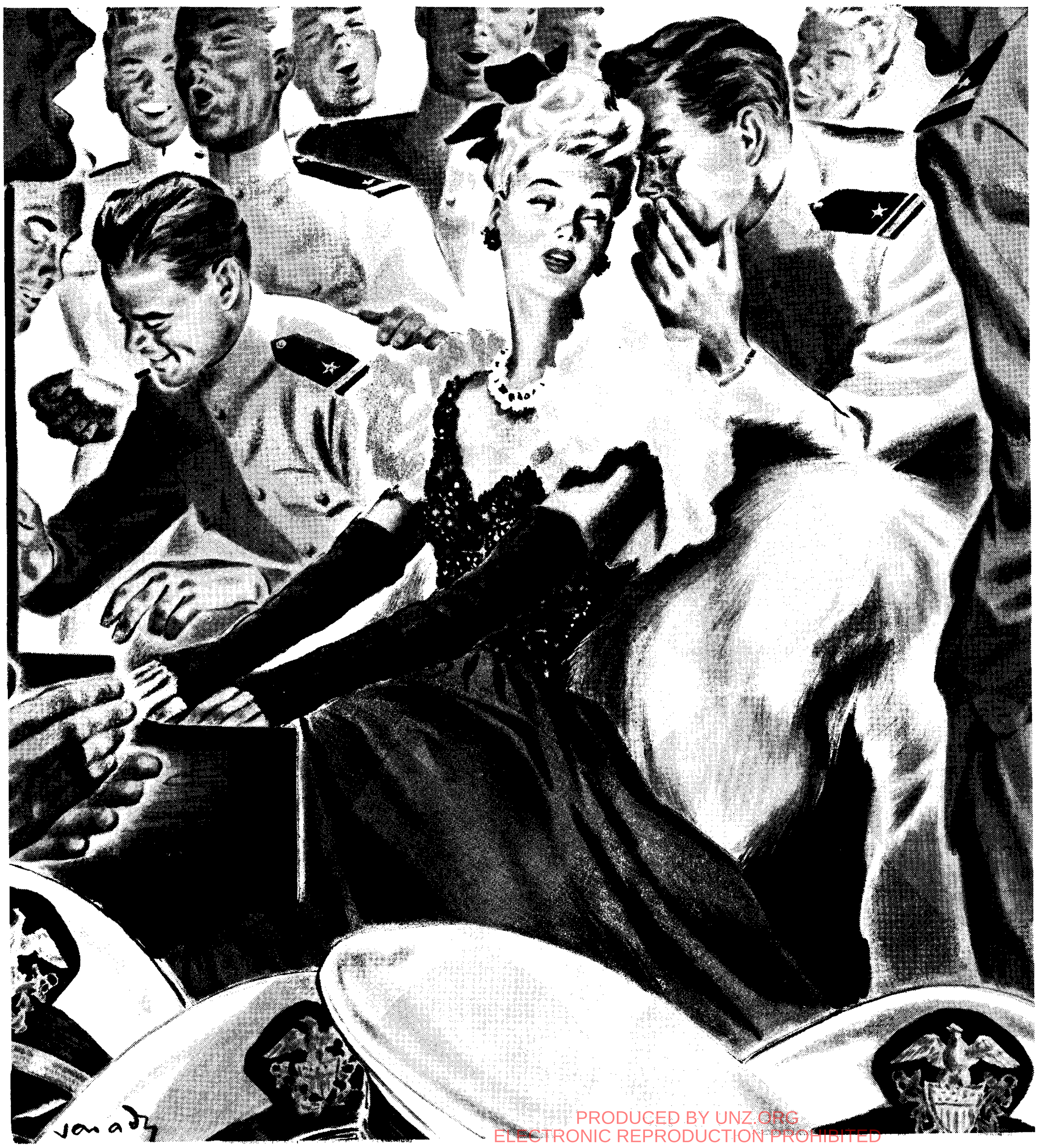
But still Trevor could not help feeling, as they neared the commander's house, that this was not a favorable moment. The commander was a big man with a red face and eyes the color of Atlantic Patrol weather; he greeted Trevor and Mary without visible cordiality.

"Jenny's bringing highballs," he said. "I need one. I've got five hundred AVPs coming tomorrow and no place to put them."

"What are AVPs?" Mary inquired brightly. "Some new type of bomber?"

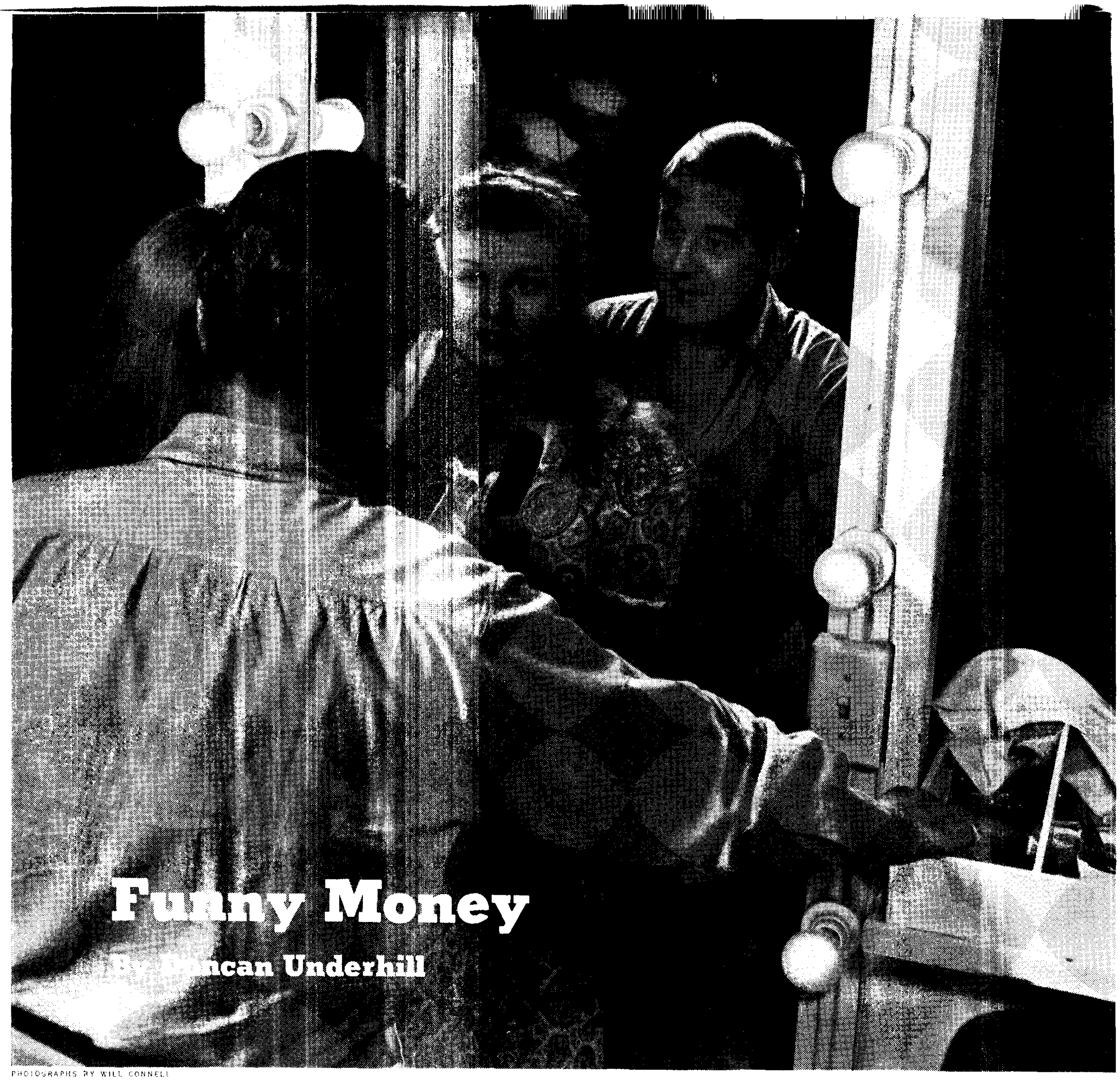
"Hardly," the commander said in a suffering voice. "Though most of them think they are. I'm surprised, Mary, that there's something you don't know."

(Continued on page 102)



Trevor went over and muttered in Mary's ear. "It's getting too riotous!"

The fantastic career of Leo McCarey, whose pictures make others rich, whose purpose in life is to make the world brighter, and who has more fun doing it than anyone in Hollywood



Funny Money

By Duncan Underhill

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILL CONNELL

Director McCarey quietly talks over with Ginger Rogers a scene of Once Upon a Honeymoon before shooting it

THE night was young and she was beautiful. The boy at the wheel of the flivver was seeking a lane among the orange groves of Azusa, California, in which to initiate a little discreet necking.

"Look!" cried the damsel, pointing to a blurred mass of metal among the trees at the roadside. "There's a wreck."

Suspecting a tactical diversion, the boy hooted the idea. "Just a little old parked tractor, honey," he told her out of his superior wisdom. "Snuggle up and calm your nerves."

But half a mile farther on, she was still giving him the needle. "I could never forgive myself," she said, "if I found out somebody was bruised and bleeding back there in the orange grove."

"Aw right, staller," sighed the swain, swinging the jaloppy in a crazy U, "you win."

This is a good place to pause and ponder the calamitous consequences if Little Miss Bright Eyes had lost that verbal joust on the turnpike. For the dim object she had spied by the roadside was the overturned automobile of Leo McCarey, Hollywood's saltiest citizen. And the bruised and battered creature she had visioned was McCarey himself, who was engaged even as she spoke in spraying the countryside with his life-blood.

Had Young Mooncalf gone chugging on to his rustic rendezvous, Hollywood would have been a duller place than usual, the California law courts would have lost their most charming litigant and there would be four fewer good movies most years.

Flagged down by the young lovers, a posse of motorists assembled about the writhing form of what had once been a Hollywood director who looked like Cary Grant. All the worth-while bones above his waist had been broken and most of his skin had been seared by a hundred feet of speed contact with good California arterial paving. He was, as usual, giving directions.

"Get my passenger out from under the car," he suggested. "He may be hurt."

Always the Director

Willing hands heaved and gradually Gene Fowler, a writer of no mean ability came into view, in considerably worse-than-new condition. A boy's-size ambulance with sufficient storage space for one sufferer champed up. Forty minutes would be required for the round trip to the hospital.

"Take Fowler," McCarey ordered. Later he ascribed this act of abnegation to a head injury. "I'll ride in the second section."

A realist in the crowd was heard to murmur, "By the time the ambulance gets back, that member will need a hearse."

"Okay on the hearse," McCarey said. "Have 'em bring it around."

So his 175 pounds of proud flesh was borne to the hospital in funereal pomp. The doctors decided that Leo had picked the right conveyance and that unloading him from it was so much waste motion. A month later their patient, a symphony in plaster and gauze, was supervising from a ringside ambulance the making of an elegant movie called My Favorite Wife.

This McCarey can be distinguished from other McCareys by the fact that he breaks easily, a circumstance that has had a great part in shaping his career. Other built-in characteristics are a willingness to give advice (one of his chief beneficiaries in this department are the St. Louis Browns and look where they are) and an uncanny ability to make money for other people (but look where he is).

Between fractures this brittle Native Son has improved the actinic hours. He won an Academy Award for direction. The picture was The Awful Truth, starring Cary Grant, who looks as if he might be Leo's brother, Cary McCarey. Leo amalgamated two comedians who weren't going anywhere into the team of Laurel and Hardy. He wrote some of the best comedy ever imprisoned on deathless celluloid and some of the worst song lyrics ever set to music by Bud De-Sylva. He introduced Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis and Paulette Goddard to movie audiences. To win his freedom from Howard Hughes he sued for $175,000. Hughes, no piker, sued him for $300,000. And in his spare time he has more fun than anybody in Hollywood since Wilson Mizner checked out.

From the outset the guy's career has been pure comedy, high and low. High, because his screen humor invariably has a purpose, is done with discretion and good taste; and low, because his own experiences and understanding are earthy and human. He was the one kid in a million who liked to practice on the piano: one season he spent six hours a day doing finger exercises. Perhaps he should have confined himself to exercising at the keyboard. At any rate, when he went out for football at college he came up with water on the knee. When he went out for track he got spiked. When he tried pole-vaulting he landed outside the pit and broke his leg.

While still in the University of Southern California Law School he won a case that netted him $5,000. An elevator fell and broke his legs and he collected from the college. The sum was set aside to buy his law library.

The Sporting Life

Working as a summer reporter on the Los Angeles Times, he covered the historic boxing matches organized by his father, the late beloved "Uncle Tom" McCarey, premier fight promoter of southern California and a famous figure in the annals of the game. In a single season the senior McCarey offered his clients championship fights in all weight divisions.

Completing the three-year law course in an all-out four, Leo received his father's best wishes for a successful tussle with the world. "It's fortunate you have that $5,000 from the elevator accident to get started on . . ." the old gentleman began.

"Oh, that," Leo interrupted. "I bought some copper stock with that. It was going to go up, a fellow said."

"I can stand that," sighed the long-suffering parent. "The next thing I know you'll be telling me you're married."

Leo told him that had been taken care of too. Stella Martin was the lucky girl—lucky because she had a roof of her own over her head.

The boy barrister's professional career began as a mucker in the Utah copper mine that had swallowed his mad money. His father went down to the railroad station to see him off. Just before the train pulled out, the old gentleman began twisting his mustachios self-consciously. "My boy," he said, "I can't let you set out without a penny. By the way, how did you raise the fare?"

"Remember that old bourbon you had in the cellar?" Leo asked as the locomotive began to chuff. "Don't count too heavily on that."

Ten bucks a week was his retainer in the copper mine. But the mine turned out to be the correct spot to start a law career. One of the attorneys for the mining company, a titan of corporation law, visited the diggings and they gave him a party. Leo was the only gun in camp that could sing and play the piano. Result: he was offered a job in the firm's San Francisco office.

To round out the slim pickings, the boy bridegroom used to arrive at the office before the office boys, so he could knock off the subpoena-serving chores at ten cents a mile. Some of his best unpublished songs came to him while riding the ferry to Oakland to slap a plaster on some unsuspecting citizen.

Starvation was well advanced when the firm sent him to Los Angeles to try a case. "I lost in fifteen minutes," he brags. "The local lawyers were amazed at the short time it took me to present my case and get my pasting. Somebody suggested that I could clear the Los Angeles calendar in no time if I stayed around. The San Francisco firm had the same idea and wired that I needn't come back. That's San Francisco for you."

He hung out a shingle in the home town and spent most of his time watching it get weather-beaten. One day a client walked in, looking for a cheap lawyer. His wife was suing for a divorce, which was all right with him but he wanted to duck alimony. He painted such a vivid picture of a female fiend that Leo's heart went out to him and he accepted the case for cigarette money.

Came the day in court that was the climax and the finale of the McCarey law practice. "In walked a pitiful wisp of a woman," he recalls. "Both her eyes were blackened and she was followed by a brood of children that hadn't been fed since they were weaned. The tale she told would have gone great with a Hearts and Flowers obbligato. I asked the judge for a recess. He wanted to know on what grounds. 'To give this rat time to get another lawyer,' I said."

As he stepped out of the courtroom, the counselor was seized with an impulse to run. Perhaps the fact that his client was running after him had something to do with it.

Sprinting down North Broadway to First Street he felt hot breath on his neck all the way. As he passed the Times Building several fellows he used to work with were coming out. They spied him tearing along and cried out in bewilderment, "Hey, Leo! What are you doing?"

"Practicing law," Leo yelled back without breaking his stride.

When he returned panting to his office, having lost his pursuer in a saloon, there was a letter from a music publisher accepting a song he had written. (It was a war song published the day the Armistice was signed.) At that exact moment he abandoned the law so completely that nowadays he never steps into a courtroom except to battle Howard Hughes.

The movies let him get his foot in the door and he wound up with a job labeled "third assistant director" at Universal. Months later he discovered that the colloquial translation of this title was "script girl."

Songwriter by Night

Now began a golden phase of his forward march. All day he sopped up lore and legends from Tod Browning and other masters of the art and mystery of the motion picture. All night he wrote songs. A ditty on which he collaborated with Bud DeSylva, titled Sitting on Your Patio, crept into the repertory of the Duncan Sisters.

Another of his nifties was sold for a quick $10 to a real-estate subdivider. The lyrics, on the level, went like this:

Come and live in Lankershim,
An up-and-coming town.
You can buy a little home
For just five hundred down.
It doesn't take you long to reach
Seventh and Broadway or the Beach,
So come and live in the land of the
peach,
In Lan—ker—shim.

Fifteen years later, making a guest appearance on Bing Crosby's radio show, the proud author-composer accepted Bing's kidding invitation to give out with some music by singing and playing the petite realty paean. The audience was loving it.

Challenged to do an encore, he let fly with an unpublished number written seventeen years earlier by his pal DeSylva, a little conceit called Wishing, which Leo had dug up and incorporated into one of his movies, Love Affair, starring Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. Wishing turned up almost at once as No. 1 on the Hit Parade, a circumstance McCarey doggedly attributes to his plugging.

A five-year term at Universal gave the renegade lawyer all the groundwork he needed to be a director—everything but a job as a director. Years later at a testimonial dinner given for Uncle Carl Laemmle he acknowledged in a speech that Laemmle had "made" him. "That's true, gentlemen," he repeated. "He made me—he made me so mad I went to work for Hal Roach."

At Roach's, Kid McCarey went to work as a comedy constructor, pulling an oar in the gagman's galley beside Frank Capra, who also achieved Academy Award stature later. One of his adroitest coups at the comedy factory was parlaying Stan Laurel ($100 a week some weeks) and Babe Hardy ($10 a day once in a while) into a million-dollar comedy team. Here also he got his first real taste of a megaphone mouthpiece and turned out two-reelers at such a clip that a few years later he was vice-president of the joint.

Life had become a pleasant rut two reels long and thirty-five millimeters wide the day Leo went swimming with the boss. Surveying Roach, the strongest and healthiest adult he'd ever seen, he decided on the spot that his chance of promotion from vice-president was as remote as world peace. He bade a cheery farewell to his employer, scooped up his towel and trunks and walked into the sunset.

By this time he knew all there was to know about making two-reelers. Feature pictures, as any child could deduce, were four two-reelers spliced together. One of his earliest tries at the full-length photodrama, at Paramount, was a gamble called Let's Go Native, which served to introduce Jeanette MacDonald.

"It almost finished Jeanette," McCarey admits. "When we got the thing pasted together there was a slight story discrepancy: the hero married his sister. The end result looked as if Olsen and Johnson had been let loose on the premises. When I went to the preview I took the precaution of having Winnie Sheehan of Fox right beside me and a Fox contract in my pocket."

The refugee from two-reelers had a test of his mettle at Pathé, where Joseph P. Kennedy was having a brief reign as a movie mahatma. An actors' strike was on and a decree had been issued that no players could be used by a studio except those already under contract. Pathé had been borrowing from the neighbors for years, consequently had no actors of its own to put into a little gem called Red Hot Rhythm that was scheduled for delivery to the theaters.

Loyal to the song-writing clan, McCarey put a Tin Pan Alleyite named Walter O'Keefe into Red Hot Rhythm. The picture played every shelf in the country but was not an outright flop because of its low production cost.

Nowadays, when McCarey is talking money to a new employer he points out the money-making record of his past pictures. "Look," he's likely to say, "I've been at bat fifty-four times and made fifty-four hits."

Between takes of the McCarey picture, Leo (at back) plays two-piano duets with Cary Grant, and they compose songs together

"Yeah," agreed the last studio head he gave the spiel to. "I admit you got on base fifty-four times. But that Red Hot Rhythm was no hit. You gotta mark that 'Hit by pitched ball.' "

Howard Hughes, the speedboy and producer of Scarface and Hell's Angels, was impressed by a McCarey movie and bought his contract. The immediate project in mind was a production of Queer People, a novel by Carroll and Garrett Graham that singed the hide off Hollywood folk of the late 1920's. For five months Leo worked with Ben Hecht trying to dope out an acceptable script. The undertaking was knocked on the head when the industry impressed upon Hughes its disinclination to throw mud in its own eye.

McCarey's contract term expired. He had drawn $58,000 and Hughes had nothing to show for it except $5,000 that he won back, on the golf course. A new contract between the two, signed eighteen months ago, came to the same result because the mismatched duo could not agree on a story called Hollywood Legend, which became same when RKO executives succeeded in convincing Hughes that a bird like McCarey making a Ginger Rogers-Cary Grant picture for them was worth two in the nonproductive Hughes bushes. Leo doubts that there is an RKO executive who can take him for anything on the golf course, although there is a case on record when he was trimmed of his entire salary on a major picture.

This was when he was directing a mob of semipro gamblers named the Marx Brothers. When the last dollar due on his contract had vanished into the many Marxes' many pockets Leo swore off gambling against their uncanny luck, judgment and foresight.

He swore off, that is, until one day they offered him a sucker bet, a mere hundred dollars on the pronunciation of "acumen."

Fleeced by the Marxes

McCarey laid down his money and agreed to abide by the decision of the studio research department, which immediately sent around an expert who had served as English tutor to the Prince of Wales. Leo lost and paid like a little soldier. The Marxes had left town before he discovered the tutor was a plant.

McCarey's best movie, he thinks, was Make Way for Tomorrow. When he won the Academy Award for The Awful Truth, produced the same season, he frankly informed the voters they had picked the right guy but the wrong picture. Later his production of My Favorite Wife was up for an award.

"It's just as well we didn't get the screen-play Oscar on that one," he confessed. "The credit would have had to be split among Sam and Bella Spewack and me and Enoch Arden and Rip Van Winkle—all lovely people but with different agents."

Leo's two severest friends are Gene Fowler, who used to go motoring with him until the incident of the Azusa orange grove, and his daughter Mary McCarey, aged fifteen, a pupil at a convent school.

Typical statements of these admirers:

(By Mr. Fowler, from his bed of pain): "Leo could win the war singlehanded by becoming Hitler's chauffeur."

(By Miss McCarey, when Leo was directing Mae West): "Daddy is between pictures just now."

THE END

MMM...BOY! I'M STRONG FOR MILKY WAYS

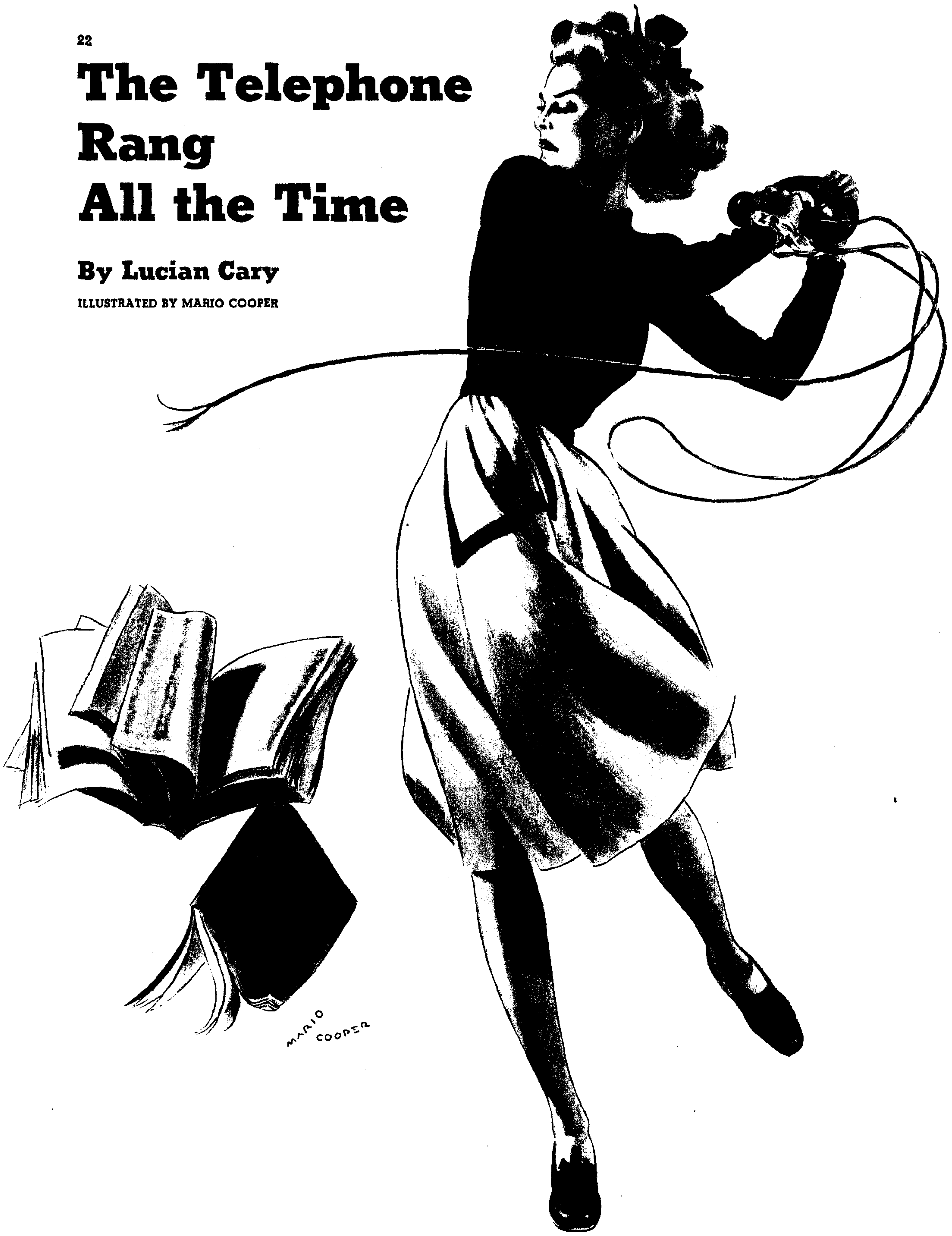
A Mars Confection
Milky Way
CHOCOLATE
A Mars Confection
Milky Way

Yes, Milky Way candy bars are his weakness and his strength! He's always had a weakness for their delicious taste and he's strong for the quick nourishing refreshment he gets from them. With each delightful bite he thrills to the taste blend of the thick chocolate coating, the layer of smooth creamy caramel and the luscious center of chocolate nougat, richly flavored with real malted milk. Wherever he is, when he craves good candy he asks for a Milky Way!

The Telephone Rang All the Time

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



It would be Alan calling, Jane thought, and she couldn't bear it. She ran out and grabbed the phone and yanked the cord loose

It was Miss Bentley's good fortune that the men in her life were all gentlemen. Otherwise they would have murdered her

JANE BENTLEY wasn't used to admitting she was in the wrong. But after a week she knew she'd made a mistake—a silly, stupid, shameful mistake. It wasn't the only one. She'd done a lot of foolish things since she'd had that fight with Jim Renshaw a year ago. Getting herself engaged to Alan Howland was merely the worst.

It was nearly midnight. Everybody had gone to bed except her father. She went downstairs and looked in the library door. Her father was sitting at the table with a pad and pencil making sketches and throwing them in the wastebasket. Her father was one of the owners of a machine-tool company that had doubled and redoubled its capacity since the war began. When he wasn't at the plant he was busy with some problem and he did his thinking with a pencil.

Jane walked into the room. Her father raised his head. He was a big gray man in clothes that always looked as if they'd never been pressed and now his hair was in a tangle.

"I'm sorry to interrupt," she said.

She hated to go on. She was bound to reform. She was going to prove that she was a responsible person. But the first step was hard. Jim Renshaw was her father's favorite engineer. Her father had never said much about it, but she knew he blamed her for quarreling so violently with Jim that he never came to the house again.

"Well?" her father said.

"I've been wanting to ask you about Jim Renshaw."

Her father had an attitude toward her that Jane resented. He treated her with fond disapproval, as if he liked her in spite of himself. It was bad enough when other people took that line. She knew what people said about her, as everybody does, and how unjust they were. They said she got away with murder.

"What about Jim?" her father asked.

Jane braced herself. There was no use trying to be indirect. "Why don't you ever ask him out for a week end any more?"

Her father stared at her. "You know why," he said.

"I think it would be nice to see him again."

"You do, do you?"

Jane raised her eyes to his and gave him a limpid innocent look. "Yes," she said.

Her father ignored the look. "The last time I asked Jim out here for a week end he said he wished I wouldn't. I didn't ask him why. I knew he didn't want to come because of you."

"That was a long time ago."

"Why do you think he'd feel any different now?"

"You could tell him I thought it was a good idea."

"I don't imagine he cares much what you think."

"You could tell him that I'm a different person now," Jane said. "You could say I'm a reformed character."

"I haven't noticed any change in you," her father said. "When did you reform?"

"It's been coming on for a long time. But it really happened tonight."

HER father looked at her as if he were puzzled. "Are you serious about asking Jim for a week end?"

Jane met his eyes. "Yes," she said.

"He's overworked down there on Long Island. He puts in close to sixteen hours a day getting those gun turrets assembled. He should take one day off a week. But he doesn't. I'd like to get him out here and give him a chance to relax."

"Why don't you?"

"I want to talk to him about going out to Ohio. They're going to redesign the turret, and unless some man who knows machine operations the way Jim does, sits in, they'll come out with something nobody can make and there'll be another six months' delay."

"I'm sure you can persuade Jim to come here, Father."

"Can I count on you?"

"I'll be good," Jane promised.

Jane went to bed pleased with herself. If Jim gave her the chance, she was going to forgive him, and having him around over the week end would make it simpler to let Alan Howland down easily.

She waited the next day, which was Friday, hoping to hear from her father about Jim. But her father didn't call up and she knew better than to bother him at the plant. She didn't have a chance to see him alone when he came home for dinner. It was only when they were having dessert that he spoke.

"Jim Renshaw is coming out for the week end," he said.

They all looked at Jane—her father and her mother and Phyllis and Alice.

"What'll you do, Jane?" Phyllis asked. "Leave home?"

Jane stared at Phyllis defiantly.

"Jane is meeting Jim," her father said. "He'll be on the 11:42 tomorrow morning."

Jane's mother smiled at her. "We'll all be glad to see Jim again," she said, in a way that closed the subject.

Jane felt grateful to her mother. She knew her mother wasn't as surprised as her sisters were. Her father had undoubtedly told her mother all he knew and she had guessed the rest. She was that kind of person.

(Continued on page 52)

This is no time to be FRAIL!

The dainty days are done for the duration—likewise the dainty diets.

So as America goes to war, it also goes for more and more bread. Recent surveys show bread sales increasing steadily ever since war was declared.

The reason is that bread is one of our best sources of food-energy. No other food can be eaten with such regularity and still not tire your taste.

And today you can buy the new enriched white bread — with all its extra measure of Vitamin B_1, niacin, and iron — and be much more certain your diet is up to full war standards.

Just remember—whether you're a nurse or a housewife, an office worker or a riveter — this is no time to go easy on such basic food as bread. See that your family has an *extra* loaf every day or two.

IF YOU ATE NOTHING ELSE, you'd get enough energy to do an hour's housework from 3 slices of bread; to sew for an hour from 1½ slices of bread; to chop wood for a half-hour from 4 slices of bread.

GOOD AUTHORITIES AGREE: when you work harder, you need more energy-foods such as bread. Bread is "standard equipment" in the lunch boxes of war-busy American workers.

MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

More commercially baked bread is made with Fleischmann's Yeast than with all other kinds combined, for reasons such as these:

1 Fleischmann pioneered the methods of yeast manufacture which make possible the uniformity, potency and dependable quality not only of Fleischmann's Yeast, but virtually all others as well.

2 More than 400 different strains of yeast, selected from thousands gathered all over the world, are kept under constant culture and study in Fleischmann's laboratories. This assures bakers of the yeast best suited to American flours, methods and conditions year after year.

3 Fleischmann research on vitamins brought about the yeast method of enriching bread with Vitamin B_1.

Bread *is basic*

Skin Game Michelangelos

By Hannibal Coons

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Getting jittery over the jig needle? Afraid that Johnnie will come marching home looking like the new wallpaper? If so, you have come to the right place

After prolonged study among our Armed Forces, we are now ready to make book on this tattoo thing. The results will amaze you. In fact, from here on, the present narrative will probably consist of one startling fact after another, and you'd better sit down.

First let's get the odds posted.

If Johnnie enlists in the Navy, and stays in over ten minutes, it's even money that his epidermis will flaunt a painting; if he goes into the Marines, it's still even money, but only if he stays in a year or two; in the Army, the odds are ten to one against the man with the needle, unless Johnnie's outfit is holed up for a spell in a port. The Air Corps alone gives tattooing the collective blank stare, preferring to decorate its chest with the simple medal pinned on the outside of the tunic.

The ignorance of the average citizen on the subject of tattooing is absolutely profound. At least, ours was. Did you know that tattooing needles are nothing but regular sewing needles? Size 12, the smallest size made; eyes and everything. The tattooer simply clamps four or five of Mother's needles into an overgrown mechanical pencil, fastens a square buzzer thing at the top like the one on your doorbell, connects the gadgets to batteries or a motor generator, and —presto!—he's the happy owner of a modern electric tattooing machine. The row of needles jabs in and out at about three thousand jabs a minute, the ink on the dipped needle points being literally pushed into your skin. The thing feels like a bee that's mistaken you for the honeysuckle.

Please Don't Ask for

Is it art? Seaman Glore seems a bit uncertain as he tries (above) to catch a glimpse of the eagle which tattooer Jack Julian has affixed to his back. Left, Julian puts the finishing touches to the masterpiece

The average design takes from ten minutes to half an hour to put on, and costs you anywhere from a quarter to five dollars. You take off the bandage in a couple of hours, your arm will get sore and have a scab on it for a few days, and that's all, mister, that's all. Something new has been added, which will probably stay added till they cart you off to the hillside.

You can't evaluate the present ink boom until you know a little about the thing. Tattooing is older than anything except people. The oldest piece of actual tattooed human hide was dug out of an Egyptian tomb dated 2000 B. C.

The tattooing trail takes you from Africa to Alaska, and from Siberia to Samoa. Our American Indians tattooed themselves till the Pilgrims made them stop. Japanese tattooing dates from approximately the year 500 B. C. Certainly the best tattooing has been done by them. Those Japs can really give you the needle.

A Two-Dollar Word From Polynesia

Nobody got around to naming the deal till the end of the 18th century, Captain Cook officiating. The word is really "tattau," a Polynesian term, properly pronounced in three syllables, with each vowel given the full two-dollar treatment. The dear captain not only spelled it "tattow," but persistently pronounced it in two syllables as we do now, and there you have it, a nice wrong word that's been adopted by every people in the world.

Tattooing among so-called civilized people shifted into high about sixty years or seventy years ago. Tattooed clothes became so popular in Japan that by 1878 the Japanese government banned their use except for foreigners, whereupon visiting British nobility, from King George V down, brought back permanent picture postcards on their high-class hides, and English society folk dutifully adopted the disowned custom.

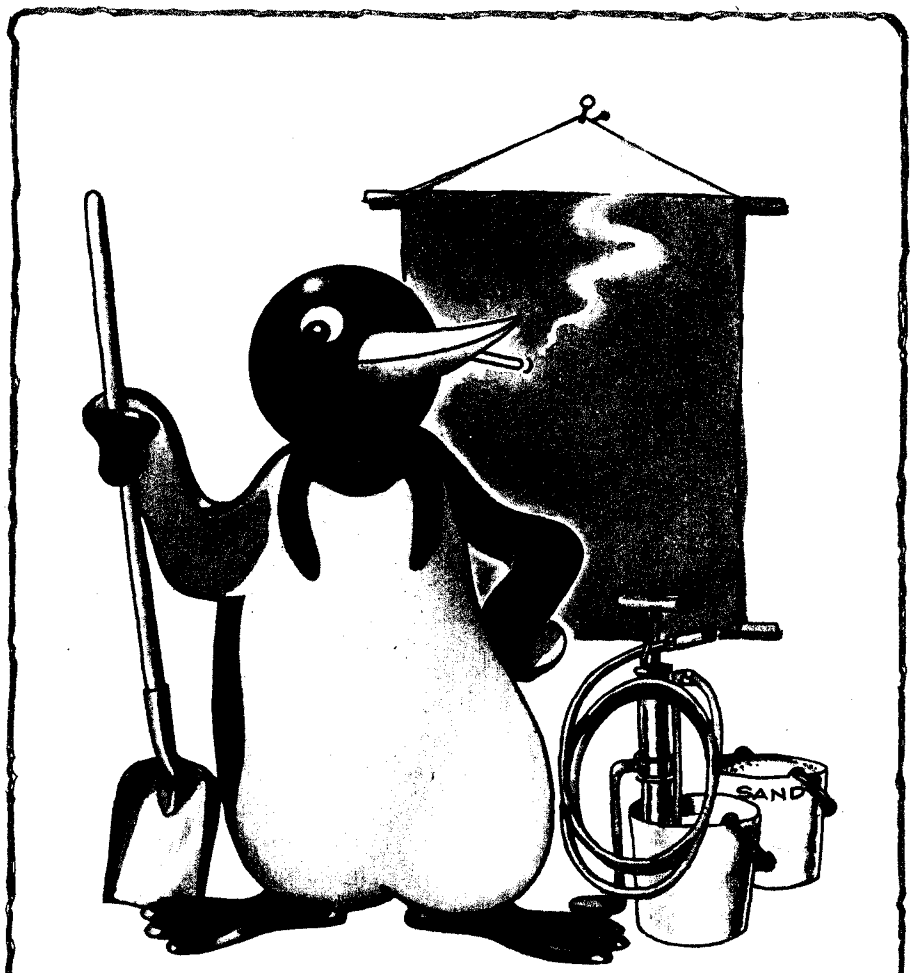
In America, our Navy took up the habit as visual proof of their Asiatic cruises, and in 1892, a distinguished man of science, Professor Sam O'Reilly of New York, invented the electric tattooing machine. From then on, it was a breeze.

So many New York East Side school kids got tattooed that in 1902 the Bowery tattooers got hauled into court. Ward McAllister had already thundered warnings to the Four Hundred against their growing adoption of this "most vulgar and barbarous habit . . . of the aristocratic Englishmen," and along the water fronts, a phrase had come into being: "A sailor without a tattoo is like a ship without a rudder—unseaworthy." Kaiser Wilhelm was tattooed. So were

AROUND THE WORLD TODAY wherever American forces fight on land, sea, or in the air, there Goodyear rubber fights also. It serves in many forms—assault boats and life rafts—barrage balloons and blimps—gas masks and bullet-puncture-sealing gasoline tanks—tires for giant bombers and combat tires immune to machine gun fire. From tiny bomb-release gaskets to giant tank-carrying pontons, all are built to the same quality standard that has made Goodyear tires the world's first choice for more than a quarter-century. And because America's reserve of natural rubber is so scant today, we are now building many of these military essentials with Chemigum—Goodyear's own synthetic rubber which will provide the public with tires of our customary excellence, when its production can be stepped up beyond war's need.

Chemigum—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOOD YEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



And one more good precaution...

SWITCH FROM "HOTS" TO KOOLS

All the air-raid notices say, "Keep KOOL!" So why not try a pack today? You'll discover a blend of choice, ripe tobaccos with just a dash of mild menthol added to give a cooling, soothing sensation to your hot-and-harried throat. (And save those coupons for luxury premiums!)

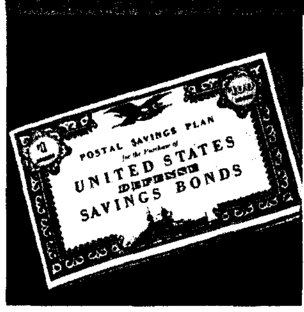
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS AND STAMPS
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

UNION MADE

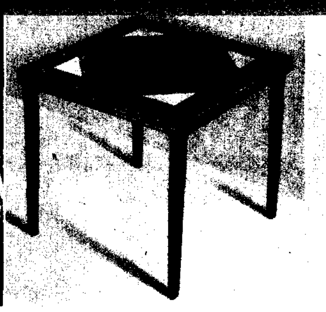
NOW AT POPULAR PRICES

SAVE VALUABLE B & W COUPON ON THE BACK OF EACH PACK

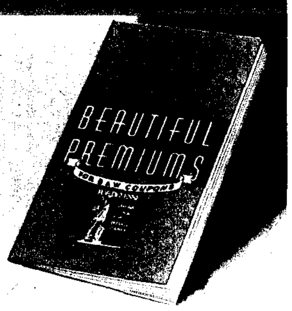
Good in the United States for dozens of luxury premiums like these



U. S. War Savings Stamps—any denomination—by redeeming B & W coupons for cash value (¾¢ each). *133 coupons equal $1.00 Stamp.*



Bridge Table. The de luxe model with top of genuine inlaid woods. Patented automatic steel leg locks. Strong and steady.



FREE! New Catalog #21. Color illustrations. Full descriptions. Write Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

B & W COUPONS ARE ALSO PACKED IN POPULAR-PRICED RALEIGH CIGARETTES

King Oscar of Sweden, Czar Nicholas II of Russia, Queen Olga of Greece and some of our own very best people.

Stirring contributions were also made to the spread of the thing by Mr. P. T. Barnum and Mr. Lew-the-Jew Alberts. Barnum, knowing a hot thing almost before he saw it, imported from Vienna around 1873 a tattooed Greek named Georgius Constantine, one of the most genuine exhibits that Mr. Barnum ever had. Whether or not George had been tattooed by Burmese torturers (as he and P. T. solemnly vowed) it was an undeniable fact that George had an awful lot of somebody's ink under his exterior. People viewing Mr. Constantine for the first time often fell over in a dead faint. He had 388 separate designs upon his person, complete even to his eyelids and also between his fingers. There was hardly any place that George wasn't tattooed. And we mean *any place.*

Barnum paid him $1,000 a week (or so he said), people by the million flocked to see him, and in no time at all, a line of not overbright citizens were standing around outside our first tattoo parlors anxiously waiting to be tattooed "all over" so they could make a lot of money. Mr. P. T. Barnum thus started the living-picture-gallery racket and gave epidermal Rembrandts a terrific boost.

Mr. Lew-the-Jew Alberts was a former wallpaper designer who shipped out to the Philippines in '98. Before he left, he got tattooed himself, liked the idea immensely, and when he got back to New York, immediately went into the business. He couldn't, however, quite forget his old love—wallpaper. So at night he bemused himself by drawing thousands of new designs all over big sheets of nice white paper. Busy rivals scattered about our fair land bought up Lew's designs like furious, hung them outside their joints as their own creations, and that, Junior, is why so many of those sheets of tattoo designs look like wallpaper. They *are* wallpaper.

Most of our tattooers like to think of themselves as deathless artists, but the majority of them can draw just as many designs as they have good sturdy celluloid stencils for. Pressed, many of them will try a jeep for you, but it's liable to look an awful lot like a four-masted schooner under full sail. Most of them spent very little time at the institute, and the wiggly curves of the human skin aren't a very efficient canvas for really complicated art work.

When our Armed Services, in 1909, banned nude and otherwise rare and indecent tattooing on its incoming enlisted men, the few real artists in the profession suffered a mortal blow. So did the robust senses of humor of our sailors and Marines. Up to then, there'd been a growing quota of totally undressed dames tattooed on arm and chest muscles in such positions that they could be made to do dances that would make Dorothy Lamour hang up her sarong. It is said that the reason our older sailors have such tremendous muscles is not the result of any hard work, but rather the amount of idle time they spent making their tattoos dance.

French Sense of Humor

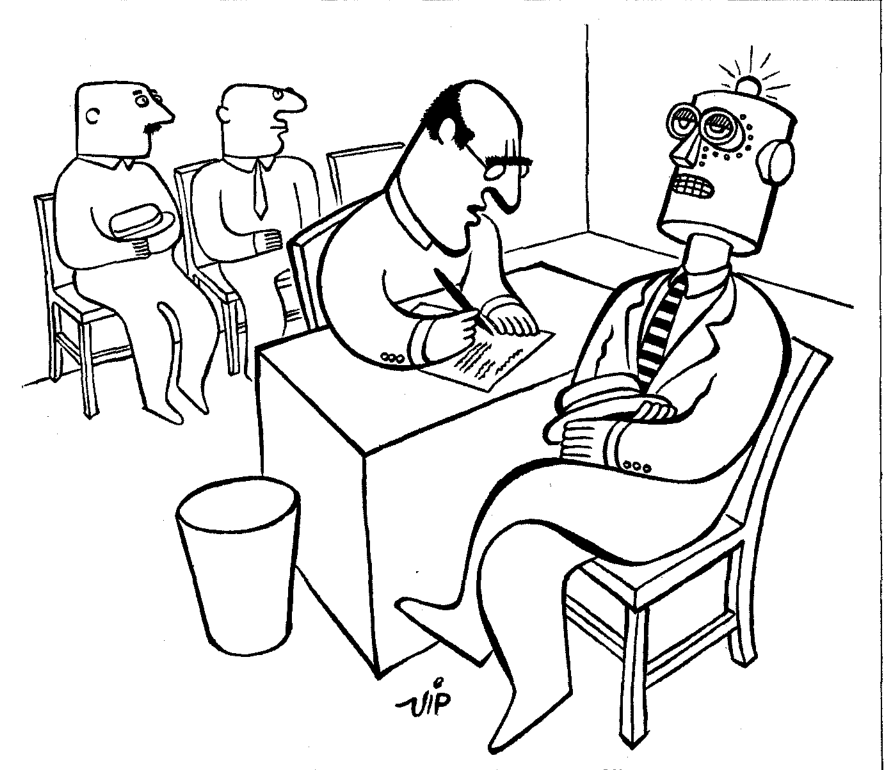
One of the most unusual of tattooing gags, however, was a soldier in the French army back in 1880 who had a full general's uniform tattooed upon him, complete with buttons and medals. All he had to do to enjoy a very stirring promotion was to undress.

The French lads have always shown a lot of personal imagination in their self-coloring, particularly the French criminals, the old apaches. One had a neat dotted line tattooed around his neck, with the helpful inscription: "Executioner, when cutting, follow the dotted line." A French murderer who had completely killed several dozen of his fellow citizens wore the happy slogan: "Quick-tempered but good-natured."

Possibly your own Johnnie Doughboy is neither a French apache nor an African tribesman. Is the same old racket going to get him?

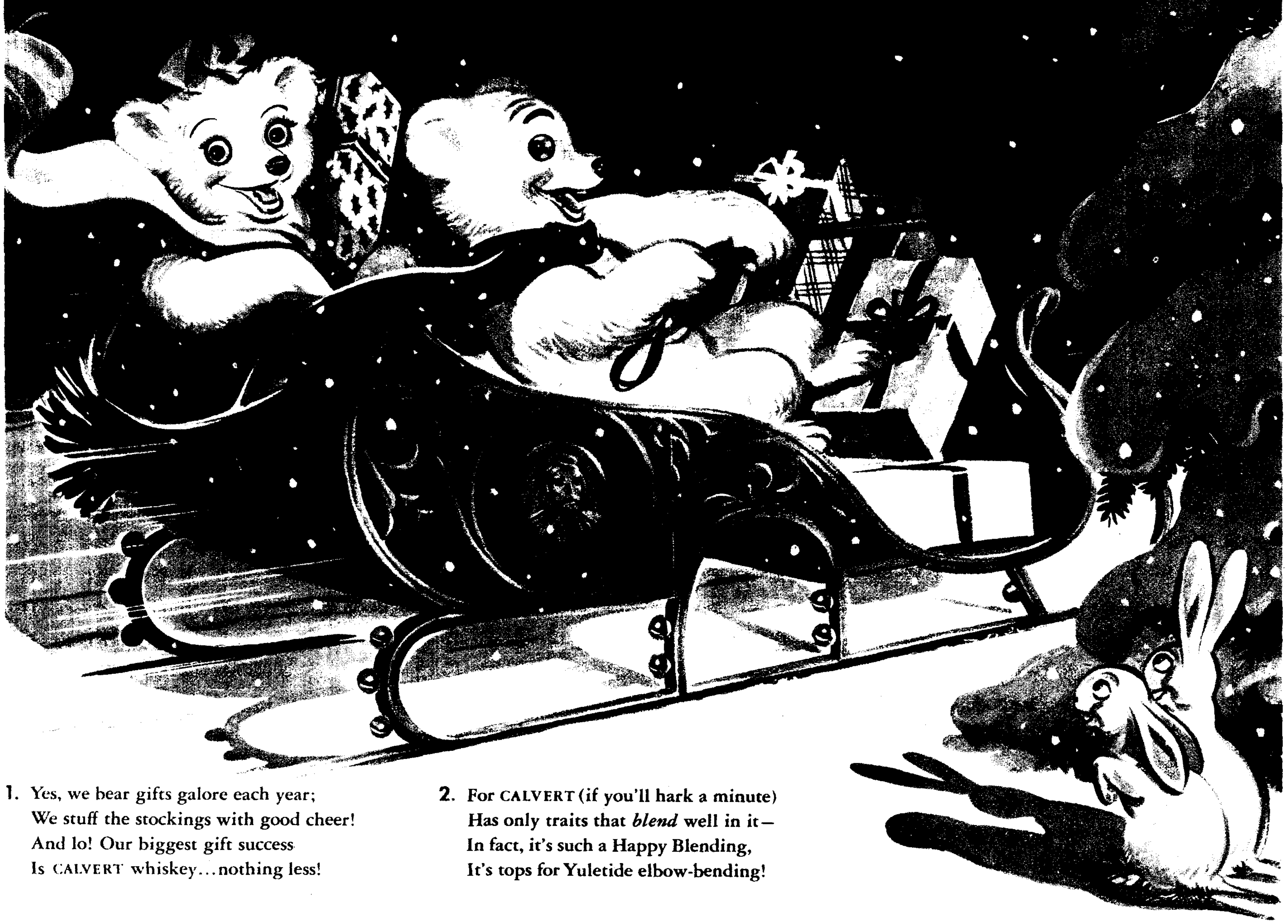
It very well may. Whenever there's a war on, the tattooers open up the large bottle of ink and build long, comfortable benches for the waiting list. A lot of kids who have never smelled salt water except when the potatoes were boiling suddenly hang up their hats on a boat and start thinking about Asia, and a lot of them will get tattooed before they get out of it—in this war, not over half (a new low record) but that half still adds up to several square miles of newly inked-up hide.

The fact remains that hardly any of



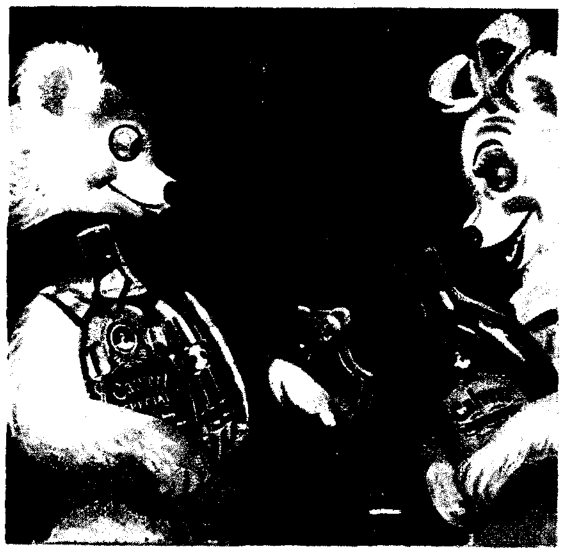
COLLIER'S "Mechanically-minded, you say?" VIRGIL PARTCH

"We're bears on gifts...we know the trends
This year it's Calvert's Happy Blends!"



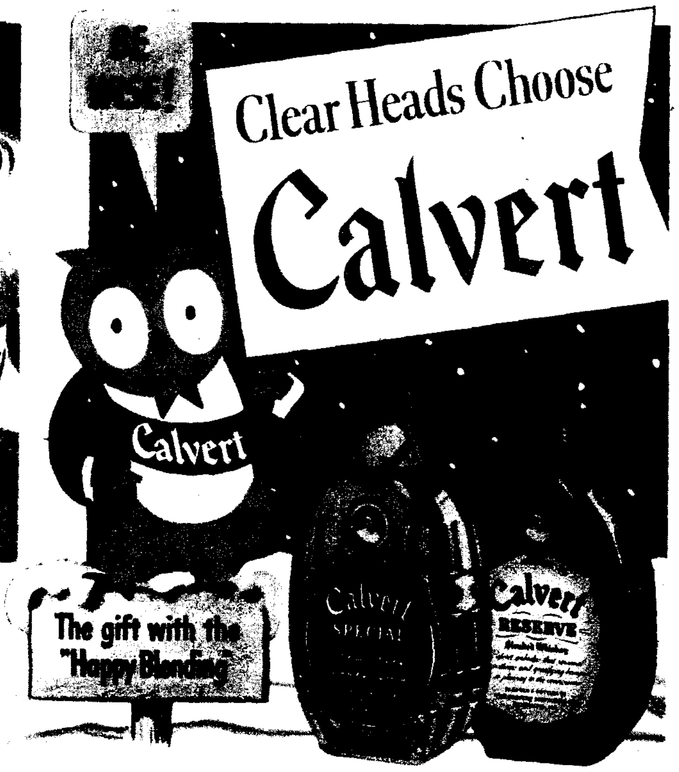
1. Yes, we bear gifts galore each year;
We stuff the stockings with good cheer!
And lo! Our biggest gift success
Is CALVERT whiskey...nothing less!

2. For CALVERT (if you'll hark a minute)
Has only traits that *blend* well in it—
In fact, it's such a Happy Blending,
It's tops for Yuletide elbow-bending!



3. The secret is—some whiskey traits
Are enemies, while some are mates.
So CALVERT ousts the fighters, *fast*—
Hence makes a blend that's unsurpassed!

4. If in your Yuletide shopping search you
Seek a gift with *every* virtue—
You'll tickle all your friends no end
By giving CALVERT'S Happy Blend!


BE WISE!
Clear Heads Choose
Calvert
Calvert
The gift with the "Happy Blending"
Calvert Special
Calvert Reserve

MASS PRODUCTION
AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS ARE SO EASY TO FIX—I COULD KEEP THIS UP ALL DAY!
GRAB 'EM, ALICE! MOM'S GOT THE OLD ASSEMBLY LINE TO ROLLING!
THEY CAN HAVE A PRACTICE BLACKOUT EVERY NIGHT IF I ALWAYS GET AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS FOR BREAKFAST!
LIGHT AND FLUFFY AS THOSE PARACHUTES I MAKE!
TAKE OFF THAT HELMET, EDDIE! AUNT JEMIMAS WILL STICK TO YOUR RIBS WITHOUT WELDING!
I'M GOING TO DE-CODE AUNT JEMIMA'S SECRET RECIPE!
IT WAS THAT GOOD OLD DOWN SOUTH FLAVOR THAT BROUGHT ME A-RUNNING!
WHY BOTHER WHEN SHE PUTS IT IN A BOX READY MIXED!
"HAPPY DAY! Now's de time fo' my dee-licious AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS!"
READY MIX
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX PANCAKES
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR

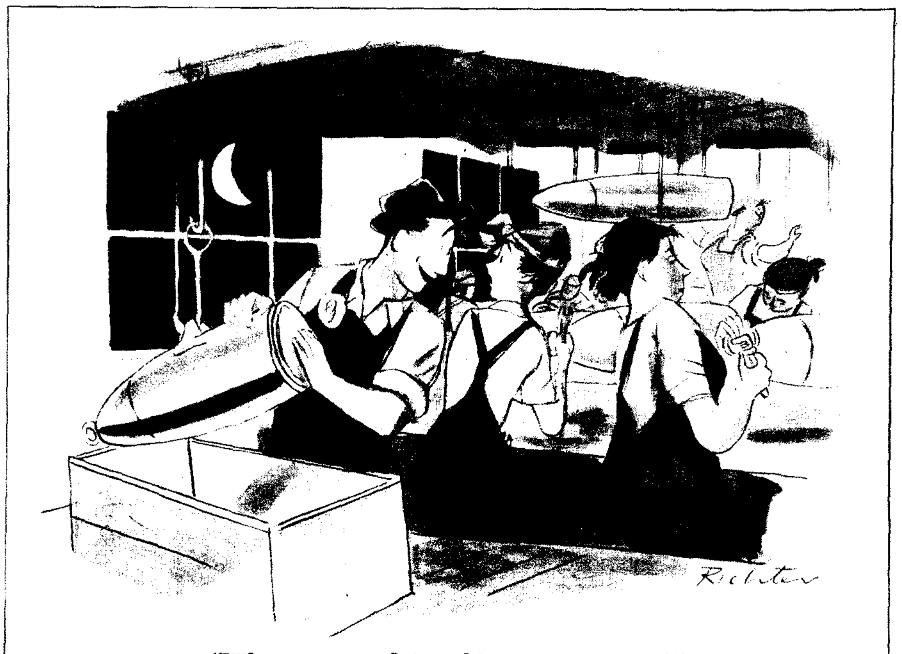
"YOUR FAMILY WILL LOVE THIS OLD SOUTH PARTY BREAKFAST"

Fruit Juice
AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS
Melted Butter Hot Syrup
Country Sausage Coffee

YOU CAN FIX AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS IN A JIFFY—HER SECRET RECIPE IS READY-MIXED FOR YOU!

EASY AS 1-2-3.. JUST ADD MILK OR WATER, STIR, THEN POP 'EM ON THE GRIDDLE!

GET BOTH—**Yellow box for Buckwheats; Red box for Pancakes** *AND WAFFLES, TOO!*



COLLIER'S "What are you doing this morning, Babe?" MISCHA RICHTER

these same kids would ever get tattooed at all if they weren't in the war. At none of the induction centers are more than five per cent of the new recruits tattooed when they come in, and this includes all the well-meaning lads who have rushed down to a joint and got splattered on the way in an effort to look like hardened veterans.

At most of the camps, not over one or two per cent of the kids are tattooed when they enter. All this stuff about one in every ten men in America being tattooed is strictly malarkey. At the big Marine base at San Diego, we stood on the side lines watching several hundred recruits playing softball with nothing much on but their underpants, and you couldn't see a tattoo mark with a spyglass. When we asked one of the young gentlemen about it, he took us somewhat aback. "Tattooing," he said, "is just old hat."

But when you query the lads who've been in the Marines a year or two, you discover to your chagrin that tattooing is old hat only to the new Marine. About half of them eventually purchase a painting.

The Marines, however, are strangely circumspect about the matter. Most of the Marine art patrons get tattooed when sober, an unusual thing in itself, and most of them go for a single simple device such as the Marine Corps emblem or "Death Before Dishonor" on a dagger. Nothing fancy.

Of course, you can't get really fancy in your tattoo taste in any of the services any more. The tattooers have even reaped a mild harvest lately in "covering up" a lot of their former masterpieces. Many a lusty lad has gone down to enlist or re-enlist, only to be told that he would have to help his forearm Sally Rand get dressed if he wanted to get into Uncle Sam's Navy.

The Navy has more or less officially disapproved of tattooing since 1909 or 1910. One of the first things most of the new lads are now told in boot camp is: "There are two things you don't have to do to be a sailor. One is get drunk and the other one's get tattooed."

But the racket goes right ahead even at the new half speed. Naval officers will tell you in optimistic good faith that not over fifteen per cent of the men get tattooed, but the men themselves tell you that fifty per cent is a lot nearer right. And in the Navy, that fifty per cent does it right now, hardly being able to wait till they can make it to the nearest ink spot.

Both literally and figuratively, sailors like girls on their arms. They now have to be content with a head—most of which should be referred to as a bust—or a neatly clothed Betty Boop, but at least it's a girl. They also still favor the other old standard numbers—the Navy anchor, and the very touching "In Memory of Mother," possibly with a little rose. We can imagine Mother's extreme pleasure at being so beautifully and permanently remembered.

Most of our new crop of soldiers, as we said, seem to realize that they're going to be back at the bank some day. A couple of them, interviewed rather hurriedly on a street corner in San Diego, summed up the Army's majority opinion of tattooing with great neatness.

"Soldiers just don't go around them places," they said.

Oddly enough, the designs have not been mechanized greatly in accordance with the new styles in warfare. By and large, the tattooers are still putting on the same old wallpaper. Some of the kids come in looking for a nice snappy tank or a PT boat, but usually the tattooer ends up by talking them into one of the slightly older models he's got that celluloid stencil for. Why kill himself puzzling over something new and involved when he can slap on "In Memory of Mother" with his eyes shut and get the same two bucks for it?

Tattoo Prices Vary

Did you know that prices on the East Coast are a lot cheaper than on the West Coast? A tattoo that will cost you seventy-five cents in New York or Norfolk will cost you two and a half in Los Angeles or San Diego. When the Fleet moved into the Pacific, the Eastern ink boys never quite recovered from the shock.

At present, there are probably two or three hundred tattooers operating in the United States, most of them very odd individuals and only slightly tougher than a broiled boot. Of the whole lot, not over a dozen are really proficient tattooers, with any full knowledge of their trade or even some elementary knowledge of the necessary sanitary precautions.

Probably the four best tattooers in the country at the moment are Harry Lawson and Sailor Charlie in San Diego, Jack Julian in Los Angeles, and Coleman in Norfolk, Virginia. The finest tattooing ever to be done in America was done by a fellow named Red Gibbons, who has spent the last few years around Los Angeles. Then there's Mr. "Navy"

McKee in Long Beach, Billy Torun in San Diego, Tony Pratas in Los Angeles, Bert Grimm in St. Louis, Owen Jensen in Detroit, and Andy Sturtz and old Charlie Wagner in New York.

Next to opera singers and ballet dancers, it's hard to find a group of workmen who hate one another more than tattooers. No one's any good except the fellow you're talking to; each one invented tattooing, the tattooing machine, the best method of doing everything, and also taught everyone else the business, none of whom are really any good. They're a fascinating group of men.

The ones we've mentioned, however, do have certain personal standards about their strange business. Most of them won't tattoo nudes even on civilians, now that the services have banned them. They won't tattoo anybody who's too drunk to hold still, they actually talk certain people out of being tattooed, particularly on the hands or face, or in other quaint ways which would prove a special handicap in later life, and they attempt to use some sort of sanitation in their work.

Probably the most amazing thing of all about tattooing is the almost complete lack of any regulation of the business. The better tattooers would themselves welcome sensible regulation. Harry Lawson has tried to get the city councils of a dozen different communities (including San Diego where he is at present) to pass regulatory laws governing tattooing, and no one seemed interested.

There are, of course, a few exceptions. Kansas City, Missouri, discourages all tattooers with a $500 license and rugged fines and jail sentences for any tattooing of minors; New York City and a few other localities have an ordinance prohibiting tattooers from the dangerous practice of attempting the removal of tattoo marks.

Otherwise, most of the country is wide open. You can wash everybody's arms for a week in the same bucket of dirty water, you can try any experiment in cheap coloring matter that occurs to you, however poisonous, and no one is even faintly interested until so many people are infected from one shop that action is finally demanded and taken.

Got any old tattoo marks you're tired of? Have you considered having them removed?

Removing a tattoo is about as simple a matter as removing your head. The tattooers have always bought and sold every sort of crackpot recipe for a removing method that any of them could manage to think up.

The best modern ones are based on the injection into the skin of various acids, which set up such a violent pustular reaction that eventually a large hunk of your hide comes off—including the tattoo, it is hoped. If you don't pick the thick scab too much before it comes off, you may not have blood poison after all.

In the hands of an amateur at the racket, the average removal formula is about as safe as an ax. At best, you end up with a slick white scar over the area, as though you had suffered a bad burn. At worst, you lose your arm.

Albert Parry, one of the best of the American authorities on tattooing, tells of a Mr. James Scanlon, of Newark, New Jersey, who on the night of December 18, 1922, laid himself quietly down beside the railroad tracks. He extended his tattooed left arm across the rail and calmly waited for a train to come along and remove, once and for all, the tattooing he'd grown to hate to the point of mania. The train came along and obliged.

Of course, Mr. Scanlon could have had a good plastic surgeon remove his tattooing a little less violently—or he could just have not had it put on in the first place.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

by plane, instead of nineteen, as by fastest prewar steamers. Already the route has been flown by our Generals Brett and Arnold in thirty-odd hours.

TODAY Australia is a five city nation—Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth, each in its way a nostalgic bit of England. Behind them lies the strange, wild continent—largely unknown, untamed, unrealized, unsettled. More than half the total population is urban, making a lopsided economy and society. Man has scarcely got beyond the beaches of Australia; registering no more impression upon it than that made upon a polo field by half a dozen colonies of ants in the grass on its border. Rail and highway travel is still very primitive; these, with her immigration laws, have held Australia back, her leaders say.

From the village of Cairns on the northeast coast to Perth on the southwest (comparable: Portland, Maine, to San Diego, California) takes eleven days of constant rail travel, almost as many changes of train. For reasons of political and commercial jealousies in a past generation—isolationism within isolationism—that are difficult for Yanks or present-day Aussies to understand, railway gauges change at each state frontier, sometimes even within states. Except for one semistreamliner, The Spirit of Progress, that runs from Sydney to Albury on the Victoria border, and that can't be mentioned with North American or European standards, Australian trains are something out of Fontaine Fox cartoons.

Not so in aviation. Herein, Australia long ago saw her salvation. She has a tradition of superb pilots—commercial and combat—led by the great Kingsford-Smith, and including Keith Truscott, and Harold Gatty who now does a splendid job for the American air command. Australia was the terminus of the famous London-to-Melbourne air race; a real milestone of aviation progress. Dutch and English airlines stitched her to Europe; although, unfortunately, when Pan American sought to extend its prewar lines there from the United States, politics kept her out, and we had to end in New Zealand, to be connected with Australia from there by Quantas, an English-Aussie firm.

DURING the great retreat from Singapore and the East Indies last winter, Australian civil pilots performed miracles of heroism in their unarmed, comparatively slow planes, evacuating the innocent to safety, chiefly over shark- and typhoon-pestered seas. For example, in one period of eight horror-racked days, 800 persons were flown from New Guinea to the mainland. One 14-passenger ship carried eighteen adults, thirty children, and a crew of five. The lone casualty in all these achievements was—a suitcase! . . .

W. B. C.

AMERICA IS SMOKING *MORE**

* Government figures show all-time peak in smoking

SKY-PASSENGERS *on Pan American Clippers are served with America's FINEST Cigarette!*

And far more Americans are wisely smoking PHILIP MORRIS!

Doctors report, in medical journals, that:

EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT DUE TO SMOKING, CLEARED UP COMPLETELY—OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED . . . WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS!

No claim is made of any curative power in PHILIP MORRIS. *BUT*—this evidence clearly proves PHILIP MORRIS far less irritating for nose and throat—therefore better *for* you. Try them!

And do they taste GOOD!

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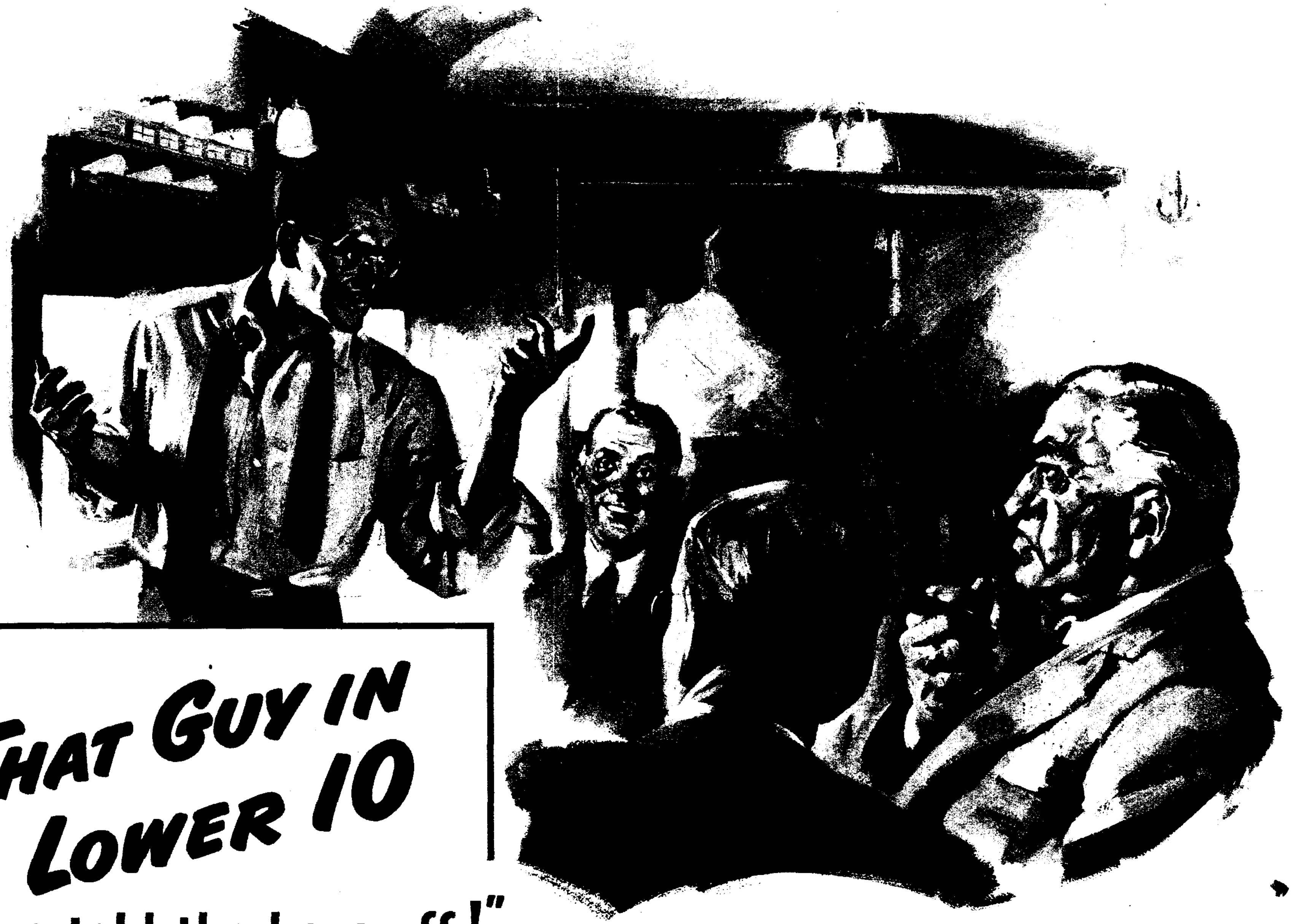
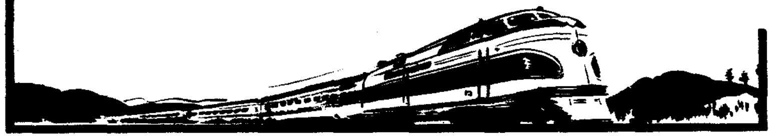


"THAT GUY IN LOWER 10

Sure told the boys off!"



QUIET, tired looking chap—bumped me as the porter swung my bag into Upper 9. Said he was sorry, politely as could be.

But man, did he let them have it in the smoker that night! When the man with the big cigar made that crack about doing plenty by paying his taxes, without buying War Bonds too.

Well, that was the quiet fellow's cue, and he picked it up quick.

"Gentlemen—if you'd seen what I have, you'd *starve* yourself to buy Bonds—just to save your own lives.

"I'm a newspaper man. I *saw* London bombed. I *saw* France die. I *saw* the tragedy of Warsaw. Night after horrible night of screaming hell. Men watching the work of a lifetime go up in flames. Mothers seeing children die before their eyes. Old folks trudging down empty roads to nowhere—crying hopeless tears.

"I just got out of Singapore with my life—and the memory of Jap devils laughing with glee as they used our wounded for bayonet practice. Practice for Bataan . . . and Java . . . and the Solomons.

"Stop kidding yourselves that this war is as good as won—that all we have to do is wait a little while and the toughest, most savage armies the world has seen in centuries will somehow get scared and give up.

"If you folks here at home can keep that war away from your own cities—if you can buy victory with the very last dollar you own—you can count the price cheap.

"And you talk about sacrifice when all you're asked to do is *loan* some of your dollars for a little while. To put the money you'd ordinarily be spending on new cars and radios and other things no other nation has so plentifully—into Bonds that will buy those very things for you when war is done.

"You can't *stop* their armies with a few bullets. We must shoot them down man by man. We must blast their planes and tanks one by one. And the millions of bullets and shells and bombs we'll need must be paid for out of your pockets, one way or another.

"Why not buy them now—willingly—with dollars you can spend again. So you can hold up your heads like free men when the boys who did your fighting for you come marching home?"

The joint Army-Navy Production Award, today's most coveted honor, has been conferred upon Stewart-Warner Corporation—and "E" emblems awarded employees—for unusual performance in war production.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Your War Job Begins At Home

- Everything you own of rubber, metal or other vital material is doubly precious now. Many of them can't be replaced at any price until after the war ends. But with a little care, they'll see you thru.
- Keep your refrigerator oiled according to the maker's directions. And keep it clean—the mechanism—the rubber seal around the door—particularly the finned condenser underneath. At any sign of trouble, call your dealer. You may avoid big repairs by early attention.
- And guard the mileage in your car! Whether you prefer Alemite or other lubricants, get them regularly! This is no time to risk vital transportation to save pennies.

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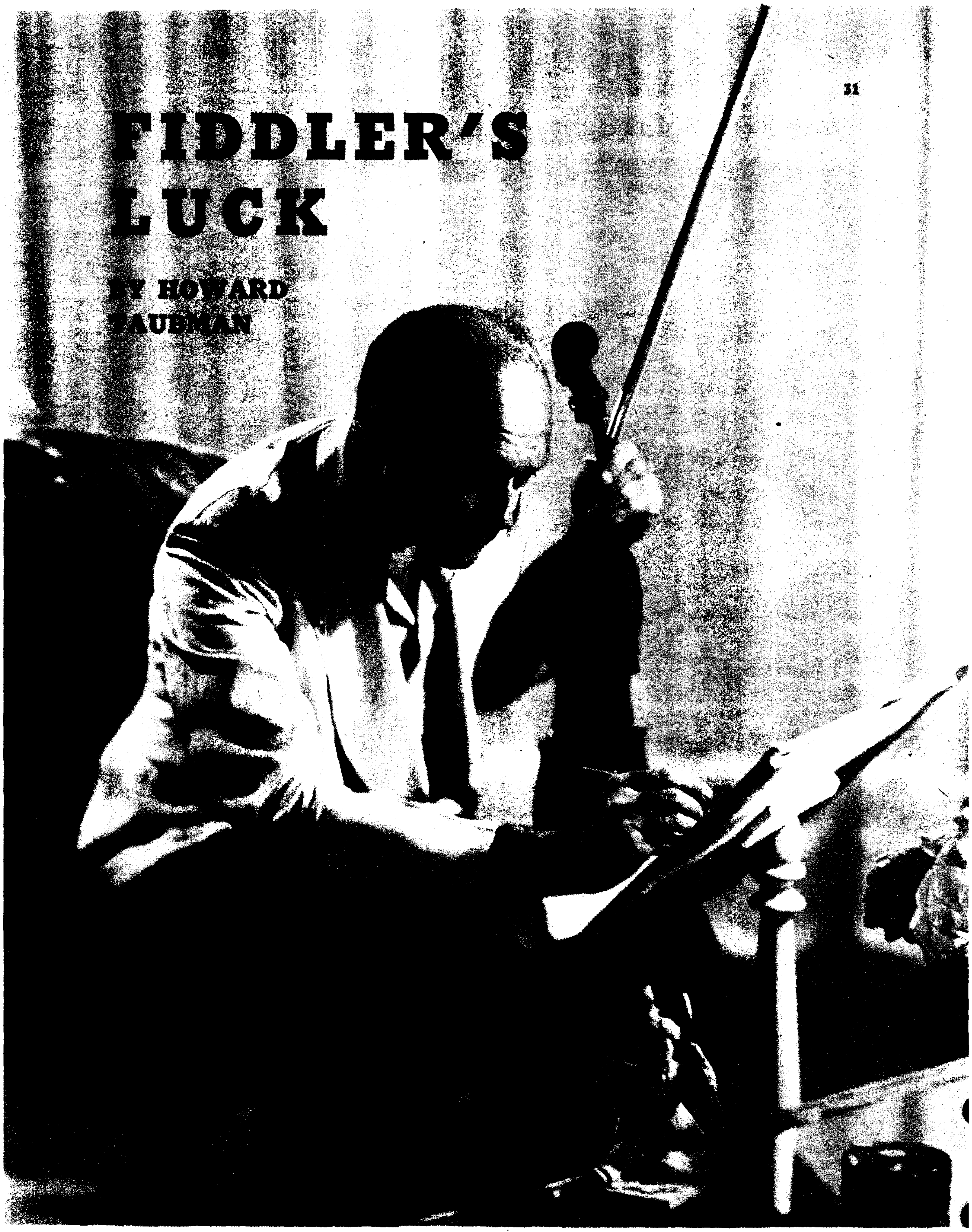
ONE OF THE FIRST—AND PROUD OF IT. Stewart-Warner employees were among the first groups, of over 7500 workers, to allot more than 10% of their total payroll to War Bond purchases—thus surpassing the goal set by the U. S. Treasury Department.

1835 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

FIDDLER'S LUCK

BY HOWARD TAUBMAN

You can't keep a good man down. Joseph Szigeti has repeatedly proved this in his long career as one of the world's greatest violinists



PHOTOGRAPH BY PRESTON DUNCAN

Joseph Szigeti ranks high among great violinists, likes to get in a few hot licks with his friend and fellow artist, Benny Goodman

JOSEPH SZIGETI figures he's one of the luckiest men alive. Well, when it comes to airplanes, he has a powerful case. Take the transcontinental flight he made last January. Carrying his two precious fiddles, he boarded the airliner at La Guardia Airport, weary and babying a cold. Before filling some concert dates on the West Coast he planned to rest at his home in Palos Verdes near Los Angeles.

Even the plane seemed to drag, and his head ached. He tried to keep his mind off his troubles by writing letters, which is his favorite pastime on planes and trains. After midnight the plane stopped at Indianapolis and took on several passengers. A strikingly handsome young woman, blond, with finely chiseled features, took the seat in front of him. Szigeti stole glances at her between letters. He did not recognize her, but—another habit of his—he tried to guess what she did.

The plane stopped at Albuquerque, and the passenger agent asked for four volunteers to give up their seats. A group of Army pilots had to be accommodated. Szigeti went into the washroom, hoping someone else would make a decision for him. When he emerged, his baggage was off the plane, with that of three other passengers.

The Plane That Didn't Arrive

When the next plane headed west, the weather had turned bad, and they made an emergency landing miles from Burbank. As a bus was being commandeered for the trip to Los Angeles, Szigeti heard a news broadcast. The plane from which he had been put off was missing Here he discovered the name of the fascinating passenger—Carole Lombard.

A couple of years earlier Szigeti had canceled a plane booking at the last minute, for no other reason than that he had a lot of letters to get off and would have more time if he traveled by train. That plane cracked up, killing its passengers, among them Senator Ernest Lundeen.

To hear him tell about it, his plane record is typical of his luck. For example, he calls this luck: He was a flashy fiddler as a kid, but no one treated him like a prodigy. "I wasn't sheltered, I had to rough it," he says, "and that was good." Here is another sample of his idea of luck: When he got his career as an internationally famous fiddler running in high, he came down fearfully sick for months. He had to learn to make the most of his time, and that, he says, was good.

"Easy success makes a fellow flabby," he sums it up. "I had to fight, I had to keep working, I had to keep learning."

It paid off. He is one of the world's aristocrats of the fiddle. The connoisseurs will assure you that he's one of the three greatest violinists in the world, the other two being Fritz Kreisler and Jascha Heifetz. His playing has the magnificent maturity that a musician has to earn by working.

When you sit and chat with Szigeti, you get no conception of his prodigious drive and energy. He is tall, lean, baldish. His manner is relaxed and gracious; his voice soft-spoken; his English fluent and precise. But he covers a tremendous lot of territory. He keeps up with the world, though music is his business and he spends months traveling. He finds time not only to write letters, but to read, visit museums, meet with friends constantly.

Joseph Szigeti was born in Budapest in 1892. The name is common in Hungary, where it is pronounced to rhyme with "hot diggety." Here, everyone speaks it like the mate to spaghetti; he has decided to go along with us. Joska—as his folks called him—had music on his father's side. His mother died when he was three. His father, grandfather and uncle were string players. Like some of our best jazz artists, most of Joska's family could not read music. But they had that certain feeling for it.

Joska lived the first seven years of his life with his grandfather in a village in the Carpathian Mountains. His health was frail, and the poor quarters in which his struggling family lived were not the place for a delicate lad. In the mountains he was close to nature, and his health improved. His musical lessons began early. First he learned to play the cymbalo, a Hungarian instrument that belongs to the dulcimer family and is played like a xylophone.

It was taken for granted that every male Szigeti had to learn to play a fiddle, and at 6, Joska began taking lessons from Grandfather and an uncle. At first his lessons were entirely by ear. No one had a piano in the neighborhood, and the boy did not discover what it was like to play with piano until he was eight. Then he came home to Budapest and his father got him a teacher, an old gent who played in the opera orchestra, but who knew little more than routine. Little Joseph learned like a house on fire.

The old teacher soon realized that Joska knew more than he did, and he employed every guile to keep the brilliant pupil. But the boy's father wasn't taken in. When Joska was eleven, he led him to the Budapest Conservatory for an audition before Jeno Hubay, most famous fiddle teacher in Hungary. Papa Szigeti thought the lad might make the preparatory group and might land eventually in Hubay's class. Hubay listened a few minutes and said the Hungarian equivalent of, "This lad's my dish."

In those days a youngster did not have a formal debut, which Szigeti says was more good luck. He knocked around, playing wherever they let him and for whatever they paid him. After two years Hubay told the boy he was on his own. His father promptly took him to Berlin,

(Continued on page 75)

"Don't say Solo Flight to Me," sobs Sally

SALLY NEEDS A LAXATIVE, but she's making her first solo flight at 9.

"I'll wait till tonight," she tells her roommate. "If I don't pass the test, I don't get my pilot's license!"

HEAVY-HEADED, SUFFERING from symptoms of constipation, Sally makes a one-point landing, if that.

"No license for me this time, that's plain," she mourns, ready to cry.

"I'm Proud of My Ace," says Jane's Beau

JANE NEEDS A LAXATIVE. She's making a solo test flight at 9, too.

But she takes speedy Sal Hepatica because she knows it usually acts within an hour.

JANE WINS her pilot's license easily. Her fiancé, also a pilot, watches the flight. "Bravo!" says he, with a hug!

Jane — beaming — is grateful for Sal Hepatica's prompt relief.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

YOU'VE JUST GOT to keep fit, these days. So don't wait till tonight to take the laxative you need this morning.

Take speedy Sal Hepatica.

This refreshing, sparkling saline acts by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—without discomfort or griping. It helps counteract excess gastric acidity, as well; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, interviewed recently, recommend Sal Hepatica. Try it, next time *you* need a laxative! Remember, it's your duty to keep feeling your best!

Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor will testify to the efficacy of this prescription.

"TIME TO SMILE"—Tune in Eddie Cantor Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E W T

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

The Hunters

Continued from page 12

was transparently grateful at this pleasantness. He would have been uncomfortable going off on any trip without the Garricks, for the three of them had always gone together, and to go without them would have seemed to let them down. Now, he assured himself, everything was open and friendly. He lifted his glass toward Mrs. Winston.

"To your lion! To Simba!"

"A big lion!" said Tommy gaily. "Simba mkubwa!"

Michael thought "Sir Simba!" but he did not say it; open irony would make Claire wary and he found himself suddenly savoring the notion of this amazing expedition. Silently, his dark eyes glinting, he held out his glass and they all clinked glasses.

Michael's wine spilled. He set down his glass quickly. Queer, that a touch . . . She was as lovely as Circe, smiling at them. Her eyes were shining, her hair a radiance. . . . No blame to Bob for being dazzled. . . . That lovely line of her cheek. . . . And her throat. . . . The man wasn't living who would not want to put his lips to that throat. . . .

Hang it all, he thought savagely, she *had* been too good for him! Why should he hate her because she'd had the sense to know her worth?

MRS. MICHAEL GARRICK was packing on the veranda of her bungalow. In white shirt and shorts, her bare feet in canvas sneakers, she squatted before the row of airtights and dunnage bags and chop boxes, ranged against the wall, swiftly stowing away the supplies stacked beside her. There was a worried line between her dark brows.

This business of taking a lovely lady from London to the wilds was very different from the accustomed, carefree threesome. Bob McNare did not realize what a woman like that expected, Tommy thought, straightening her back and brushing the brown hair from her warm face; he had said blithely, "Your camp stuff will be enough, with what I have, and you can let her have bedding and towels, can't you? She's renting a tent and cot. I had her buy a gun—a beauty."

It would be a beauty, Tommy thought, remembering Mrs. Winston's pearls and frocks. And her camp clothes would be smart; she would go to the best shops with that list of personal needs which Tommy had sent.

Her small brown hands fitted a tin of coffee between tins of tongue and butter; these provisions were more expensive than their usual lot and that was a worry, too. Mrs. Winston had offered to pay her share but Bob had insisted that she was his guest; he had offered to pay for all the food but Michael had resented that. Michael was very touchy about this expedition, very insistent that they do themselves well. They were doing Mrs. Winston well, Tommy thought with a sore heart; she was being given a safari, two white hunters *and* a chaperon.

It was four o'clock and the sun was striking in under the deep thatched roof; the houseboy, barefooted, in a long white robe, began setting out tea things on a table in the corner of the veranda where a great bougainvillea made a screen of shade. Tommy said quickly in Swahili, "Not ready. No tea yet."

Bob might come today. If only he would come before Michael got back. She had not seen Bob alone since he had come up from Kampala. He had avoided being alone with her— Oh, the hurt of that!—but the constraint would surely wear away when he saw how cheery and unreminding she was. And then, little by little . . .

Claire Winston had enchanted him, but Claire Winston had no place in his real life. Her loveliness and luxury would be incongruous on Bob's coffee farm. And Tommy refused passionately to believe that Mrs. Winston could take him away from his own place, from Africa.

If that happened—

She got up, as if she had to meet that thought on her feet. It might happen, she admitted steadily. If it did, she would have to bear it. You could bear anything, if you had to.

She moved along the veranda, beyond the bougainvillea, looking out. The Garrick farm was high on a hill, too high, almost, for good coffee growing, and on this side beyond the lesser hills and grazing slopes was a glimpse of distant mountains, dark blue against the sun-drained sky. Their soft, shadowy folds made her think of the far moors in Devon, beyond her father's farm.

Grenville Farm. It had been Grenville Farm for six generations, a piece of land given to a younger son, and now there was no future Thomas Grenville, Esquire—she had been named Thomasina because she was the youngest of seven daughters and her father's last hope for a namesake.

Grenville Farm. The first sound in the morning was the clatter of horses' hoofs on the cobbled courtyard as the grooms led them to water, then came the blatting of the sheep, as old Truby, in his blue smock, shepherded them up the moor.

Only the lower slopes of those mountains were like Devon, she thought; their peaks brought other memories, the silhouette of the Apostle Range against the bright sky above Table Bay at Cape Town.

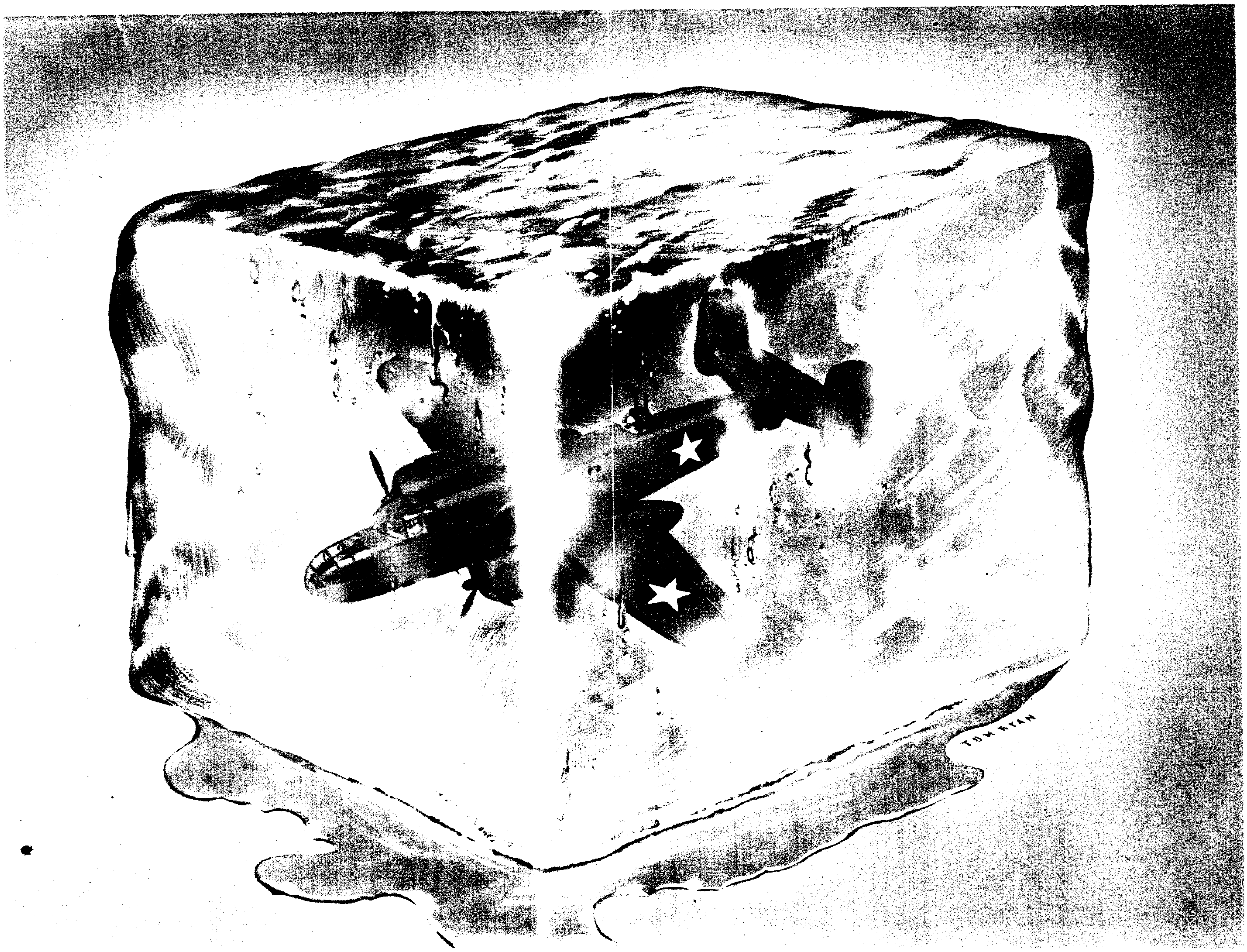
SHE stood at the rail, waving to her uncle and aunt on shore, as the ship moved out of the bay. Six weeks before, she had seen those mountains for the first time, coming out on this visit, and now she was going away, married that day to Michael Garrick. Suddenly it all seemed unreal to her, the urgent, romantic courtship and the wedding; even Michael, beside her at the rail, was unreal, a stranger with whom she felt shy. Yet it was a thrilling strangeness, an exciting shyness.

Michael knew a good many people on board; she thought his manner, when he presented her, was a little ceremonious, but perhaps that was his constraint at saying "Mrs. Garrick" for the first time. She hoped, at dinner, that she looked smart enough to do him credit—Michael was so handsome and so proud.

He seemed a little restless, afterward; finally he told her he'd go into the smoking room while she tucked herself in. She thought he was considerate to give her so much time. She thought that for quite a while, lying in her bunk, the warm salt air blowing in the porthole, making her hair damp and curly about her face. Then she wondered what was keeping him. She grew offended, then nervous; she calmed herself with humor. She told herself that Michael might be shy, too.

Then she grew worried. She thought of absurd things, of an accident—a careless moment by the rail when the boat pitched. It was pitching quite badly now. Michael might have perched on the rail.

She thought of getting up and dressing but the notion of hunting her bride-



We could have done this a year ago

The calendar says the United States has been at war one year this month.

But here at North American Aviation we've thrown the calendar away. Today we are building planes that are *years* ahead of the planes we were building in 1941.

Those late-1941 planes of ours were *good.* According to one theory of production we would have been justified in "freezing" the designs we had in production last December 7 and concentrating entirely on turning out those planes. But we don't work that way, nor do the Army and Navy work that way.

We know frozen weapons won't win the war, because the war itself can't be frozen. So we keep our production methods flexible, and whenever battle experience or engineering genius or mechanical skill suggests a change that will improve our planes, we make the change.

And we go on looking for other improvements. That's why "North American Sets the Pace"— why our planes are selected for such missions as the first raid on Tokyo (North American B-25 bombers) or to bear the brunt of low-altitude fighting over Nazi-held Europe (North American P-51 Mustangs).

We are making these better planes so much faster that we passed our 1942 production quota months ago. But today, as always, the main idea of every North American employee is to make every North American plane the best bomber, fighter or trainer that can possibly be produced *at the moment* it is completed.

You— the taxpayers and Bond-buyers of the nation—pay for the planes we build. Your sons, brothers, sweethearts and husbands fly them. In those two facts is all the reason we need to continue building the best planes that skilled hands and unfrozen brains can build. When you're through making changes, you're through!

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.
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NORTH AMERICAN *Sets the Pace!*

groom about the ship sent her scurrying down under the covers again. She thought of pretending she was ill, of ringing for the stewardess and sending for Michael, but that was ludicrous, too, and humiliating. Nothing, really, could have happened to Michael. He had probably fallen asleep in a steamer chair. Stranger things than that happened when you were tired. They would laugh about it later.

Michael was very drunk when he came in. He said, "Mrs. Garrick, I presume?" with elaborate humor, then went sprawling. For the first time Tommy learned what it was to put a drunken man to bed. Through her shock and dismay her heart made automatic excuses for him; it said he had not realized how much he was taking, that the other men had plied him unmercifully, but the excuses did not assuage her feelings.

AT LAST she slept, and woke to daylight and Michael's eyes on her from the opposite bunk, bright with a mocking light. He waited for her to speak and she had the sense to speak casually and with good humor: "What happened to you, Michael? Too many treats?"

He closed his eyes, but not before she had seen the mockery go out of them; he said slowly, "I'm a hell of a bridegroom," and his voice was so bitter that she wanted to comfort him, and then he began to grin to himself, his eyes closed, and that grin on his pale face was suddenly hateful to her.

But an instinct profounder than experience warned her not to betray her anger; she sensed that you might coax Michael but you must never shame him. The thing to do was to forget, to pretend that it had never happened.

It would never happen again, he said. And then he told her, "I drink too much, Tommy, and that's a fact. Not all the time—a beano every now and then. Only the beanos got too close together. That's why I need you so—to buck me up," and that made her at once anxious, and resolved. She promised herself to be very careful for him, not offensively careful, but watchfully on guard.

But how can you guard a man who stays away? Michael liked the company of other men, liked to drink with them and play cards. He was drunk again before the trip was over, not as drunk as before, but enough to mock himself to her, to tell her he'd been going to the dogs. It wasn't only drink, he said. It was women. "Anything for a lark." Marriage was the only thing that could steady him; he had known that, he said, and when he went to South Africa, for a boat trip to shake off fever, he had it in mind to pick up a wife there. "And then I saw you," he said. "I knew you were the best I'd ever find."

The belief in their great romance died there. She knew that he had not fallen headlong in love—though he might have been a little charmed by her naïveté, she thought bitterly. He had wanted her, as he wanted women, and he had needed her, as he needed salvation; but now that he had her he did not seem as happy as when he was courting her.

The people who met the Michael Garricks on their way upcountry from Mombasa thought the bride a quiet little thing, but very pleasant, and just the right balance for Michael Garrick.

The farm delighted her. The coffee was in bloom, wide fields of chalky whiteness and pungent scent, and there were orange trees and lemons and limes and mangoes and papayas and strawberries and pineapples that tasted as no pineapples had before.

She wrote many happy letters home; it was easy to write happy letters because she was full of hope and cheerful plans.

It was not till Michael told her that they could never have a child that she knew utter dismay. He was morose that night, and she had protested, "We'll make a go of it—we'll have a good life—we'll have a lovely family." She had said that before because she wanted him to share her hope and the first time she had said it he had not answered but this time he gave her a hard look and said, "Get that out of your head. We'll have no family."

There could be none. Not according to the doctors. No—he could have no children. He ought to have told her before he married her, he said defiantly, but he would not risk losing her; as a matter of fact, he said, he had not thought much about it. How was he to know she had her heart set—?

There were other things in the world besides children, Tommy gave back stoutly. If you had them, that was jolly, but if you hadn't, you did not think about them. And there were drawbacks to children, she pointed out. In Africa you had to send them home to school and it must be worse to part with them than not to have them.

COLLIER'S "Watch out for his left" KIRK STILES

To herself she was saying desperately that it was really very sporting of Michael to have told her the truth.

He had stared long at her, his eyes inscrutable. The sardonic mouth was the only thing expressive in his still face and something in it seemed mocking the effort she was making and something else in it was twisted with unhappiness.

He said, "I ought to tell you, I suppose, to go out and have one by some young squirt in uniform but I'm not going to! I'd put a bullet through him."

"Michael!" she had cried, horrified at the idea of infidelity.

SHE whirled; she knew the sound of that car. She ran down the veranda steps into the sunshine, her face lighted, her gray eyes eager. Bob McNare was getting out of the car, a short, stalwart figure in khaki shirt and shorts, his browned arms and legs darker than the faded khaki. He wore the planter's wide, double felt hat, and he called to her warningly, "Hi, where's your hat?"

"It's four-thirty—almost."

"Five o'clock is soon enough to take it off."

This was a familiar argument and the ring of it was heartening to her. She said gaily, "Anyway, it's time for a spot of tea," and called to the boy in the open-faced cookhouse behind the bungalow to make tea *pesi, pesi.*

"I've brought over a small contribution to the commissary," Bob said, and told the boy to fetch the box from his car and be careful with it. The boy came, balancing the box on his head, and put it down with deep grunts to show how careful he was being. Tommy lifted the lid, and said, "Oh—bottles!"

"Wine," said Bob, to the dismay in her tone. "A touch of swank," he said, with a diffident smile; when he smiled, his rather serious face took on a special charm. "She's used to it, you know, at dinner. And I couldn't explain—"

"Of course not. And it's quite all right. Wine doesn't touch Michael, not the little he drinks of it."

It was whisky that Michael liked.

Bob said worriedly, "Are you sure that Michael—?"

"Quite sure."

Michael had said he would take only one drink an evening. He had been stiffly resentful at her insistence; he had said, "Don't you think I know enough not to make an ass of myself?"

"He's absolutely sincere about it. He's proud, you know," she added, for conviction.

"Yes, he is. And with Mrs. Winston—well, he wouldn't want to let himself down before her, would he?"

"No." Tommy was crisp.

"She liked him, you know. She asked me no end about him."

"You didn't tell her—?"

"Lord, no!"

"Nor about his heart? Michael said he wouldn't go, if he was to be thought a crock."

"Not a word. He told me not to, himself, that night at Kampala. . . . You don't think this trip will be bad for him, do you?"

"It will be good for him. He needs a change."

They had tea at the table by the bougainvillea; they talked hurriedly, afraid of silences. It seemed to her the strangest thing in the world to sit there with Bob and feel him so far away from her, to feel him secretly ill at ease in this semblance of their old intimacy. That tea table had too many reminders. How many times . . .

She was actually glad to hear Michael's car coming. Michael came walking about the corner of the veranda, cocking his dark eyebrows quizzically at the pair at the table. She sang out, "Look at the new box! Bob brought some wine for the trip."

"The devil he did!" Michael stopped, lifted the cover, and drew a bottle from its straw sheath. He read the label and shot an amused glance at McNare. "Doing her well, aren't you?"

"Doing us all well," said Tommy quickly.

Bob's red-brown cheeks had grown a trifle redder. "She's used to it, you know."

"Well, I wouldn't know her tastes."

It was the peculiar voice Michael had, sometimes, for Mrs. Winston. Tommy called the boy to fetch hot water, then she saw that Michael was leaning forward, one hand against his side, and she sprang up. "Heart, Michael?" He nodded, speechlessly, and she ran for the medicine.

But Michael had straightened before she got the medicine to him.

"It's nothing," he told them. "Sheer reaction. I got too mad at that foul Hindu trader."

"Trader—?"

"That fellow who's buying cattle around here."

"You aren't selling any?"

That was a mistake. If Michael was parting with cattle for this trip he would not want Bob to know. He was unwontedly sensitive now about his finances, so she understood the stiffness of his, "Just talking prices." He sat down at table in the chair Bob placed for him and said, "Pour some whisky into that tea, will you, Tommy? That's better than medicine."

Bob asked worriedly, "You're sure you're up to this trip, old man?"

"Yes!" Michael hated to be called "old man." "A trip's no harder than any other day and I keep my end up, don't I?" Then Michael shut the sharpness out of his voice and spoke lightly: "It was just that I got so stinking mad and had to hold it in."

He was selling then, Tommy thought acutely. Else he would never have held his temper. Selling at a sacrifice.

THEY talked about the Congo. They were going there because licenses cost less and because, in British territory, the presence of Mrs. Winston might draw official "brass hats" to their camp, and neither man wanted that. They were not doing this safari in white-hunter style, with askaris to put up tents and regulation gun boys. Tacitly they had agreed that the Congo was the place to go, just over the border in Ruanda. Mrs. Winston, Bob reported, was eager to see a bit of the Congo, especially Lake Kivu.

"Kivu it shall be," said Michael. "Scenery, then lions . . . I'd like to see Kivu again—I saw it first in twenty-four. Came up from the south where there are no mountains, only green hills—it looked like something in a jeweler's box of green velvet. No roads to it then. And no hotels, either. A government launch went round it once a month and if you missed that you waited or walked—a good hundred-mile walk to the other end. Now you motor. And stop at hotels. A tourist trail."

He was talking quickly, to make them forget his near collapse, animated, too, by the irritation that changes in the wilderness aroused in him. A planter, Tommy reflected, always wanted improvements in his own neighborhood yet revolted at seeing the wild country grow tame.

Now she said cheerfully, "Well, the hotels and motor roads will make it possible for Mrs. Winston. I don't believe—" she was very careful to sound detached and uncritical—"that Mrs. Winston would enjoy slogging along on foot or in a carrying chair and sleeping in tents or rest houses."

"Oh. she'll like the tents when we come to camp." Bob spoke with a cheery conviction that drew both Tommy's and Mi-

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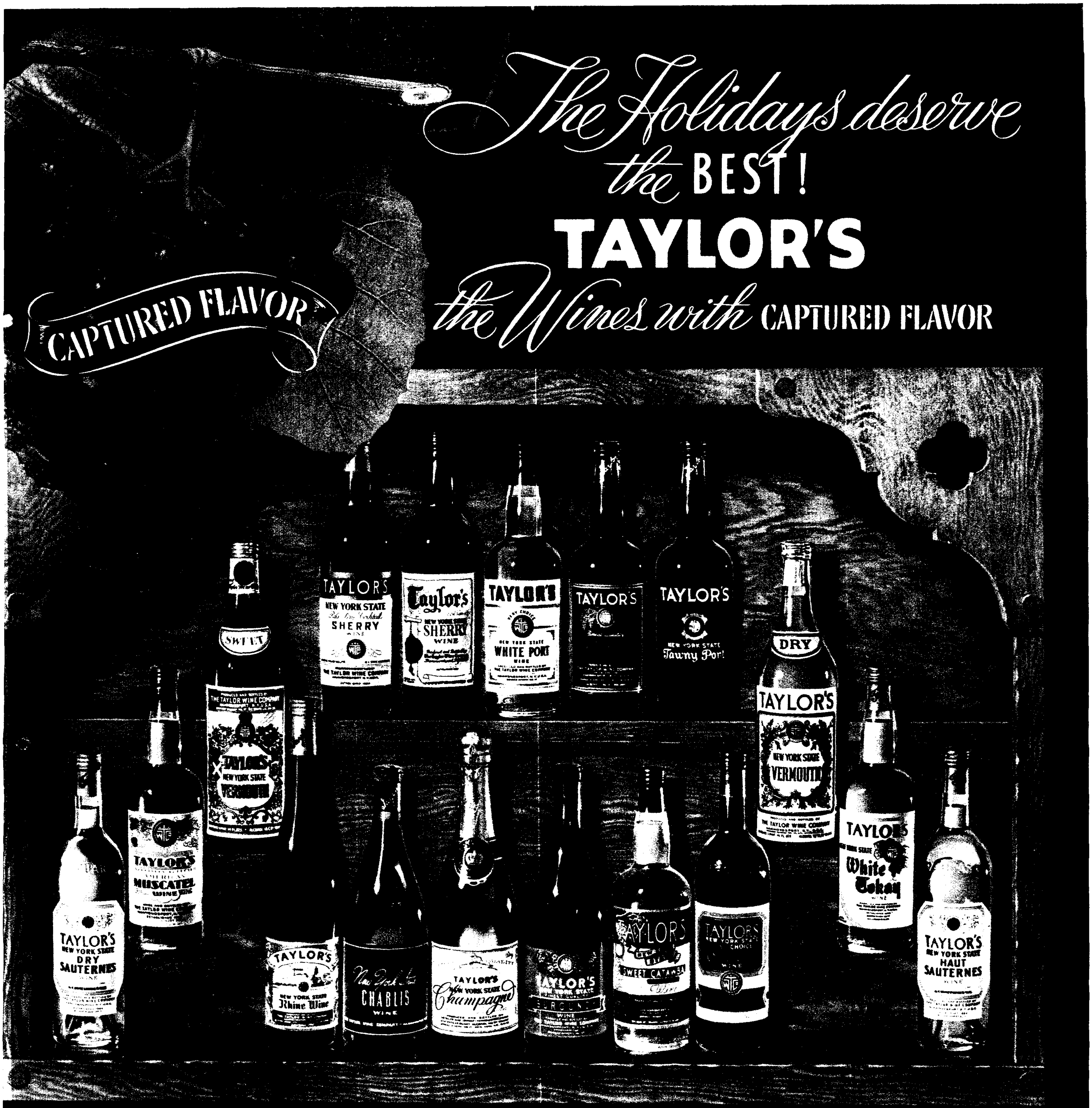
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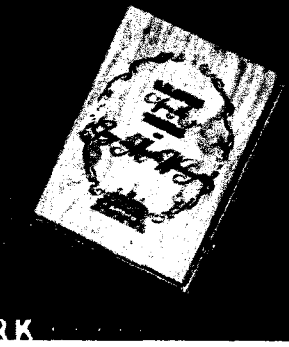

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chael's eyes to him. "Where do you plan to camp, Michael?" he wanted to know. "Where's the best place for lion?"

"I know a place. Not my first choice—that would be the Ruindi, but that's a preserve now. Part of the Parc Albert."

"I thought that was only the gorilla mountains."

"Not now—it's all that plain south of Edward. Best game fields in the Congo. Good idea to have it a preserve, I dare say, but they ought to open the plains for lion, now and then. I hear the lion are so plentiful they're doing in the antelope."

"Well, since we can't go there?" said Bob patiently.

"I know a place," Michael repeated. "I used to hunt there. I met a chap, the other day, who told me it's still untouched. . . . Luck, not to have had it spotted."

"Hard to get to?"

"Not now. We can get through by car to a village and pick up porters. We'll take a carrying chair."

"You're sure there's lion?"

"She'll get her lion. Don't you worry about that, my lad."

THE two cars and small truck, loaded with equipment and with five black boys, stood before the Imperial Hotel in the morning sunshine. Quizzically Michael surveyed the outfit. All those camp chairs and folding tables and chop boxes for a short shoot! Usually the Garricks piled everything into one car, crowded themselves and Bob McNare into the front seat, and stuck a couple of boys on the loads or on the running boards. He thought, "We'll have the devil of a time at the Belgian customs!"

It still seemed to him incredible that Claire Winston would ride in those cars, sit in those chairs, eat at that table. He had the feeling of gazing at a mirage. In a moment the illusion would vanish.

But there was no illusion. Mrs. Winston was at the Imperial with her uncle as she had written she would be, and she came through the wide foyer, so Moorish-looking with its columns and high spaces, as she used to come through the foyer of a London hotel in the old days, walking lightly, with that same air of unconsciousness of the staring eyes. She looked exquisitely fair and fresh in a linen frock, dark blue and white, a white double-felt hat on her bright head.

Michael thought, "She's going through with it!"

Colonel Cunningham, her uncle, tall, thin, white mustached, with a peaked nose, had a cordial greeting for Sir Robert McNare, a sufficiently pleasant one for the little Mrs. Garrick whom he remembered meeting at the Murchinsons', and he acknowledged the introduction to Michael Garrick with a sharp glance. Had he ever heard of Michael Garrick long ago in England?—Michael. wondered. Had his sister worried to him over that impossibly poor young man who so attracted Claire?

Very likely. But more likely he had forgotten that boy and girl affair, and his sharpness now was for the unknown man who would be with his niece. Michael felt him eying the old school tie.

They went out to the cars and stood about while Mrs. Winston's bags were stowed away, their fine leather looking incongruous beside the worn cases and battered airtights, and Cunningham transferred his gaze to the outfit.

"Quite a caravan," he commented. "Very arduous-looking. . . . Isn't the driving quite a strain?"

"Not at all," Bob told him. "We change about. I mean, I drive one car and Mr. Garrick the other, and Mrs. Garrick spells us."

"Then I take turns with each driver," said Mrs. Winston easily. She added, "I can drive, too, if you need me. I'm quite a good driver, really."

Not by the flicker of an eyelash did Michael remind her of the times her little car had taken them through the crowded arteries of London. There was a place on the river where they used to go. . . . He said formally, "That won't be necessary, I think. . . . You'll start off with Sir Robert?"

There were goodbys, a "Wish I were ten years younger," from Colonel Cunningham, and the admonition "No chances with that lion, Claire!" and then the cars were off, McNare in the lead. Michael looked back at Cunningham, standing stiff and soldierly in his fresh white, one hand raised in salute against a white topee, and his face grew bitter.

He said, "The swine! Do you know what he's thinking? 'They're doing it on the cheap!' "

"Nonsense! He must have driven plenty of battered cars in India," said Tommy sturdily. She was sympathetically aware of that old school tie on Michael; he had not worn those colors for years until today.

"His chauffeur drove him." Michael quoted, " 'Very arduous-looking. . . . Isn't the driving quite a strain?' "

"Well, we have a chauffeur to drive the truck." Tommy was humorous, then sharp: "And his niece came, didn't she? She didn't have to, if she didn't want to."

Yes, she had come. Three weeks of this ahead, he thought, and his mood changed, mercurially. He had not believed that it would happen, although he had sold cattle at a sacrifice to buy licenses and have money in his pockets.

It was going to be devilishly amusing. He was going to enjoy himself, looking on, seeing her make a play for Bob. Tommy wasn't going to enjoy herself, however. Michael would have felt extremely sorry for his young wife if he had not grown adept at not feeling sorry about anything.

Three weeks without a binge. *That* was not going to be amusing. But he would hold to it. It was bitter enough—or it would have been bitter if he were not mockingly indifferent—to have Claire see that he had not made anything of his life, was nothing but an everyday planter with an everyday wife, without having Claire know that he drank, to boot. He wondered if she'd heard it. He fancied she'd not talked of him, except to Bob.

He would be careful. When he was tight he said too much. No, not *too* much; some inhibitions went deep. He had never talked about Claire. Tommy had never heard about a girl in England. He had talked about the D.C.'s wife, and Tommy was sure, he sensed ironically, that he had cared greatly for Mrs. Roniff in spite of his denials.

Cared? She'd been a stopgap. All of them had. Something you snatched and held against a wound to keep from bleeding to death. . . . Though there was more to it than that. They had been fun. In the beginning. . . . Lucky that Roniff hadn't divorced his wife but contented himself with packing her off to England, and getting young Garrick chucked. Plenty of other excuse for chucking him.

It had not mattered to him. Nothing had mattered, then, except having a high old time and escaping thought of Claire. That had taken quite a lot of doing. Those nights when moonlight turned the earth to silver—! He was beauty's fool. Beauty was unbearable alone.

But he had got over Claire. He had got over everything—even himself. Nothing could touch him now. That one moment at the club, when their hands had met, clinking glasses, that sensation was sheer reflex, a ghostly twinge.

HE WONDERED if she'd felt it. He wondered how he seemed to her. What had she said? "You've changed, Michael. But you're still—good-looking."

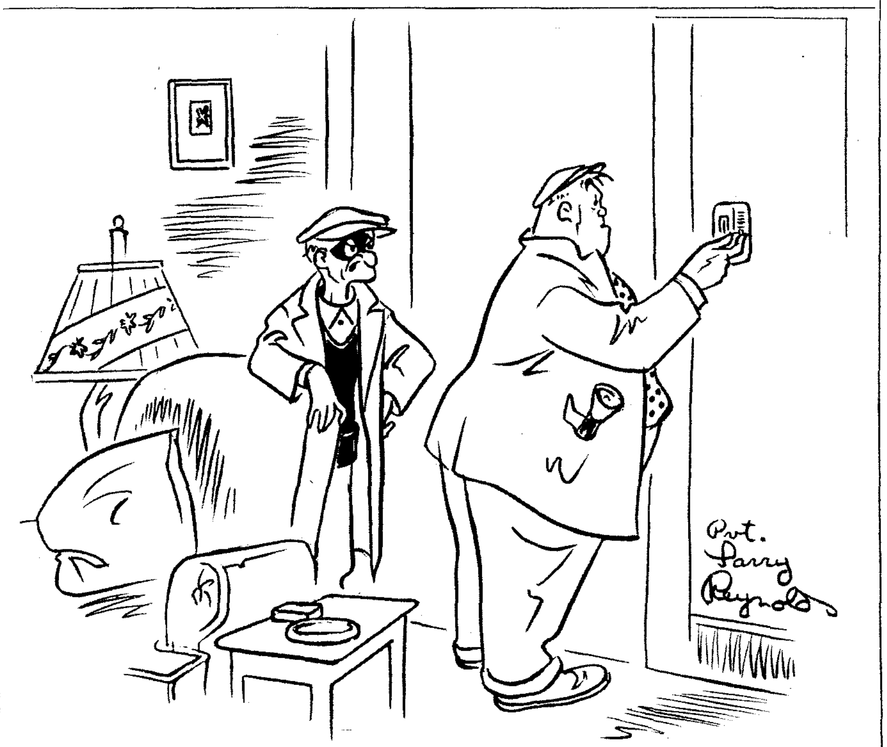
His good looks! They'd been a curse. They, and something else in him. He could always "put the comether" on a woman, he thought, smiling secretly, though he had not tried it these last years, not since he'd married Tommy. Good little Tommy. Stout fella.

He flicked a glance down at her, seeing her absorbed in her own thought. Her profile always pleased him; there was something very young and candid in it. Her chin was stubborn, though. God, she needed to be stubborn, to carry on!

He said lightly, "You've a nice face, Thomasina!"

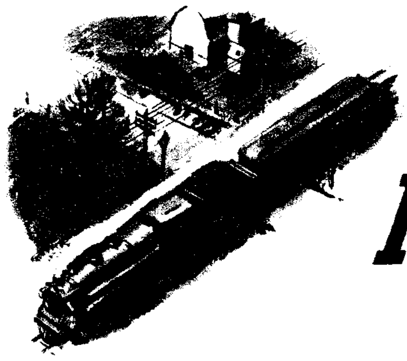
(To be continued next week)

BUTCH By Pvt. Larry Reynolds



"Must you turn the thermostat down to 60° every place we go?"

COLLIER'S



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A million men fill a lot of passenger cars, so you can get some idea what "right of way for the U. S. A." really means.

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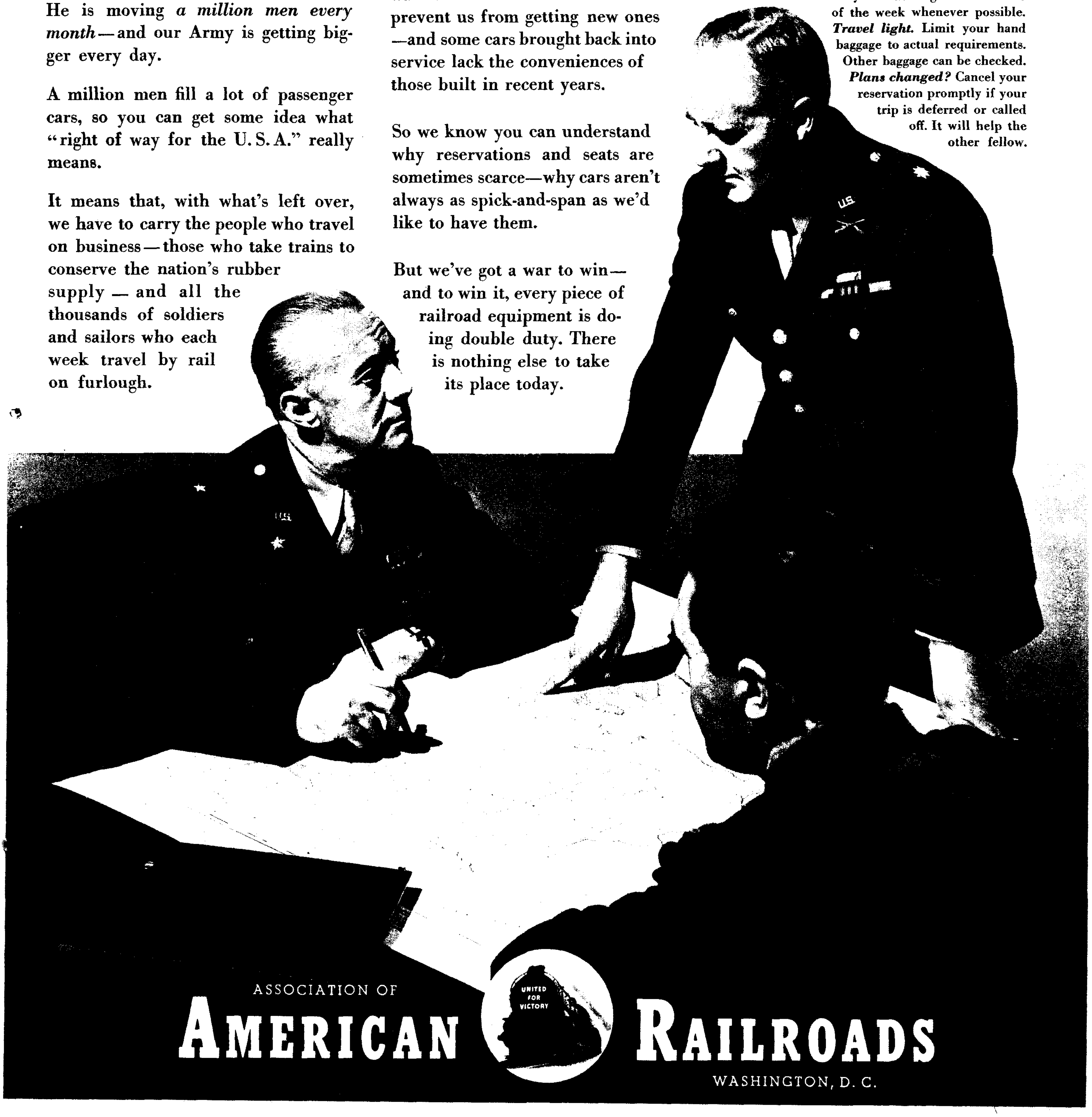

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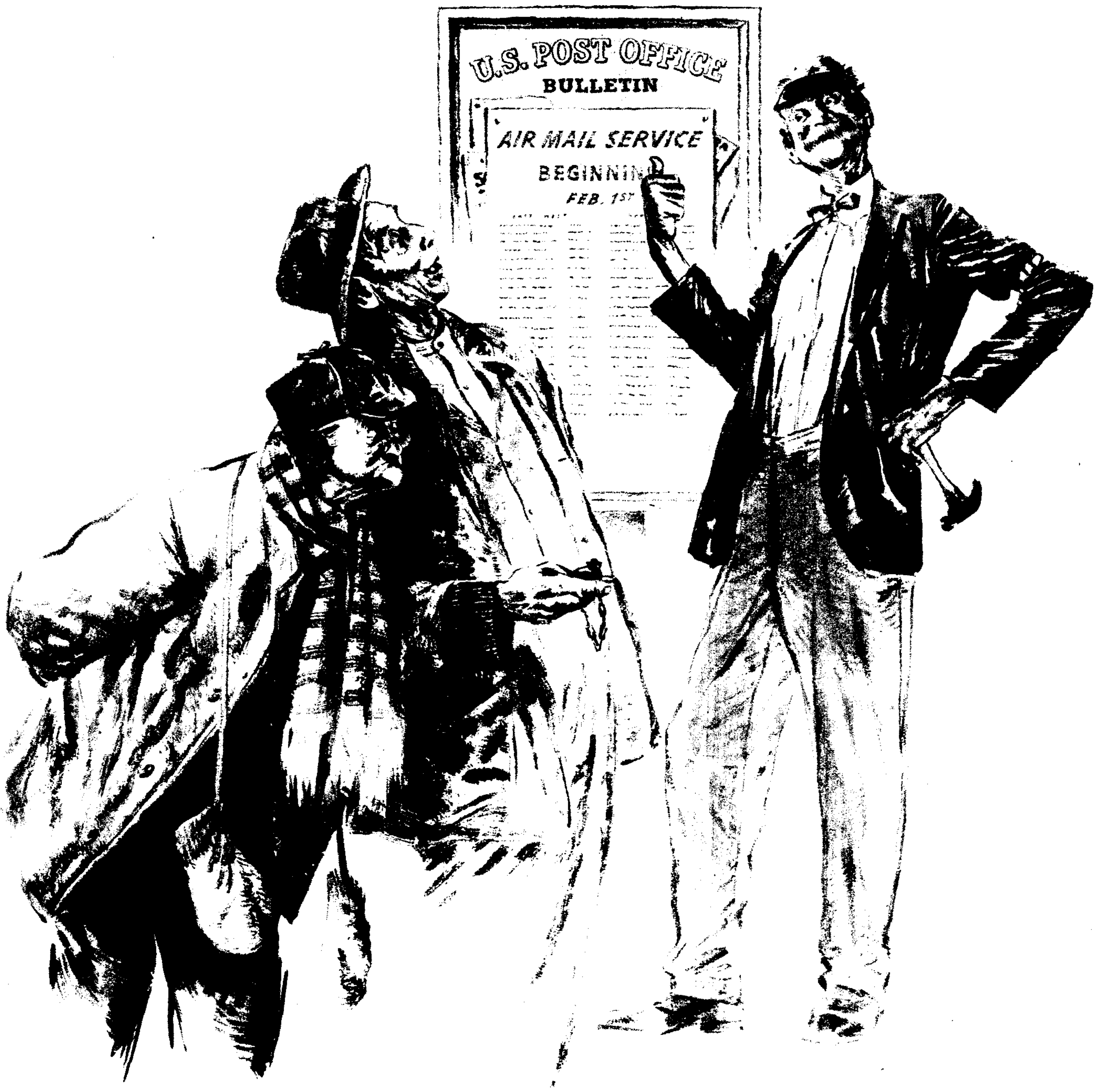

THERE ARE MANY AMERICANS yet living who once depended upon the Pony Express for mail service. But California today is only "overnight" from Maine.

On every side of us are signs of American progress, the results of our national habit of hunting out the better things—big or little.

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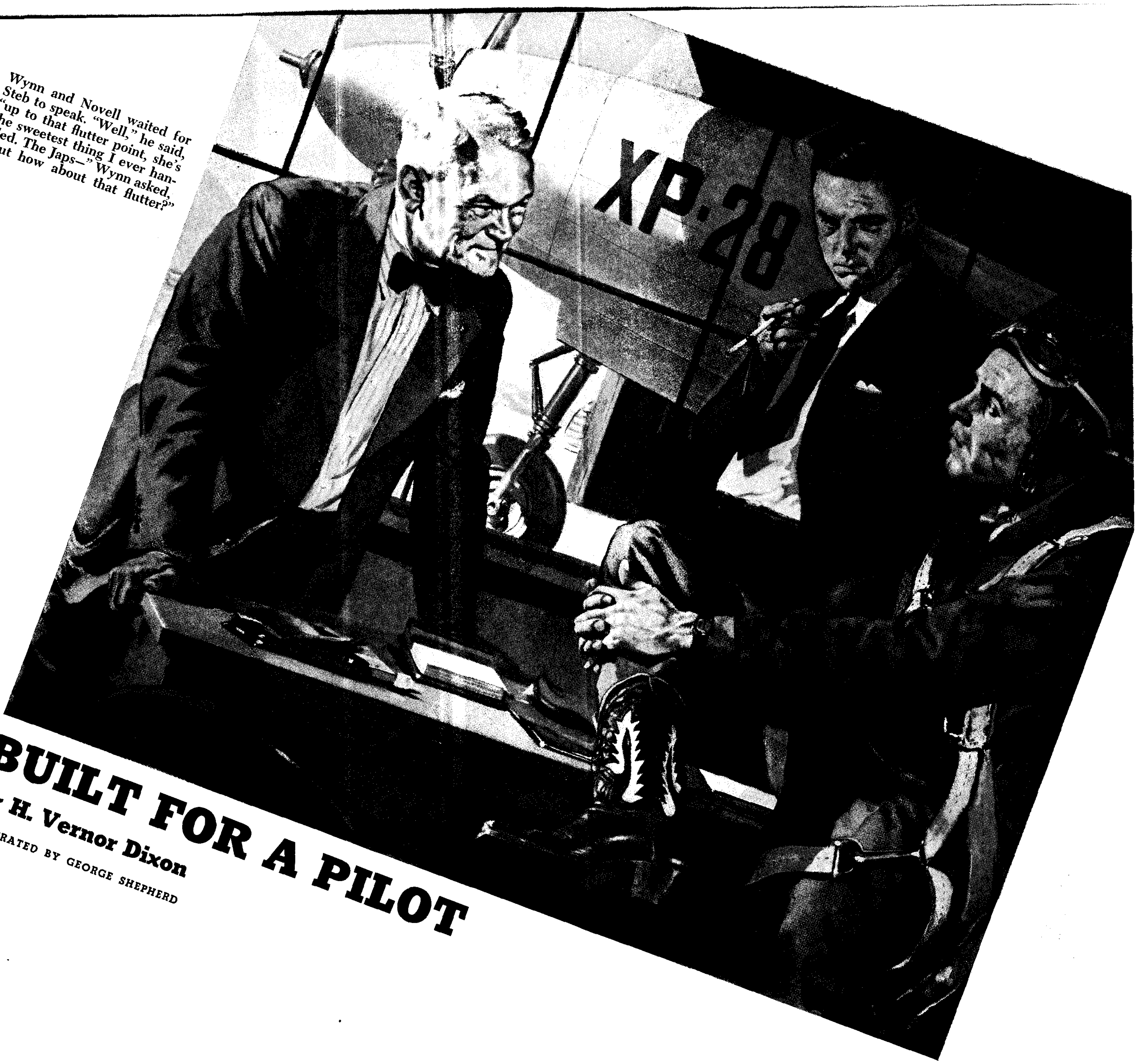

Wynn and Novell waited for Steb to speak. "Well," he said, "up to that flutter point, she's the sweetest thing I ever handled. The Japs—" Wynn asked, "But how about that flutter?"

BUILT FOR A PILOT

By H. Vernor Dixon

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SHEPHERD

Steb Tracy knew that he was right and there was only one thing he could do—prove it

TOM HANAGAN, chief test pilot for the Loring Aircraft Co., the world's leading manufacturer of bimotored bombers and pursuits, sat tilted back in his swivel chair, his shrewd eyes fixed upon a fly buzzing about the ceiling of the office.

He rubbed a solid, square hand over one side of his face. "If you white-haired lads in Engineering could figure out what that fly's got, we'd have something. J'ever see such maneuverability?"

The young man seated on the other side of the desk, Chief Stress Analyst George Novell of Loring's experimental division, cocked an inquiring eyebrow at the fly and then glanced at Hanagan. He selected an extra-long cigarette from a gleaming gold and silver case, carefully squeezed it into an extra-long ivory holder and drawled, "I see what you mean. Old Cyrus probably thought the same way. But he's off on the wrong foot this time."

"Nuts."

"I mean it." Novell lit his cigarette and leaned across the desk. "Look," he said, "the XP-28 has been a failure and a headache from the start. Sure, it looked beautiful in the wind tunnel, it sounded good and it even looked good on paper. But in the air," he shrugged, "it's a wash-out. Every engineer in the company has gone out to the desert to have a crack at it and they all come back with the same report: faulty design. It's not our baby and I don't see why Loring should bother about it."

Hanagan's feet came down to the floor. "Son," he said, "there's a war going on. Have you heard? Any airplane that can benefit this country in any way, no matter who designs it or builds it, is very definitely our baby. Anyway, old Cyrus Wynn was once chief engineer of this outfit, and Loring has a soft spot in his heart for the old boy. Cy pulled out a number of years back, so's he could carry on his researches with a free hand, but it's Loring money behind him."

"Well, I had an idea—"

"Sure. That's why we send our engineers and pilots out to the desert to give Cy a hand. But, so far, you boys in Engineering have failed on the job. So now it's dumped into our laps." Hanagan chuckled. "Wouldn't it be funny if a dumb pilot solved the thing?"

NOVELL flushed and frowned at Hanagan. "I'm going along, you know. Engineering isn't exactly through with it yet. But whom are you sending as test pilot?"

Tom Hanagan leaned back in his chair, a light smile tugging at the corners of his lips. He almost whispered, "The Texan bush flier, Steb Tracy."

Novell stared at him in unbelief and then exploded, "That show-off! You can't be serious."

Hanagan's eyes narrowed and he nodded. "I am, though. Don't ever get the wrong idea about Tracy, just because of the way he dresses. That lad's the trickiest pilot I've ever run into. If anyone can feel out that XP-28 and find out what's wrong with it, his name will be Tracy." He shoved some papers around on his desk, abruptly putting an end to the interview. "You'll find him out on the field. B-12-C, designation 482. He's warming up now. Better get going. And," he grinned, "good luck to you."

Novell got to his feet with a groan. "Steb Tracy," he muttered. He walked out of the office, sadly shaking his head.

Steb Tracy sat at the controls of the Loring B 12-C, one of the newest of a long and proud series of bimotored bombers that had been guarding Britain's channel ports and smashing at the invasion coasts for almost two years.

Steb, too, had seen rugged service in the air: bush-flying in old trimotored crates out of the chicle fields of Central America, pipe-line flying through the oil fields of Texas, weather dodging through the mountain vastness of Alaska and, more recently, test-flying production B-12s and the hot little P-32s for Loring.

Born and raised a Texan, long and

rangy, with deceptive gray eyes, sandy hair and a mild manner that kept an explosive nature under control, he still dressed as if about to step into a saddle instead of a fighting cockpit.

A motorcycle screamed down to the end of the runway. Novell stepped out of the sidecar and hurried into the bomber. He slammed and locked the door, tied his luggage to one of the seats and then walked up to the "office." Steb nodded toward the flight engineer's seat to his right (there was no copilot on a B-12) and Novell strapped himself in. Steb took his orders from the control tower, locked the tail wheel, let off the brakes and eased open the throttles.

Burbank dropped behind, the lower ridges of the Coast Range Mountains slid under the wings, and dead on the nose was Kramer Junction, on the Mojave. Steb leveled off, switched the prop to high pitch, shoved the soft-rubber earphones to the back of his head and squirmed about to a more comfortable position in the seat. His eyes casually slid over to George Novell and he quickly appraised the engineer. Black hair, smooth skin, meticulously manicured nails, expensive tailored clothes and the general manner of a well-groomed sophisticate. Steb frowned and sucked at his teeth. For the next few weeks he would be working closely with Novell and already he was wondering how they would get along. But he reserved judgment.

THE Argus Range slid into sight and then, beyond, the Panamints. On the other side would be Death Valley. Steb pointed toward the Panamints, and Novell nodded. He said, "I've been over this before."

Steb looked surprised. "That so? Reckon it must be quite a place, that Death Valley. Never been there, myself. What's the setup down there? Do you know?"

Novell turned to look at him and flicked a spot of dust from his sleeve. "Not much," he said. "Wynn's got a hangar and a shop and a landing strip a few miles from Furnace Creek Inn, but that's about all. Secret stuff, so he picked a place easily guarded and almost inaccessible. Looks like a waste of time and effort, though."

Steb shrugged. "You couldn't tell by me, mister. I know nothin' about it. All I know's Hanagan told me to git over there for a test job and iron out some sort o' dangerous flutter."

Novell laughed. "Sure," he said. "You'll iron it out. Every engineer in the plant has given it up as hopeless, so you'll iron it out!"

Steb regarded him with no trace of expression in his gray eyes, then smiled and said, "I reckon you're one of those who think it's hopeless, too."

Novell impatiently mumbled, "Oh, hell! Look, Tracy, this whole thing's a wild-goose chase."

He picked up a magazine to put an end to further conversation. He was obviously not interested in whatever Steb Tracy had to say.

Steb throttled back over the Panamint Range and dropped the nose to start the long descent into Death Valley. After a time he picked up the green spot of Furnace Creek on the far side of the valley at the foot of the Funeral Range, banked over the hotel, and then settled for the floor of the valley. The Furnace Creek airport passed under them and then, a few miles beyond, was a tin hangar shining in the sun, and the smooth slash of another runway. Steb sighed and relaxed and came in for a neat landing better than 200 feet below sea level.

Cyrus Wynn, inventor, aerodynamic engineer and designer of some of the world's greatest airplanes, was a small, wiry man in his early sixties, with thin gray hair, merry blue eyes and the nervous manner of a man whose whole bodily structure was composed of coiled springs. He never stood still, he rarely completed a sentence and he chewed pencils to bits by the dozen.

He shook hands with the two men and stared at Novell. "Young pup," he said. "Youth. That's aviation. Heard about you . . . job of stress analysis you did on the P-32. Good stuff, and yet—" He turned to Steb and grinned. "Tracy, eh? Where's your horse, cowboy? Look, what the hell are we standing around here for? Let's take a look at the job. Damned thing has me going—well—come on."

They walked into the smothering, suffocating heat of the tin hangar and into the din of riveting machines. One XP-28 was in a corner, not yet completed; another squatted in the center of the hangar, dusty, oil-streaked and showing signs of the terrific pounding it had been taking in preliminary tests. In spite of the grime, though, there was something about the ship that was beautiful. Even George Novell sensed it.

"If you hadn't rushed me so we wouldn't have such a long wait for the next one"

COLLIER'S G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

The three men stood a little away from it, and Cyrus Wynn jerked his head. "There she is, damn it!" He sharply glanced at the pilot. Steb's eyes were shining and there was a smile twisting at the corners of his lips. The plane was, to him, like a beautiful dream, a pilot's dream of what a fighting ship should be like.

THE XP-28 looked almost conventional but was far from that. The fuselage was long and slim and tapered to a bullet point at the nose, achieved by an engine behind the pilot's cockpit and a shaft that ran under the seat and a good eight feet to the four-bladed prop on the nose. The pilot's enclosure, at the leading edge of the wing, was obviously designed for 360-degree visibility. The low wing was long, with a narrow cord that sharply fell away to forward-sweeping wing tips for control in a stall. The landing gear was the tricycle arrangement, retractable, with a nose wheel and the two main wheels far back under the wing. With the wheels up, it was easy to visualize the plane in the air, clean and sharp, the shape of a bullet.

Steb sighed and said, "Man, that's somethin'. This cookie was designed strictly for a pilot."

Wynn nodded his head furiously. "Strictly," he said. "She'll tear the guts out of anything the Axis can put in the air. Only," he sighed, "we can't get her over three hundred." He turned to Novell and snapped. "What do you think of it, Engineer?"

NOVELL licked his drying lips and slowly and deliberately walked around the plane. When he had rejoined them he shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "Except for that wing, it looks good, very good, in fact. But that narrow wing—"

"Control," Wynn screamed. "Maneuverability, you ass. That's what she's designed for. You can't get it with a low-aspect ratio. But— Oh, let's have some beer. You young squirts are all alike."

The three men sat, that evening, in the cool borax-walled barroom of Furnace Creek Inn, drinking beer and poring over blueprints spread out on the table before them. Steb Tracy slumped deeply in his chair, completely out of the conversation. The talk was talk for engineers, not dumb pilots. Novell made him feel that at once, so Steb sat back and listened and watched.

Wynn was saying, "We don't know what the devil causes that flutter. In the wind tunnel she was perfect and—up to three hundred, she handles like a dream, but over that—this damned flutter sets in, somewhere. With that motor behind the cockpit, she's a keel job, you know. First one like it, I guess. That's where the vibration hits and spreads from there to the rest of the ship."

Novell said, "Possibly the engine—"

"Naw. Naw. Nothing wrong there." Wynn slammed down his pencil, adding, "You take over from here, youngster. I've tried everything and I'm licked. It's your baby now, you and this—this cowboy pilot. Heh, Tracy?"

Steb smiled sleepily and said, "Sure. You two wrastle it around and I'll do the flyin'. How about taking it up for a hop tomorrow?"

"Okay. Better turn in now."

Steb and Novell had adjoining rooms in the hotel, with a bathroom between. The engineer did not like the arrangement, but it had been made before their arrival. He put up with it with a complete lack of grace.

Just before turning in, Steb stepped into Novell's room and said, "Look, bub, you've taken quite a dislike to me. We're working together, so I reckon you owe me some kind of explanation. What's wrong?"

Novell turned over and sat up in the bed. He stared for a long time at Steb, then nodded his head and said, "You asked for it, cowboy. I don't like your type. Show-off. That getup you wear. Trying to crash the movies?"

A flat look came into Steb's eyes, but there was no anger there. "I don't get it," he said. "I've worn these kind o' clothes all my life. The way you dress—"

Novell snorted, "City chap, that's me. Don't give me that lack-of-understanding business. You're a grandstand player. I know all about you, Tracy. The first job you tooled for Loring was an emergency landing. Good stuff. Then you wrapped the first production P-32 around in an exhibition that's still being talked about. More and more good stuff."

"And you think I was playin' to a grandstand?"

"Think it! I know it."

Steb crossed the room and stopped at the side of Novell's bed. His eyes were no longer flat, but narrow and cold. "Y'know," he said, a hard, thin edge to his voice, "we don't count, bub. That ship, if she could do what she's supposed to do, means more to this country than a hundred little guys like you and me. So we're gonna stick on the job until we got it licked. Understand?"

Novell smiled thinly. "Are you threatening me, Tracy?"

"I am. I'm a bigger man than you, bub, and I'd as soon slap you silly as look at you, if you make one move away from this job. When we get this thing licked I'll prob'ly do it anyway. Bear it in mind and sleep on it. Good night."

Novell watched his broad back going through the doorway, then bent over in the bed, doubled up with laughter. He had been light-heavyweight champion of his university for two years. "This," he thought, "is really amusing. What a character!'

THE "character" climbed into the XP-28 in the cool light of dawn, strapped a notebook to his leg and carefully went through every detail of preliminary checkoff. When he was well acquainted with the cramped cockpit of the pursuit, he went over his switches and started the engine with the oil cooler closed and cowl flaps open. Then he studied the take-off report left by a former test pilot and was finally ready. He closed the transparent enclosure over his head and twisted about to look back. Wynn, Novell and all of the crew were gathered in front of the hangar. Steb saluted them with a brief wave of the hand, released the parking brake and started to roll forward.

At the end of the single runway he spun about, tested the brakes in two half circles and got the ground feel of the little plane. He squinted up at the sky, searching it for other aircraft, then opened the throttle. The pursuit leaped forward at once, pounded through the loose gravel and fairly jumped into the air with a slight pull on the control column. Steb grinned and hit the landing-gear switch, and the wheels came up with a high-pitched whine. He eased the wheel back another fraction and reached for the skies with full throttle.

"Sweet," he murmured, smiling. "She's got it, all right."

At 10,000 feet he leveled off, and eased back to fifty per cent throttle. He tried slow turns and easy figure 8s until he had the feel of the ship, then he whipped into

Unsung Hero number one

CALL him that to his face and he'd say "Nuts!"

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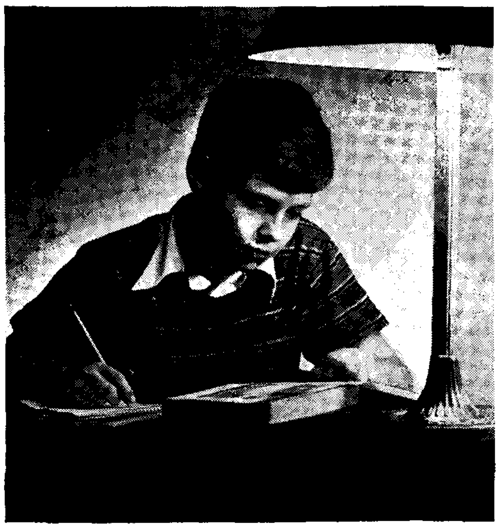

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tight verticals, chandelles and snap rolls that left him gasping. Never in his life had he flown an airplane with such maneuverability, regardless of power or wing loadings. He could picture it in a dogfight, snarling across the arc of the other man's vertical, tearing and smashing him out of the skies before he could roll away. A pilot's dream, maneuverability at high speed. A dream come true. "It's here," he shouted.

Then he came back to reality, picked up a pencil and went to work. Instrument checks. Radio check. Fuel gauges and selector switches. Stalling point. Cylinder-head temperatures. Manifold pressures. Oil temperatures. Action of the flaps in every degree of their travel. Wheels down and wheels up and the precious seconds they used. All of the routine tests necessary to any new ship.

WHEN he was through he stuck the pencil in his boot, reached for the throttle and slowly eased it open, making a wide circle of Death Valley. At 250 m.p.h. she was perfect. "Sweet." At 300 he began to feel a slight vibration in the seat of his pants and quickly glanced out at the wing. No flutter yet. At 308 the nose began to oscillate and suddenly the whole ship went into a crazy dance with the wing dangerously fluttering and the motor trying to tear itself out of its frame. Steb yanked the throttle back before structural failure occurred, pulled the plane on its nose and killed the flutter with a slow roll as soon as speed dropped. Heavy beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"Wow," he said. "That's as close as I care to come."

The XP-28 was rolled into the hangar and Steb sat in the tiny cubbyhole of an office with Cyrus Wynn and George Novell. He chewed at a wad of gum and they waited for him to speak.

"Well," Steb said, "up to that flutter point she's the sweetest thing I ever handled. The Japs—"

Wynn impatiently interrupted, "How about that flutter? Notice anything we could use?"

Steb shook his head. "Afraid not. It starts in that keel somewhere—"

Novell said, "It's in the wing. Aspect ratio may be too high according to the blueprints."

Steb slowly turned his head to look at him. "No," he said. "It starts in the keel. There's nothin' wrong with that wing."

Wynn nervously grabbed his arm. "Do you know what you're talking about, cowboy? Every engineer Loring sent out here, including this one, condemned that wing. And you think it's all right?"

"Yes, sir. That keel, now—that's a new one on me, a keel in an airplane."

Wynn snapped, "There's nothing wrong with that keel, either."

"Maybe not, mister. I don't know. I'm no engineer. But that's where I felt the vibration first. It might start at some other point—" He paused and his mouth fell open and again he turned to look at Novell. "You're a smart guy, bub. Tell you what. You work up one o' these test instruments you boys are so clever at and find the point on that keel where the vibration starts. I'll do the flyin'. We'll get it, all right, with," he added, "a little co-operation."

George Novell was stuck with the job. There was little he could do to get out of it, short of resigning. He called the Loring plant and talked with the engineering department for hours. Tom Hanagan flew out to have a look, gravely winked at Steb, and flew back. Instrument technicians were sent out from the factory, and the small hangar suddenly blossomed with life and activity. George Novell was in the thick of it, working day and night, poring over blueprints, sweating over them and cursing the day he had ever known Steb Tracy, while Steb lounged about in the cool bar of the hotel, quaffing cold beer and living the life of Riley. There was nothing for him to do until the instrument was completed and installed.

It was finally done. The instrument, really a series of instruments, somewhat like miniature barographs, were installed at several points on the keel from nose to tail. The faintest tremor would be instantly recorded and, what was more important, the time at which the recording started, so that the point of origin could be found.

Steb took the experimental pursuit up at dawn the following morning. Most of the Loring executives had flown in to witness the test: Hanagan, Lindstrom, the co-ordinator, and even Loring himself. Wright Field, too, was interested, and there was a scattering of gold braid and uniforms in front of the hangar. A lone representative of the Naval Bureau of Aeronautics stood thoughtfully to one side of the crowd. Steb gave his usual brief wave, opened the throttle and roared off over their heads. They stared upward until he went out of sight.

He returned to the ground almost an hour later and crawled out of the cockpit perspiring at every pore. His only explanation was, "When she started to flutter this time she almost got the bit in her teeth."

The mechanics made a dive for the ship, took the instruments out and tenderly carried them into the hangar Everyone crowded in, surrounding the workbench. The silence could almost be felt as Novell opened the delicate test instruments and spread the charts on the bench. Each chart was numbered and timed and the blue line oscillations showed clearly on their surface. One of the Air Forces men commented, "Very ingenious." Novell started calling off the readings.

WHEN it was over, all eyes soberly turned to Steb. The readings had given no indication of flutter at any particular point of origin. When vibration had started, it had been throughout the length of the keel, or the length of the ship. There was a split-second difference in reading at the tail of the ship, but not enough to be important.

Steb turned to face the designer. Cyrus Wynn was broken and wilting before his eyes. Faulty design. The readings fairly screamed, "Faulty design!"

No man said a word, all waiting for Steb to speak. He turned and looked at his boss, Tom Hanagan, who was staring down at the ground and frowning.

Steb said, "Mister—"

Hanagan turned steady, furious eyes upon him. "Well?"

"This was supposed to be a pilot job in the first place, wasn't it? Let's put it back there. I know damned well that ship's all right. Just one little thing wrong. Somewhere."

"Aw, Tracy—"

"I mean it. I'm goin' up again. I'm gonna wring that ship out and tear it apart, wide open. One thing wrong. And the first thing that breaks will give us some idea where that flutter's comin' from."

Hanagan snorted, "Don't be an ass There's only one way to bail out of that crate and that's to roll it over on its back. If you smash it up, how are you going to roll over and get out of it? My God, Tracy—"

Novell elbowed his way through the

crowd and asked, "What is this, another grandstand play?"

Steb's face turned white and his cold eyes blazed, but he held himself in check and walked out of the hangar. At the side of the building he ripped down a clothesline, rolled it into a neat loop and placed it on the floor of the XP-28. The men followed him out and an Air Forces officer took his arm. "Don't try it, Bud. You'll never get out of it alive."

"You boys want a good pursuit plane, don't you? Okay. This is it. There won't be anything left of this one, but there's another in the hangar you can make the corrections on. See you later."

Steb climbed into the cockpit and Novell snorted, "Let him go. Not that he's going anywhere. Show-off, that's all."

STEB started the engine, had a last look about him, then rolled down to the end of the runway. He spun about, opened the throttle and took off immediately. He wasted no time, but climbed as steeply as he dared, just off a stall, and pulled it up on its nose until he had 12,000 feet under the wing. There he leveled off and headed back over the valley. He took the clothesline, thirty feet in length, fastened one end to a structural member inside the cockpit and the other end to the ring of his parachute ripcord.

He muttered once, "I hope I know what I'm doin'," and then his hand stole to the throttle. He shoved it wide open, took a firm grip on the control column and fastened his eyes on the air-speed indicator. The needle started to jump at once and the plane shot ahead to pass the 300 mark. Speed was increasing so rapidly that it was almost up to 400 miles an hour before the vibration started. But when it did, it hit hard.

A tremor ran through the ship, the nose bucked as if it had hit a sharp updraft, and then flutter took hold and the crazy dance of death started. The plane lunged about in the air, an enormous wave of vibration swept through it and then it went into a dive. Steb furiously wound the stabilizer all the way back and pulled the pursuit back to level flight by sheer strength.

He was being banged around in the cockpit, but he started to laugh and picked up his pencil. On the scratch pad strapped to his thigh he wrote: "Position stabilizer—elevator too low. Sharp slipstream from underpart wing pounding tail surfaces. Plane tries dive 400." The writing was like hen tracks, but it was legible.

The ship was now vibrating so furiously that it was impossible for him to write any longer. He stuck the pencil in his teeth and grabbed the control column with both hands. He pulled it all the way back and twisted about to look to the rear. There was a sharp crack and a tearing sound and the whole tail assembly dissolved before his eyes. Pieces of it whipped off into space, and suddenly the fluttering and vibration had disappeared.

The plane immediately twisted into a frightening spin, screaming in the vortex of its own passage. Steb braced himself, snapped off all the switches and hunched over his right thigh. On the pad he wrote, with some effort: "Tail assembly gone. Raise elevators 6″." With a last flourish he wrote: "Good design," and scratched his initials.

Steb straightened in the cockpit, fighting against the nausea caused by the spin. He was satisfied. The flutter had always been in the tail, an easy thing to correct, but because of the keel design of the ship, it had transmitted the vibrating impulses from tail to keel too quickly to reveal the point of origin. Now the engineers could make the necessary corrections, and Uncle Sam would have a new and better fighter.

Steb's job was done. "Now," he thought, "I gotta git out o' this grandstand play o' mine."

He smashed back the enclosure over his head, released the safety strap and forced himself out of the seat until his arms were on the outside of the plane. The blast of wind almost tore his head from his shoulders and painfully ripped at his face. Fighting the vicious spin and the wind with every ounce of his strength, he managed to draw himself up out of the cockpit and fell away over the side of the ship. He knew what was going to happen and his arms instinctively went up to protect his head and face.

When he fell off into space, the tail end of the spinning airplane smashed into his body with a dull, sickening thud. He was limp and unconscious, but when his falling body reached the end of the clothesline, the ripcord was torn out, the clothesline snapped with his weight, and the white parachute suddenly bloomed high in the skies over Death Valley. The plane crashed with a roar and a burst of flame miles away.

Steb Tracy walked out of the Burbank hospital some weeks later, his left arm in a sling and wide bands of tape tightly wound about his chest. Tom Hanagan, chief test pilot, was at his side.

They started down the steps of the hospital and Hanagan said, "It's a sweet baby, Steb. Wynn changed the whole tail assembly, moving it up and back. I personally tested the job, myself, just three days ago. And, man, can she do tricks! We go into production as soon as Wright Field gives us the nod."

Steb asked, "No flutter?"

"Flutter! Say, she's as smooth as a baby buggy. You did a good job of work."

Steb grinned. "I reckon them Japs won't think so."

THEY reached the bottom of the steps and came face to face with George Novell, waiting for them. Steb erased all expression from his face.

"Howdy," he said.

Novell was obviously ill at ease, but he held Steb's stare and nodded. "Hello, Tracy. How do you feel?"

"All right, I reckon. Ribs give me a little trouble breathing. But I'm afraid I can't oblige you today, with this wing o' mine."

Novell flushed deeply and blinked at Steb. "Look," he said, "they made me chief of production on that XP-28, when she starts coming off the line."

"So?"

Novell nervously shifted from one foot to the other. "Well, you know how it is on a new job. You get bugs here and bugs there, this thing needs to be changed and that—"

"I know how it is. All new ships got bugs."

"Yeah. Sure. But—" Novell suddenly grinned and held out his hand. "How about working with me on the job, Tracy? With you in the air and me on the ground—"

Steb swallowed and cleared his throat and a slow smile stole into his eyes. He shook hands and said, "Sure. Anything you say. I reckon you're a good engineer, bub. Let's—uh—let's go get a beer somewhere."

They hailed a taxi to the curb and climbed in. Tom Hanagan stepped in after them, chuckling to himself. George Novell, he noticed, was wearing a brand-new pair of Western boots.

THE END

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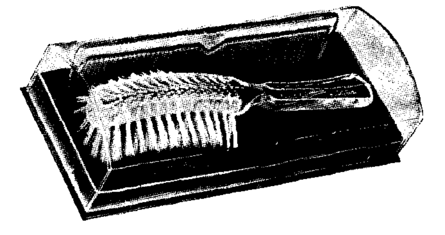

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

The Red Rain of Battle

Continued from page 17

to look as if the Japs didn't like it. So we stuck around. Then suddenly the attacks ceased.

I looked around and could see a few Zeros above us and one directly below. But we didn't take the bait—for that's what it was. By this time, all three carriers were burning, the flames coming to high peaks. The Jap fliers seemed stunned—as they must have been—because unless they could get to another carrier they were doomed. There was another carrier around, the Hiryu, but we hadn't found her yet.

This attack on the enemy carriers by our combined carrier attack groups had been made practically simultaneously. Torpedo Squadron Eight, from one of the other carriers, had approached the enemy fleet without fighter protection from one side, while we were approaching from the opposite side. When we first saw the enemy, all was quiet and nothing happening. They were steaming at high speed, undamaged. At about the time they opened up on us with the AA fire, all hell broke loose, with torpedo planes, dive bombers and fighters of both sides suddenly tangled. The sky was filled with AA fire, and huge explosions were coming out of all three of the Jap carriers from our bombs and torpedoes. My little group of fighters stuck around for five minutes after the attack was over, hoping we could protect more of our planes in their getaway.

The fight had started at 12:20 and it was now only 12:40. We decided we'd better get out and get back if we were going to have enough fuel. I looked around at my other planes. Most of them had big jagged holes in the wings and tails and fuselages, but I got a "Thumbs up" signal from each one, indicating that he still was able to fight. About this time I felt something wet on my legs and thought I must have been hit, but it was just oil. When we got back to the Yorktown, my oil tank was dry but the engine was still running smoothly.

Too Little and Too Late

I made a quick report that three enemy carriers already were out of action and it looked as if the battle were going our way. I had just finished the report when the alarm went off and a large Jap formation was seen coming in toward us. Our fighters on the combat air patrol went tearing into this formation and broke up the Jap flight. It was almost a complete annihilation—and if we had just had two or four more fighters, with experienced pilots, I am sure the Yorktown would be afloat right now.

There were eighteen dive bombers, supported by eighteen Zero fighters. Fourteen of the bombers were shot down but four got through, and that was enough. A few more planes on our side would have got them. The four that got through dropped their bombs—with three hits out of four. One was very lucky; it went down the smokestack into the machinery spaces and stopped the ship. We were dead in the water.

Another bomb went through the stack and came out to explode on the flight deck, blowing a big hole right in the middle of it. The other bomb set a fire. A whole gun crew was killed and others on the flight deck were wounded.

It was amazing, the rapidity with which that deck and the machinery were repaired. The engine-room crew ran emergency steam lines around the wreckage, and we gradually got under way and built up speed again to fifteen knots. A few fighters were the only planes aboard at this time, and as soon as the deck had been repaired, we took off with eight planes in two divisions.

Suddenly, during this take-off a torpedo-plane attack developed out of some low clouds. The planes came, we learned later, from the fourth carrier—the Hiryu—and it taught us that an unfound carrier is a dangerous thing.

We had to make a sharp turn right off the bow of the Yorktown, into our own antiaircraft fire, which had opened up, because the enemy planes by this time were getting close. The last two or three fighters in my group didn't even have time to roll up their wheels. Every time a fighter made a pass at a Jap torpedo plane, a Zero would be right on his tail. It was every man for himself; we hadn't time to get into formations.

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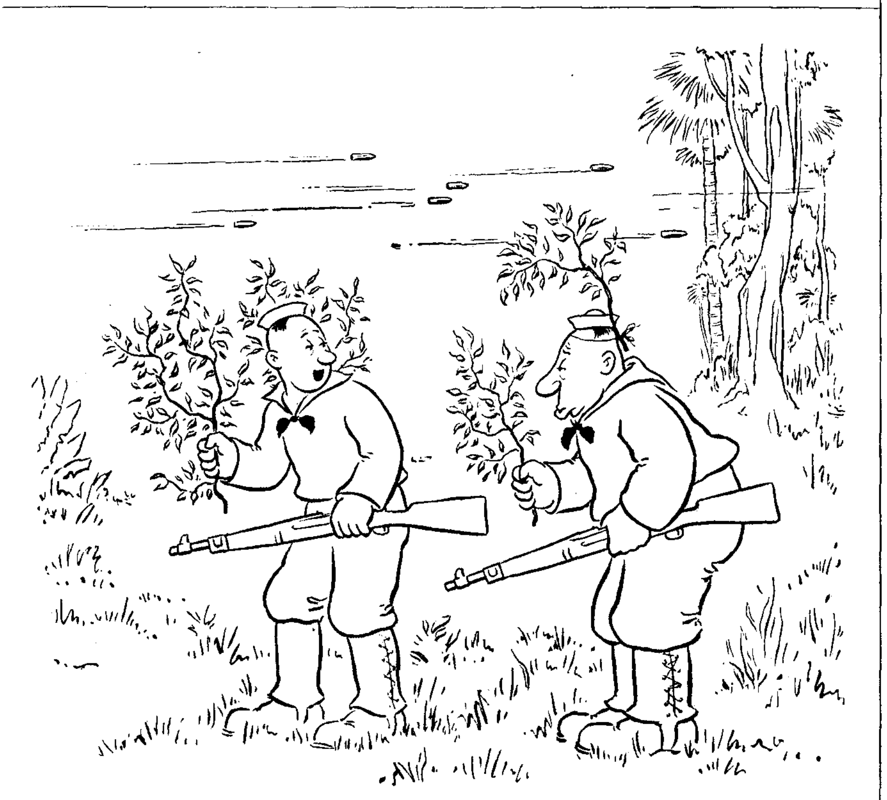


"Well, that's the way it is with camouflage, Alfred—sometimes it fools them, and sometimes it doesn't fool them"

COLLIER'S

One young ensign, Tootle, fought the shortest air battle on record. He shot down a torpedo plane and was promptly shot down by a Zero, all within sixty seconds. He fell into the water and was picked up, safe.

While I was shooting down a Jap torpedo plane, a Zero got on my tail; the first I knew about it was the stream of tracer bullets which looked like red rain coming past both my ears. I rolled and pulled hard to the side and the Zero slipped past.

The Yorktown had been badly hit both by bombs and torpedoes; she was out of action and had begun to list. It looked as if she might go right on over and the crew was ordered to abandon ship. It was a very sad sight.

One of my pilots had been heavily hit, so I went over and flew alongside him but he pointed to the water and headed on down. Before the spray had dropped, he was in his rubber boat, and the plane had sunk. We signaled over a destroyer, and he was picked up. The Yorktown, meanwhile, had listed so badly that we couldn't land. Most of us, however, managed to land on other carriers.

Often, by sinking a carrier, you sink her planes too. It was this way when the Kaga, Akagi and Soryu went down. The pilots from these ships were doomed when their gas ran out and they knew it. It had a bad psychological effect on the Japanese pilots. We were luckier. In the Midway fight we didn't lose a single plane as a result of the Yorktown being put out of action.

Caught in the Act

During this fighting, one of our torpedo planes, coming back from the attack on the Jap carriers, was forced down. It floated about and its crew were sitting on the wing when a Jap plane came down and started to strafe them. It was a cruel act, but a young fighter pilot named Brassfield caught the Jap at it and shot him down in full view of the boys on the grandstand, on the wing. It must have done them a lot of good.

Anyway, we all managed to land on other carriers and then our side chased the beaten Jap fleet halfway across the Pacific. While the second attack—the torpedo-plane attack—was going on, our Yorktown scouts found the Hiryu, the fourth carrier. Our dive bombers hit her just as she was launching planes for a third attack. The attack never got started because the skipper's bomb, his first one, landed smack in the middle of the deck.

A Jap plane was rolling down the deck at the time, and the blast flipped him head over heels, over the stack and into the water. More and more bombs hit, and soon the Hiryu was blazing from stem to stern. She sank later that night, and that was the end of the Jap carriers.

By this time, the enemy's surface craft had turned toward home and were fleeing in small isolated groups. We started chasing them and sank the Mikuma and the Mogami, a couple of cruisers, and several destroyers.

The air battles I've been in are hard to tell about. In one of them I remember thinking how I used to ridicule the motion-picture idea of an air battle. I used to say it was too fantastic, but actually the movies didn't show half of the real thing. I've seen seven planes falling at one time. They leave long red streamers of flame and smoke. Some go straight down, and others loop around in curves and spirals. I have seen planes fly straight through AA fire which literally filled the air in steady streams as if it were being squirted from hundreds of bases.

As we chased the would-be invaders home, I kept recalling incidents. One thing I'd learned, and that was that antiaircraft fire has a long way to go before it can be effective against fighters and dive bombers. I've done about half my fighting in the middle of our own AA fire and the other half in the AA fire of the Japs. None of my planes was shot down by AA and I have never seen any other plane shot down by it. It is usually easy to avoid if you know the problems of the gunners below.

During the early fighting we were often shot at by our own gunners. Once, when one of my pilots was actually circling above the carrier, getting ready to land, a young machine gunner with an itchy finger opened up on him. The pilot, after he had landed, walked back to this man and said quite calmly, "Young fellow, if you keep on shooting at me every time I come aboard, I'll report you to the gunnery officer."

Score: 54–7

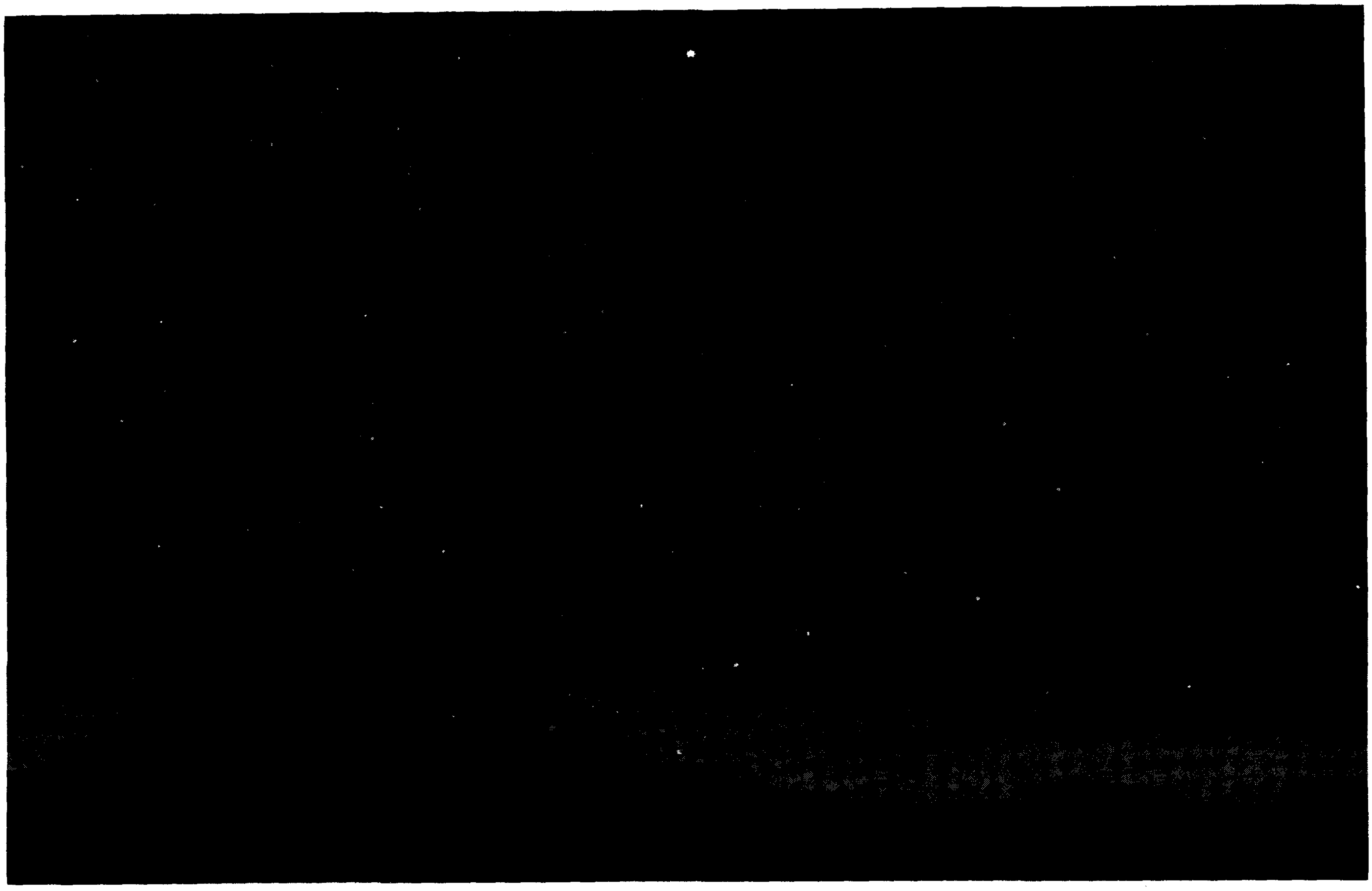
I was proud of the record of Squadron Three. In two days of battle we had shot down at least fifty-four verified, and probably seventy Japs—with small loss. On one day we lost two planes and one pilot; on the other, five planes and two pilots. Normally you will lose many more planes than pilots because pilots often can bail out and be picked up.

It got so that I could tell with some exactness which of the new men who came into the squadron from time to time would be the first to be shot down. I kept a little black book with their names in the order in which I expected them to be sent down by the Japs.

It was remarkable how often my estimate—made by sizing up the pilots as they arrived—would be correct. Sometimes, when I had crossed off the names of those at the head of the list—the downed ones—I would glance at the next name. After that, I didn't like to look at the pilot I'd chosen as most likely the next victim.

There is another little thing I keep recalling: In one action, one Jap had his engine shot out and started down. He knew he was finished but he kept coming in, steering as well as he could, trying to hit the deck. If he had succeeded and the deck had been full of planes, he might have done considerable harm.

The aircraft carrier battles fought in the Pacific have been fights between pilots who may be considered the best professionals in their line. Compared with European squadrons, ours and the Japs' are smaller, but in air experience, skill and teamwork, we and our foe are just about as completely professional as you can find. This is due mainly to the fact that our carrier expansion has been slow, and thus groups of pilots have been together for long periods and



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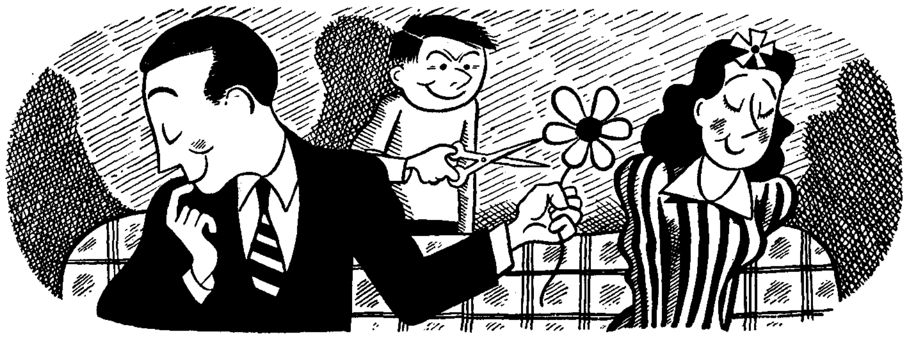

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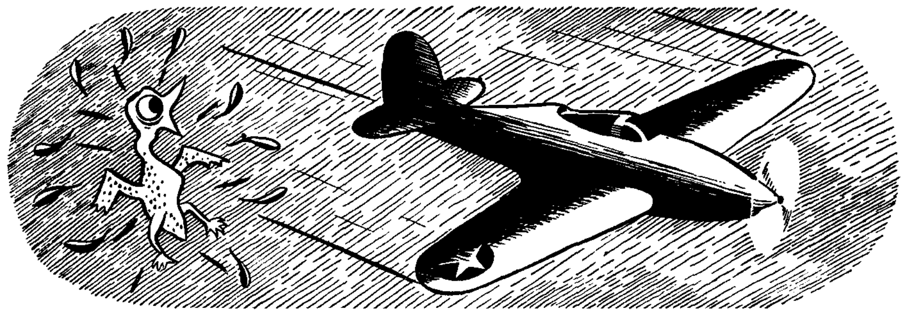

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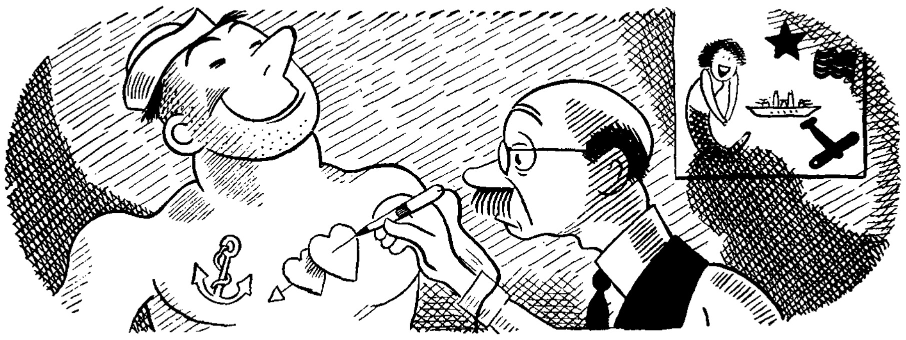

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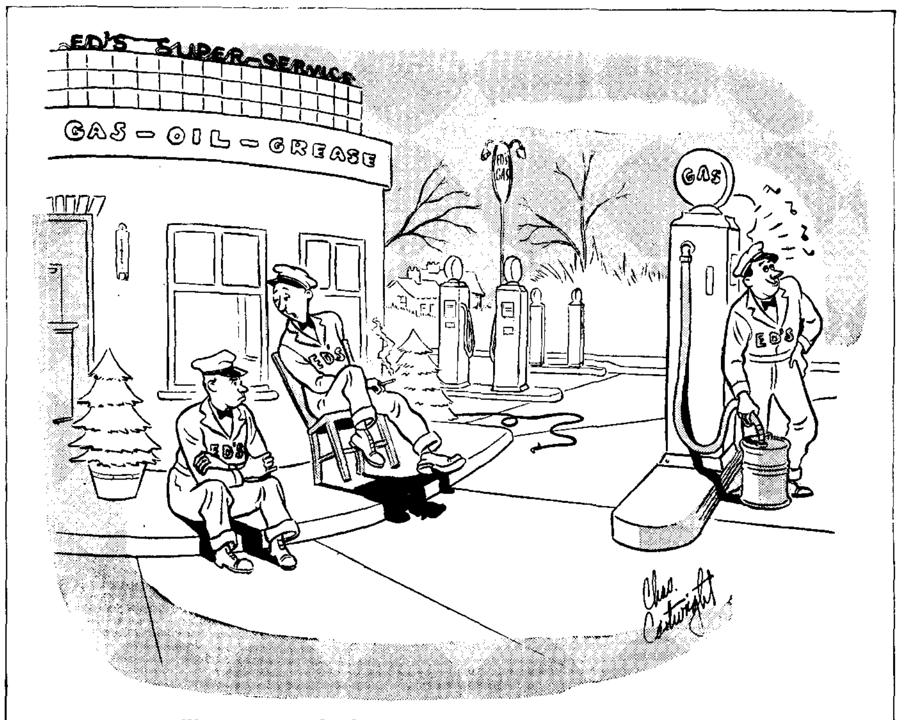


"Oh, he'll pour it right back. He just got lonesome for the bells"

COLLIER'S CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

have been able to form unmatched teams.

The average pilots of both the U. S. Navy and the Jap navy have had much more experience than the British or Germans, who have been fighting on a much larger scale, using masses of planes to overwhelm the other side. Each British or German squadron will have possibly only a few experienced pilots; the others will all be youngsters and in reality amateurs. This is bound to be true.

I would like nothing better than to see an air battle between Japanese navy fighter pilots and a squadron of German fighter pilots. In my opinion, the Japs would make short work of the Germans, due to better experience and more intelligent tactics.

The British, when we have tried to teach them advanced tactics, have told us, "Our tactics must be simple. Our pilots can learn only one or two things; they haven't time to learn the fine points of the art." The Germans are up against the same thing because of their rapid expansion.

In our Navy up to now this hasn't been necessary. We have been able to keep teams together, to carry tactics further and further—tactics that, compared with the British and German, are highly intricate and require skilled and careful co-ordination. The Japs have done the same thing. But even today the Germans and British—and the Japs too—are learning things about air fighting that we knew ten years ago. They still haven't learned all the things we know.

I have often been asked why the American fighter plane is constantly reported as inferior to the Zero. Now the Japs were smarter than we were: They built a pure fighter and ignored everything else. We, with our economy program in prewar days, built a combination fighter and bomber. We sacrificed climb and maneuverability in order to build a plane that would withstand the strains of diving. We also insisted on peacetime safety standards.

Had we built, in peacetime, a fighter with high climb and maneuverability, at the sacrifice of strength, the American public would have screamed to high heaven every time a young student pilot heaved back in a dive and pulled his wings off. We would have been accused of murdering youngsters. On the other hand, as soon as our fledgling pilots learned not to abuse a plane, these accidents would have stopped.

Personally, I would rather have a fighter that would shed its wings when abused, if it would outperform a Zero, than a safer plane—that is, safer until it got into battle against a Zero.

Fighting is a combination of instinct and brainwork. It is a combination of doing what you have learned to do automatically, and at the same time making adjustments for the various changes in the situation as they come up. In a fight, a pilot's mind always seems to him to be brilliantly clear, and I think this is true of most pilots.

In a fighter plane, the pilot is really the directing mechanism of a battery of flying guns. The only way to win is by thinking faster and more accurately than your enemy; you will get him if you have equal performance and are a better pilot and marksman. I don't think it's possible to win otherwise, except by accident, and those accidents just don't happen. You can't spray the air with machine-gun bullets on the theory that one bullet is going to hit something. It just doesn't work.

Everybody talks about "control of the air," but very few people know the meaning of the phrase, or how control is obtained. Control is merely ability to operate your own planes at will, over one spot, at a certain time, and at the same time prevent enemy planes from coming into that locality to do damage.

Birth of the Fighter Plane

The fighting plane of today was born in the last war, when we flew planes for reconnaissance purposes. When your plane met an enemy plane, you never thought of fighting; you just waved at him, maybe, and went on photographing or sketching. Then somebody got the idea of putting a gun in a plane and pot-shooting the enemy.

At first this was a free gun, and then somebody invented the fixed gun firing through the propeller. This was better than the free gun because it could be held more steadily on the target. So the work of the plane slowly divided into scouting and fighting.

As the fighter progressed, it was found that it could shoot down any other type of plane. But in the long peace period came the idea of the large bomber bristling with guns, and many people thought the day of the fighter was over. As a matter of fact, many people in the Navy thought the single-seater was on the way out and that a bomber with heavy free guns would be able to keep fighters away.

We rather disproved this theory in gunnery practice. We fighters would go out and have a mock battle against torpedo or dive-bomber squadrons and would invariably shoot them all down without getting touched ourselves, according to the rules, and as recorded by camera guns. They changed the rules on us to make it harder but it made little difference and we usually could get in at least thirty hits on a multiplace plane before they scored one on us.

So it became obvious that the day of the one-man fighter wasn't over; it was just beginning. The Battle of Britain was won because the British had a better fighter (the Spitfire) than the Germans. They were able to shoot down enough bombers to make it impossible for the Germans to continue daylight raids.

Without a sufficient number of fighters, you can't get control of the air. To do that, you have to have superior speed, maneuverability and climb, in order to be able to choose the time and place and angle for attack. Against a large bomber, if the fighter attacks at the wrong angle, where the bomber can bring a lot of free gun power against him, he will be shot down. But he has the choice of angle, and if he is properly trained, the bomber hasn't a chance.

America's Best Heavy Bomber

The Flying Fortress is probably the best we have to date of heavy, free-gun bombers. They sacrifice a little bomb load and speed to get heavy fire power, The Germans use high speed for protection. The British try to use high altitude. We use heavy fire power, and the unsuspecting fighter, if he doesn't know what to do, will naturally get shot down because he is up against more fire than he can handle; and that is the reason for the success of the Flying Fortress.

Aboard a carrier, torpedo and bomber pilots treat fighter pilots with a great deal of consideration because they know that, time and again, their lives are going to depend on how good the fighter pilots are. There never is any friction, of course, and there is mutual respect.

While a torpedo plane is deadly to a surface ship, it is much more vulnerable both to antiaircraft fire and fighters. Our tactics in peacetime were based on what we thought antiaircraft fire would do to us. Now we pay little attention to it, and our tactics are based only on what fighters can do to our planes. A successful torpedoing from a plane often depends on how close the plane can get, and that brings it into a zone of intense fire. The Japs launch their torpedoes from as high as three hundred feet, going at two hundred knots.

Now, all our torpedo planes are equipped to do high-level, horizontal bombing in battles. The squadron commander usually has his choice—bombs or torpedoes. But if a commander chose to go in against an enemy from a high altitude and do horizontal bombing, his pilots wouldn't speak to him. That's a fact. They know that horizontal bombing against maneuvering ships is ineffective. More planes will come back from a horizontal bombing, because they can stay up where the enemy fighters are less likely to intercept them, but any pilot knows that in the tough fights we have with the Japs, it's get the enemy carrier or he'll get you—and you can't get him from 'way upstairs.

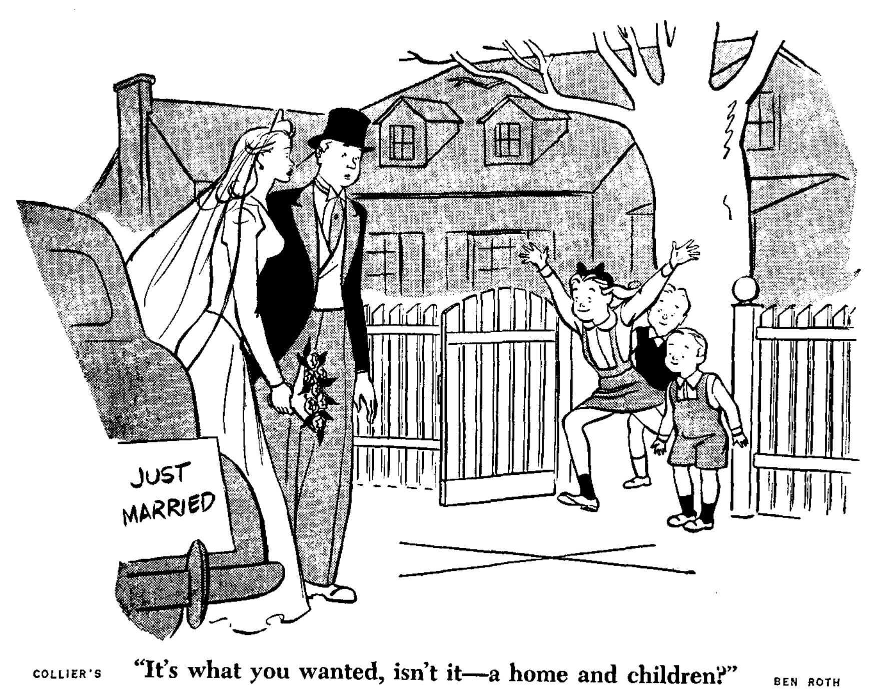
The Battle of Midway was my last action for a time. After it was over, I was detached from old Fighter Squadron Three and command was given to my engineering officer, Lieutenant Commander Edward H. O'Hare. I know of no one I'd rather see take my old command into new battles.

Many people seem to have the idea that a fighter pilot shouldn't be over twenty-five. They got this idea from the British, who had to take youngsters and had no older, experienced pilots. I am thirty-seven and I don't hold with the British theory. I'll tell you why:

I don't think a pilot should learn to be a fighter at thirty-seven, but if he has been in fighters and has grown up with the game, he ought to continue as long as he can do the job. So long as I can lick all these youngsters coming out of training bases, and at the same time eat an apple, I'm not too old to be a fighter pilot. I would rather have experience in the cockpits of my squadron than youth and untrained exuberance. I'd just as soon have both, but experience is really more important.

The matter of guts, of course, comes into fighting. If you are going to fight, you have to go in there and fight and face the enemy fire. You can't run away. In the fights I've been in, everybody had courage and determination. It was courage in the face of knowledge of the facts. The valor of ignorance is worth nothing.

THE END



COLLIER'S "It's what you wanted, isn't it—a home and children?" BEN ROTH

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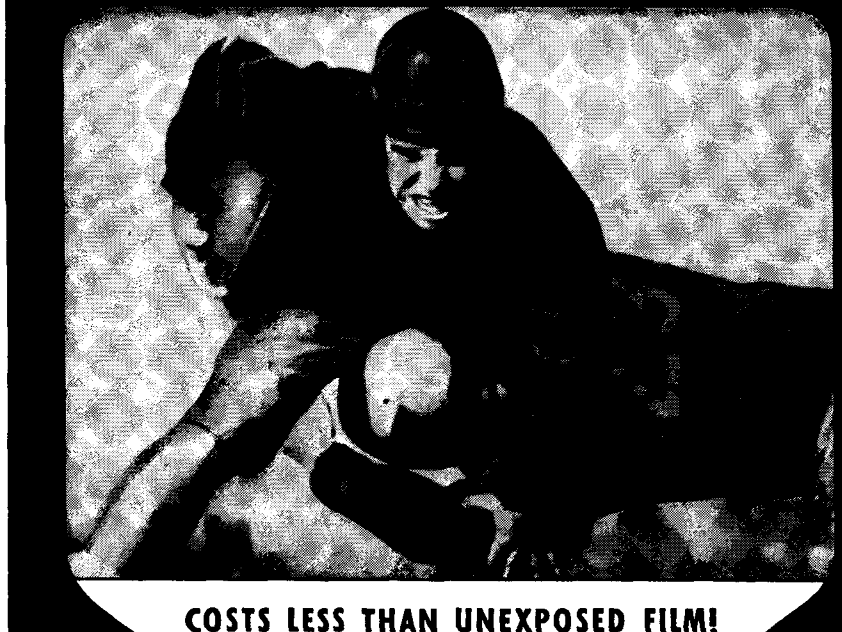

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INTERNATIONAL

With the arrest of Gandhi and other leaders, extremists of Indian Nationalism took over Calcutta's main streets, cut down telephone and electric wires, set public buildings afire. Gurkhas, military police, rode out to restore order

Riot Time in India

By Daniel De Luce

ASSOCIATED PRESS CORRESPONDENT

Revolt in India is far from the way you imagine it. Here's the firsthand account of a man who rode with the Gurkhas in the thick of the Calcutta riots

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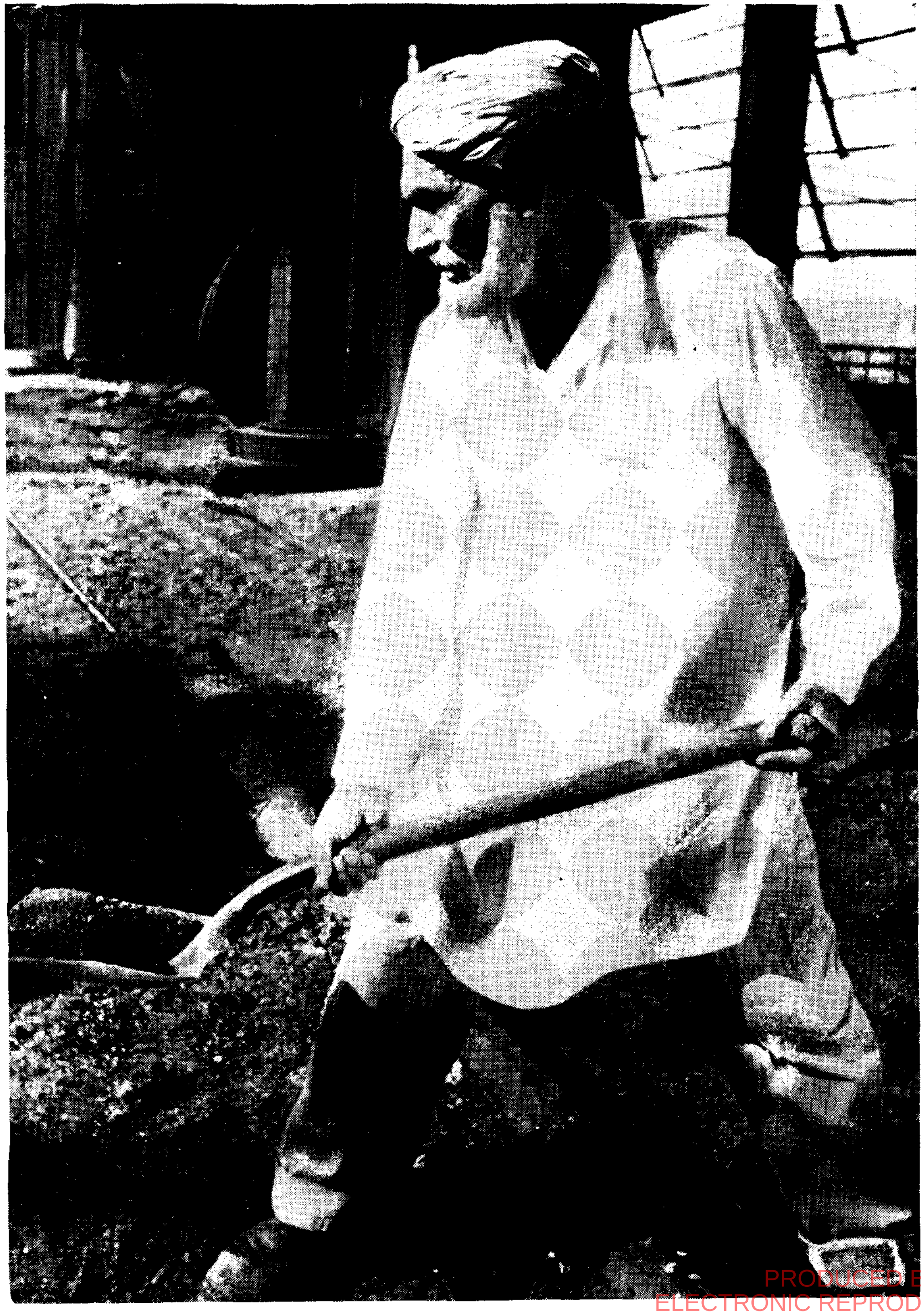

A Moslem worker at the Tata Iron and Steel Works, which tied up India's war effort recently when its 42,000 employees quietly quit work

YOU could almost hear the Japs exchange hissing compliments in Burma 'cross the Bay. It was riot time in Calcutta, commercial jewel of the British Empire. It was civil war in the heart of the chief city of India.

The switchboard of the Lalbazar Police Station, a block off Wellesley Square, was busy. A sergeant with an English name but more than a dash of Indian blood in his veins took the calls, cool as a Singapore Sling when ice frosts the glass.

"Two trams burning on Tollygunge Bridge? Yes, sir, we'll send a patrol lorry there, but it may take some time, you know. Six persons injured by flying glass? Yes, please get the ARP to look after them."

The sergeant scribbled on his pad. Fifteen cases of tramway incendiarism in the last hour, not to mention other things like murder.

Upstairs, a crusty, white-haired Indian of wide girth, in starched khaki uniform with two rows of ribbons, and bearing the title of DSP (Deputy Superintendent of Police) held a council. He'd just been supplied with 500 Gurkhas—tough, shaven-headed mercenaries from the Himalayan State of Nepal, outfitted with rifles and bayonets and steel helmets. They were military police, not the ordinary unarmed constables who were thrown against mobs in *lathi* charges.

The *lathi*, that leaded bamboo pole so effective in bygone years on docile followers of Gandhi's *Satyagraha*, wasn't worth a copper pice now. The wild men of Indian Nationalism were on the loose. If your skin was as chocolate-brown as theirs, that didn't matter. If you rode the trams, you were the enemy. If you wore a vestige of Western dress, they stoned you. The wild men had taken over miles of Calcutta's main streets. They cut down telephone and electric wires. They set public buildings afire. They wrecked mailboxes and strewed the letters in gutter mud.

The Gurkhas formed up in trim lines with fixed bayonets in Lalbazar's compound. The paunchy DSP, rivulets of sweat running down his stern cheeks, adjusted the polished Sam Browne belt around his waist and gruffly announced his orders: Clean out Chattaranjan Avenue. Disperse all mobs encountered in the Central District. If necessary, shoot. The Gurkhas looked at the Indian with impassive Mongolian faces. The first detachment climbed on an open truck, and it moved out. You climbed aboard, too, if you had a steel helmet, a revolver and the DSP's permission. The Gurkhas would silently make room for you.

In a tenement street, canyoned by five-story squalid apartment buildings, in which Indian families live and breed with ten to twenty persons in a room, the Gurkhas went into action. Tiny doorway shops had become a sprawling chaos, their stocks of betel nut, cigarettes, chapatties, bananas and cotton cloth looted and scattered by yelling mobsters. Who owned these little stores? Not the Viceroy in New Delhi but humble dark-skinned tradesmen named Mukerjee, Rabindra or Nuwasami.

Brickbats, chunks of paving stone, broken pottery, jagged slivers of glass bottles began to fall on the squat military police. The barrage seemed to come from every window of every flat within throwing distance. The Gurkhas leveled their rifles at the nearest target—a second-floor veranda across the street, where dark heads ducked down quickly. The barrage continued. Two Gurkhas fired.

At the next corner, hundreds of screaming human beings with voluminous white cheesecloth around their loins collected in a writhing mass that filled the intersection. The police detachment commander shouted an ultimatum to disperse. His language was Bengali. The jeering, maddened cries of the crowd sounded like a storm rising.

The Gurkhas pointed their rifles down the street, all except one who was fumbling with a gash on his left shoulder from which blood dripped down his khaki shirt. Four of the twelve riflemen fired. Crisp explosions and the zing of steel-jacketed bullets.

The mob faded like a mirage but, even in panic, it carried off its dead and wounded, into doorways, down alleys, around corners. The stony-faced Gurkhas marched off on foot to find the next clot of demonstrators. Behind them, out of rifle shot, Nationalists stole back to the street by twos and threes.

Marching with the Gurkhas, you wondered if Americans had much of an idea of what civil war was like in India. You yourself had imagined it as brown man against white. But it wasn't. Both sides were brown. This affair in Calcutta might be likened to New York, if the Japs were waiting up in Canada, and native rebels on the island of Manhattan had seized and isolated Greenwich Village and the Bowery, and Montana-born cops were ordered to clean them up.

A Tragic Picture

But the little action you'd just witnessed was only a microscopic brush stroke on the blood-red 1942 picture of India. Back at the Lalbazar station, the busy sergeant on the telephone switchboard could tell you much better what's happening all over Calcutta. Even he can only guess about the rest of India.

Ask him now, as he casually smokes an English cigarette during five minutes' relief. He says, "Judging from all reports, about one hundred and fifty persons have been shot today, but we're unable to tell the ratio of dead to wounded because few cases ever get to the hospital. About seventy-five were shot yesterday. Tomorrow, the mobs will probably taper off and we won't have much trouble for another week or two. Four sergeants and thirteen constables have been seriously hurt since morning. These aren't the worst riots in Calcutta's history. But we police are always on the spot, as you Americans say. If we don't preserve order, it's all our fault. If we use force and there's casualties, the politicians who blamed us for the disorders are the sods who try to sack us from our jobs."

He heels out his cigarette on the stone floor. "When the mobs destroy private property, you should hear the wealthy lads swear at the police. Queer thing, isn't it? They're the moneybags for the 'big movement.' Another queer thing, too: The British don't really rule India. The Indians do the ruling for them. How many British do you see in the police or the railway system or the telegraph or the tax collector's office? The number

It's good to know there are some things which the pressures of war have not changed, and one of them is

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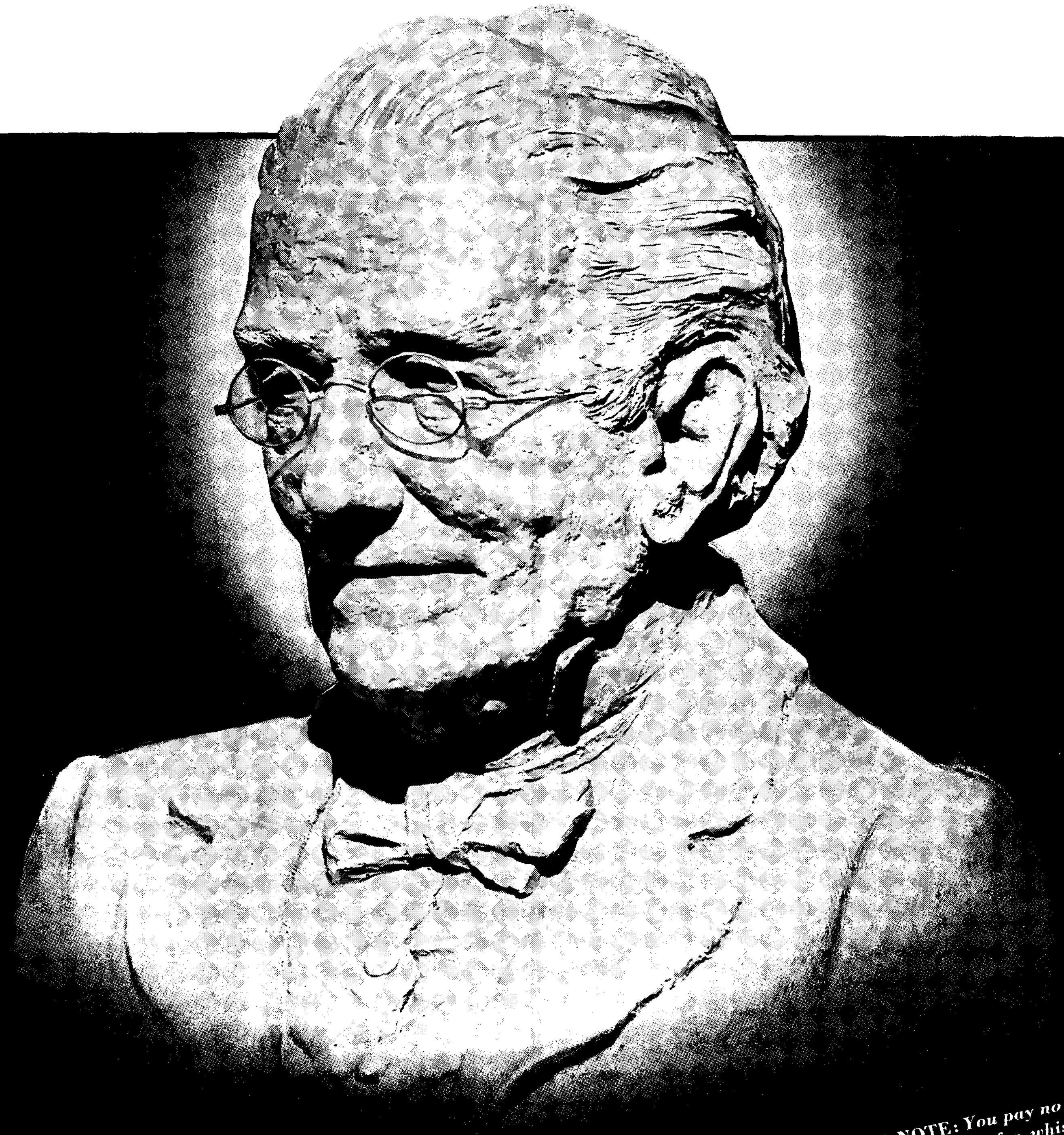

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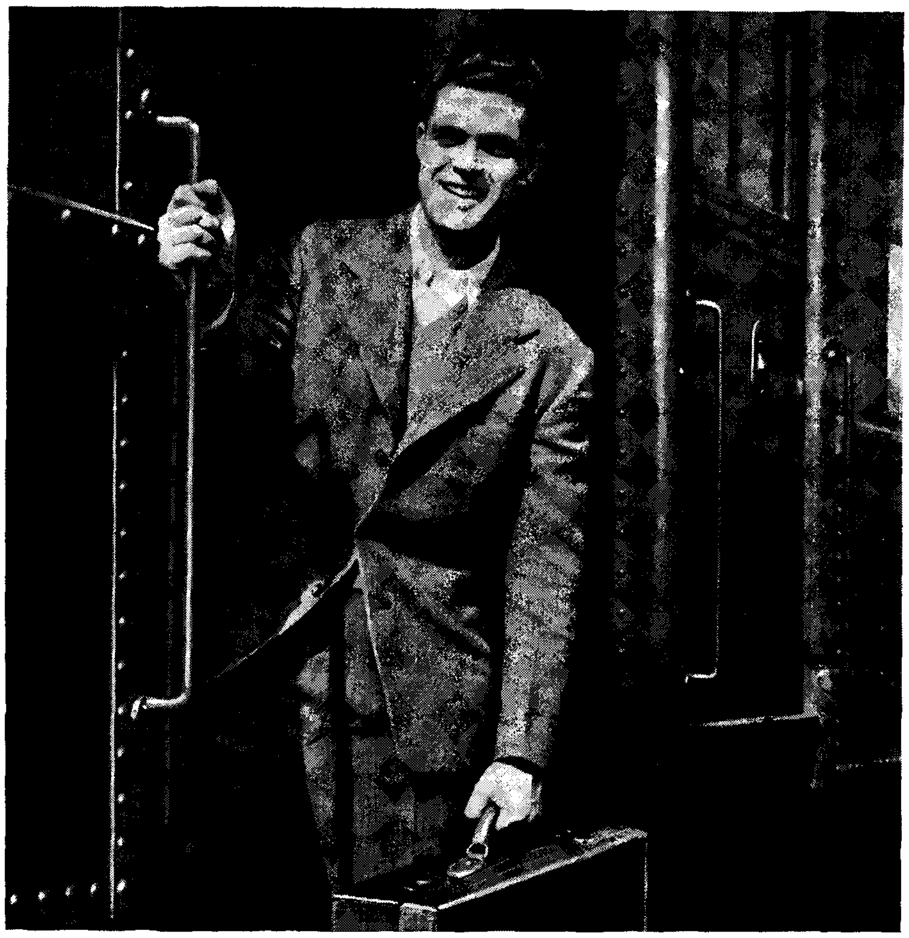

A Picture We've Framed for 4,000,000 Mothers

This is an American.

Last month he reached his twenty-first birthday—and now he's going to be a soldier!

The steps he is standing on are the steps to the train that will take him away to war. As he waves farewell, he makes a picture that will live forever in a mother's heart—a picture which has its counterpart in the hearts and memories of 4,000,000 mothers all over the nation.

Once he boards his train, there is nothing too good for this soldier-to-be; no accommodations too luxurious; no food too nourishing and appetizing; no reasonable favors too hard to grant. Compared to service men in other lands, he lives and rides like a king!

America's railroads are grateful for the leading role they have been able to play in this life drama. The knowledge that they are able to transport this boy, and millions like him, swiftly, safely, and most comfortably to military destinations, is ample compensation for years of planning and preparedness.

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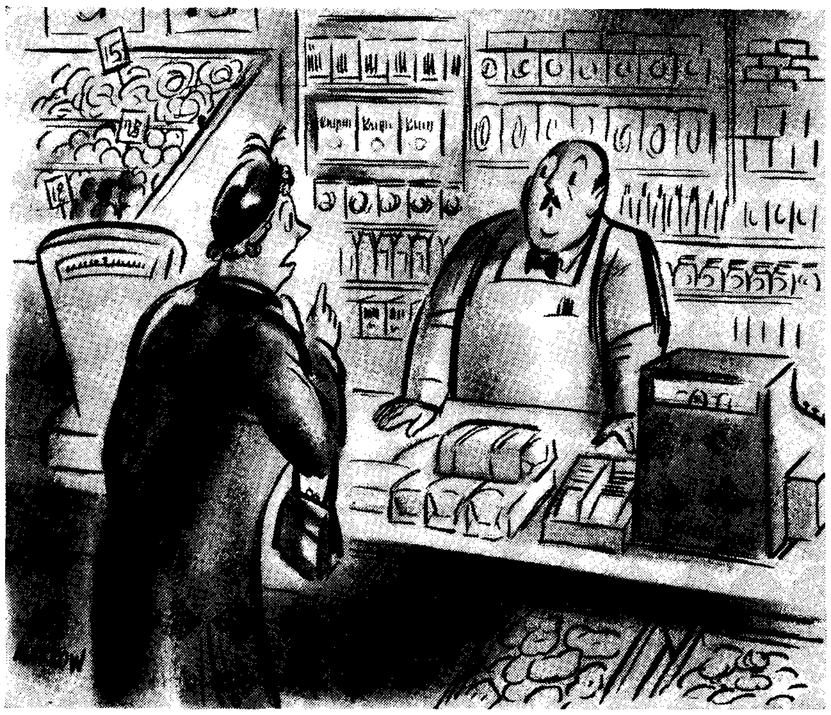


COLLIER'S "No bean soup? What kind of store is this? Why, I just got two dozen cans at the corner store!" JACK MARKOW

of foreign-born officials in India is so small it's laughable. They've got the best jobs and the highest salaries, naturally. But if the Indians all got together and just puffed their breath once, that would be enough to blow all the pukka sahibs out of the country. And then what a real civil war we'd have!"

Over at your hotel, the Great Eastern (where ex-AVG pilots, who now fly for the Chinese national airline, compare notes on dysentery and dengue fever), you read your evening paper. It's a Moslem newspaper and an organ for Mohammed Ali Jinnah's Moslem League, which claims that Moslems and Hindus are two different nations and that the former must have an independent state if, and when, the British retire from the subcontinent. Jinnah has asked his co-religionists and co-workers to abstain from the Hindu politicians' "big movement," but his newspaper gives as much prominence as the censor will allow to three columns of provincial communiqués reporting bloodshed and violence against the British Raj.

You read of scores shot to death in Orissa or Bombay or Bihar. The communiqué regarding Calcutta events of yesterday is brief and vague. It lists no fatalities. (The police sergeant, you remember, had estimated the previous day's toll at 75.) There are two unusual items: At an upcountry railway station, a British army officer and four men were seized by a mob, drenched with kerosene and burned alive. At another station in the same area, two Canadian airmen of the R.A.F. met a similar ghastly fate.

The editorial page of the Moslem newspaper is a complex of contradictions. A handout from the British Ministry of Information is printed verbatim. It concerns war factories in England. Another ho-hum release comes from the U. S. government's branch propaganda office in New Delhi. It tells of tank production in America up 300 per cent over an unstated base figure.

In a corner of the page is an advertisement prepared by a British expert in the Indian government and paid for by Indian taxpayers. It shows a repulsive, grinning Jap and warns the reader that if the Japs come to India, they will take jobs away from Indians.

Another advertisement in this series has warned the Indian public that if the Japs occupy the country, they will "change the beloved names." An accompanying illustration shows the river front at Benares and implies that it might soon be called Tojo unless everyone gets into the United Front sponsored by the Viceroy.

But the editor slyly puts his own two chips' worth in a column of personal opinion, so carefully worded as to annoy the authorities without risking a shutdown order. He recalls blandly that Lord Chelmsford came to Salchi on a visit less than a generation ago and had it renamed Jamshedpur as a whim.

The Editor's Deft Needling

He mentions the wife of another Viceroy, who had a state railway coach expensively redecorated to match her favorite color scheme. He asks why the English are so sensitive of Indian feelings that they refer to themselves as "Europeans" instead of white men. He casually brings up the Indian indignation over the "white road" and the "black road" over which refugees from Burma were segregated according to their complexions.

The editor does a skillful job of pricking minor sore points of the ruling power. Had he done it in an Axis-occupied country, he would have been in jail pronto.

You can live at Calcutta's best hotel in Asiatic luxury and go swimming at the best club, where Indians are not admitted, and hardly know there's a civil war on. You might not even hear about such a big thing as the sudden strike in India's largest industrial plant, the Tata Iron and Steel Works. It's located a couple of hundred miles from Calcutta in Bihar Province where "Europeans" have been slain.

On August 19th, the Tata management gave 42,000 workers a bonus equivalent to three months' wages. Almost overnight, the 42,000 quietly quit work. Fifteen thousand workers in other plants which depended upon Tata for electric power likewise became idle. Labor leaders said the strike would last until a national government of Indians was installed at New Delhi.

Tata, to put it mildly, is more important to India's war effort than U. S. Steel is to America's. Were the management and labor in cahoots to hijack the British Raj? If you expressed doubt that this was true, Indians smiled patronizingly at you. The strike was still going on when Prime Minister Churchill, in a public utterance, indicated there was little cause for alarm about India.

By luck, you get an inside account of how the Japs are putting their finger in the Indian pie. It's told you by a group of Indian journalists who typify the native intelligentsia. They let their shirttails hang out over their loin cloths, their mouths are stained crimson from betel nut, but they speak grammatical English.

"Of course, we listen to the Japanese wireless every night," says a middle-aged Bengali, peering over steel-rimmed spectacles at you. "We Indians may have an inferiority complex about the English, but the Japanese soothe us and flatter us. They promise us the moon and the stars. I, for one, do not believe them. Why change masters? But younger men of hotter blood are not so rational as I.

A Hard Job for Detectives

"India is an enormously large country. The CID (Criminal Investigation Department) is a handful of overworked men. All the thousands of Indian contacts made by Japanese in peacetime are hard to sort out from millions of cases of common or garden variety anti-British sedition. But those contacts are working for Japan now. Important work."

Other Bengalis furnish details. They claim that railway employees of high seniority, at Japanese bidding, are responsible for continual sabotage on key lines. Any vital message transmitted over government telegraphs is liable to reach enemy hands within twenty-four hours. Jap-coached labor leaders sap war industries by unexpected strikes. Secret military information is scientifically collected for the Japanese across the frontier in Burma.

The Bengalis say that if Indians gained decisive control of the government, the people would expect a separate peace with Japan. "Ninety per cent of the people who think are pro-Japanese."

They allege the Japanese are mustering an "Indian army" from Indian populations in the Far East and that it would fight for Japan under the illusion that it was fighting for India. Although Japanese propaganda describes plans for an army of two million, the Bengalis estimate it at two thousand.

All your informants are Hindus and Nationalists, except one who is a Nationalist and a baptized Christian. They emphasize that they consider Americans a race apart from the English, though they've heard of Jim Crow and Southern lynchings. Not all demonstrators, however, distinguish between American and English troops. Only the other day, two American Air Forces officers were stoned in their sedan while driving out of Calcutta. When the American Army dispatched a trainload of equipment across India recently, it sent along two officers and 40 enlisted men with tommy guns to make sure no native along the right of way had an uncontrollable impulse toward *Satyagraha.*

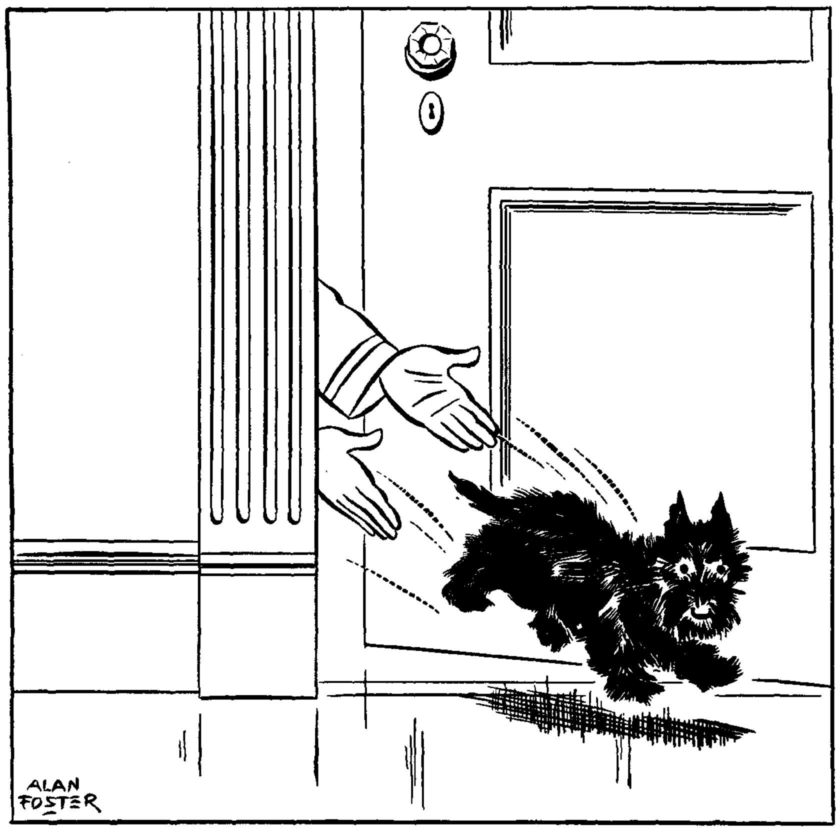
Returning to the Great Eastern and its ten-course dinner, from mulligatawny soup to goat's cheese, you team up with an American flier fresh out of a Wall Street law firm.

"I'm only a P-40 pilot on the way to China," he says, "and all I know about India is what the average college boy knows. Offhand, I'd favor giving India back to the Indians—if it were mine to give. But I've got a little personal bias in the matter. A P-40 uses a lot of gas, and most of the gas in China will have to come from India. I'd be pretty irritated if I couldn't get off the ground at Kweilin or Hengyang next week because my gas supply has been sabotaged here.

"Regardless of who's right and who's wrong in this civil war, I'm assigned to fight in another kind of war," the ex-pride of Harvard Law School declares. "When I'm sticking my neck out, all I ask from everybody is co-operation."

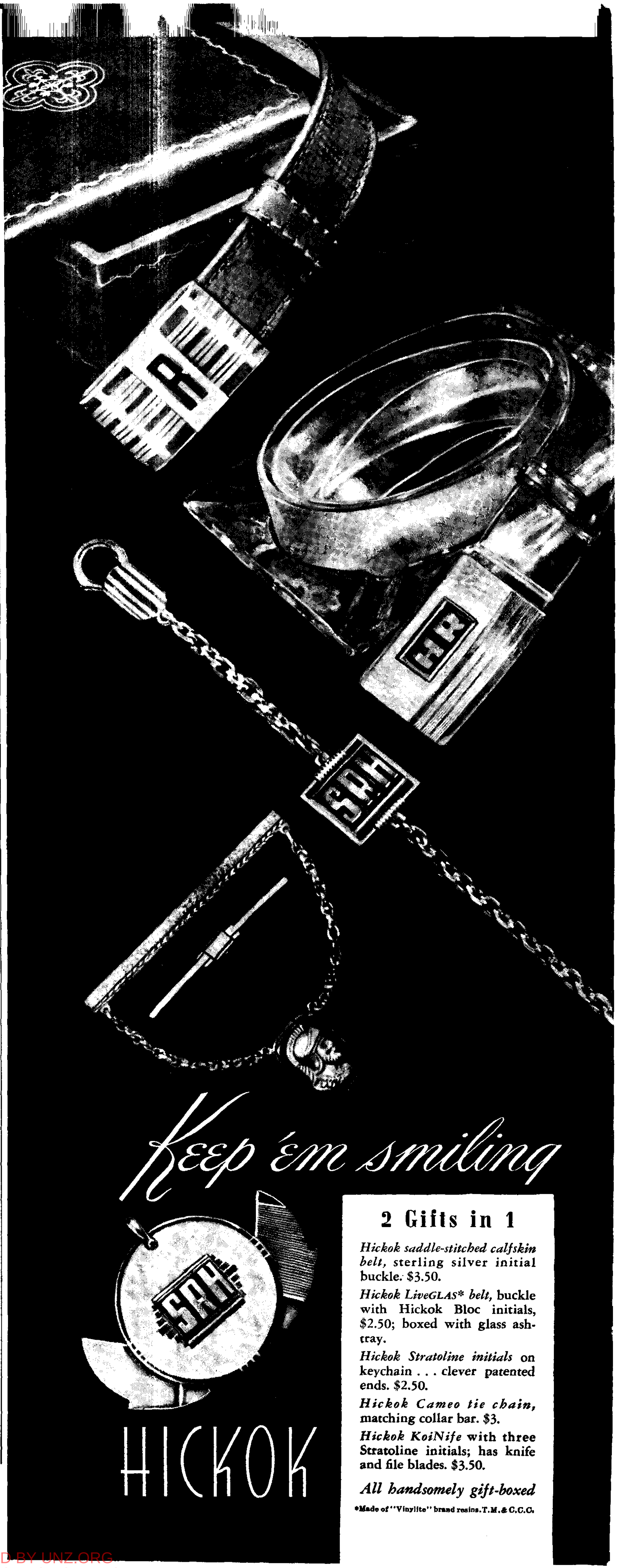
THE END

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by **ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S

"I rarely attend Cabinet meetings"



2 Gifts in 1

Hickok saddle-stitched calfskin belt, sterling silver initial buckle. $3.50.

Hickok LiveGLAS belt,* buckle with Hickok Bloc initials, $2.50; boxed with glass ash-tray.

Hickok Stratoline initials on keychain . . . clever patented ends. $2.50.

Hickok Cameo tie chain, matching collar bar. $3.

Hickok KoiNife with three Stratoline initials; has knife and file blades. $3.50.

All handsomely gift-boxed

*Made of "Vinylite" brand resins. T.M. & C.C.C.

The Telephone Rang All the Time

Continued from page 22

Alice followed Jane upstairs to her room after dinner. Alice was three years younger and her curiosity was uninhibited. "What cooks?" she demanded.

"Nothing," Jane said. "It just seemed too bad that father couldn't ask Jim out here any more, so I told Father I didn't mind."

"There must be more to it than that," Alice said. "What about Alan?"

"Jim isn't coming to see me. He's coming to see Father."

Alice raised her eyebrows. "I know you," she said. "It's perfectly obvious what you're doing."

"What am I doing?"

"Trying to get Jim back," Alice said.

The telephone in the hall downstairs rang and for once Alice went to answer it. "It's Mrs. Dudley Walker," she shouted up the stair well. "You're to drive two officers to the South Norwalk station."

When Jane got home after delivering the two officers the family had scattered.

She went into the library, where there was a radio and a phonograph and a collection of records. She spent the rest of the evening playing tunes that she and Jim had danced to through that golden fall more than a year ago.

SHE came down to breakfast late the next morning and went into the kitchen to find coffee. She sat down at the kitchen table so she could talk to Bessie—the big, wise colored woman who had been in that kitchen ever since Jane could remember.

"Where is everybody?" Jane asked.

"Your father, he's gone to the factory. Your mother, she went to the Red Cross and your sister Phyllis go with her. I don't know where Alice is."

"Is father coming home for lunch?"

"Yes," Bessie said. "We're havin' pretty special lunch for Mr. Jim Renshaw."

Bessie moved about the kitchen in her slow, efficient fashion. "You goin' take up with him again?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not," Jane said. "I don't think he likes me any more."

"It ain't up to him," Bessie said. "If you want him to like you he goin' to. He cain't help himself."

Jane felt comforted. Bessie had her own kind of sophistication and she spoke as if she knew.

"I wasn't very nice to him," Jane said.

Bessie's face was bland as she spoke. "*You tellin'* me," she said. "Some day you goin' get what for."

Jane went upstairs and combed her hair and found a sweater and skirt. Her hair was a chestnut wave hanging almost to her shoulders. She thought her hair was her best feature but her eyes were pretty good and her legs were perfect. She put a shabby old trench coat over everything else and decided the effect was just right—slightly swanky in its carelessness.

It was snowing, so she had to use the windshield wiper as she drove to the station. She got out and stood on the platform knowing that the snowflakes were glistening in her hair when the train came in. She saw Jim walking toward her, looking a little tired, but as tall and lean and homely in a nice way as she'd remembered him. He was the only man she'd ever been truly in love with.

"Hello, Jane," he said.

Jane held out her hand and when he took it she raised her eyes to his and gave him that limpid look that had served her so well in the past.

"Hello—Jim," she said huskily.

It was his cue to take her in his arms. But he didn't. He picked up his bag in a matter-of-fact way and put it in the back of the station wagon.

Jane waited for him to begin as she drove toward the village.

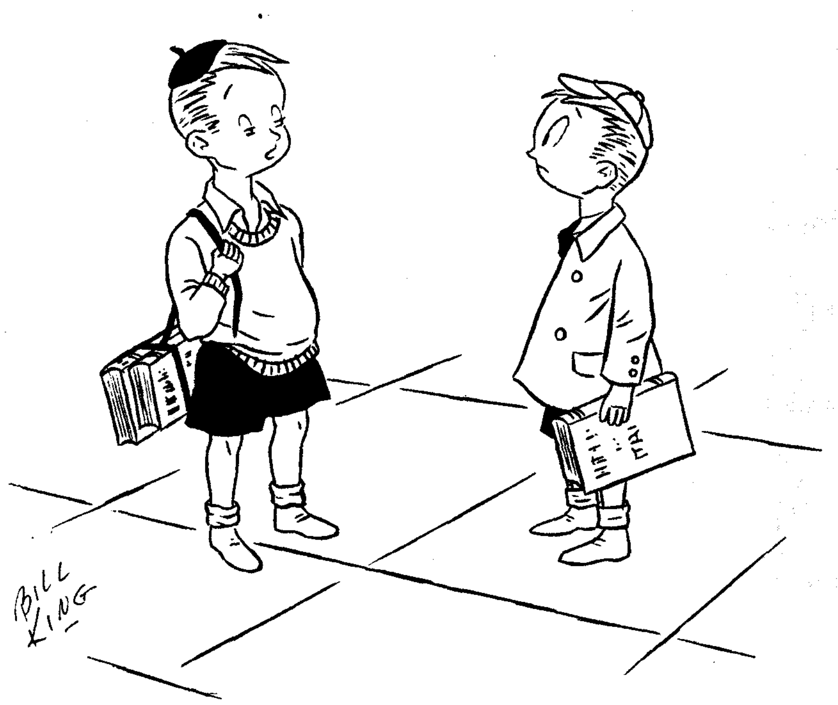
"How come?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "Father told me how much he missed seeing you. After all—just because we thought we were in love and quarreled when we found out we weren't is no reason why we should keep him from seeing you."

"There you go," Jim said.

"I don't know what you mean," Jane said.

"Yes you do. You know we didn't quarrel because we found out we weren't *in love*. That's just your fancy way of putting it—so it sounds true when it isn't."



"The old man's trying for a Navy commission. I've got to go home and help him bone up on his arithmetic"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

"Why do you think we quarreled?" Jane asked.

"Let's not," Jim said.

"I certainly thought you didn't love me when you left and never came back. You threw me down."

"You *haven't* changed," Jim said. "You still twist the facts so they'll make you look better."

JANE kept her eyes straight ahead. "I'm not that kind of person," she said. "I never was. That's just your stupid male superiority."

"You know why we quarreled."

"We quarreled about everything before we got through."

Jim grinned. "Yes," he said. "But you know what the real trouble was. I told you I wished you'd quit trying to slide out of everything and occasionally honestly admit you were wrong instead of—"

"We quarreled because you tried to make me admit you were morally superior," Jane said. "You're the kind of man—" she went on and remembered. "In another minute we'll be saying unpleasant things to each other and I promised father I wouldn't. There's a dance tonight. Shall I get you a blind date?"

"No," Jim said. "I can imagine what kind of blind date you'd pick out for me. You go and play while I talk to your father."

"The *only* thing that would satisfy Father would be for us to go to the dance together."

"I'm here to please your father. I can take it."

JANE drove on home, wondering how she would explain to Alan. The telephone rang as she and Jim went into the hall. Jane answered it.

"Jane dear," Alan said, "I'm stuck here in New York till six o'clock or later but I'll catch the first train I can."

"Listen," she said, "I'm in a jam. An old friend of father's has turned up and I'm honor bound to make his week end as pleasant as I can. Father will expect me to take him to the dance."

Alan didn't answer immediately. Jane could picture him at his desk. He was a distinguished-looking man of forty, with cultivated manners. He had been an assistant professor of physics until the Navy had commandeered him for some hush-hush job.

"You understand, don't you?" Jane said.

"I'm afraid I don't," Alan said. "After all we had a date."

"But, Alan—I'll explain when I see you."

"I'm sure you will," Alan said. "I've never known anything you couldn't explain."

"Oh, Alan," she said. "That's so unfair. I'll see you at the dance, won't I?"

"Yes," Alan said, "you will."

Jane felt, as she hung up, that he might have added, "whether you want to or not," but Alan was too kind to say it. She saw Jim grinning at her in a perfectly maddening way.

"What's funny?" Jane asked.

"You," he said. "That conversation was so typically Jane."

"Did I say anything that wasn't true?"

"Possibly not," Jim said. "That's where you're clever. You use the facts to create a wholly false impression instead of telling the simple truth."

"What is the truth?"

"I don't know," Jim said. "But I'm beginning to have a hunch. I think you're in some kind of trouble and you've got me here to help you out of it."

Jane was glad to hear her father coming in.

Lunch was jolly and the family scattered quickly afterward, so she was alone with Jim. She went into the library with him. "What would you like to do this afternoon?" she asked.

He looked at the big sofa in front of the fireplace. "Sleep," he said. "If you'll run along I'll shut the door."

The telephone rang. Mrs. Dudley Walker asked if she could meet four officers at the Bridgeport station and drive them to Danbury. Jane thought it wouldn't be any worse than sitting around home waiting for Jim to wake up and besides it was her job. So she said she'd go. It was nearly dinnertime when she got back. She opened the library door softly. Jim was asleep.

He woke up when her father came home. The two of them talked gun turrets all through dinner and went back to the library afterward. Jane's mother had a meeting. Phyllis went off with a carful of people to a party in Wilton. Alice disappeared. Jane sat and waited for Jim. It was ten o'clock when they started for the dance and Jim talked gun turrets all the way. He was pleased that her father wanted him to go out to Ohio and help redesign the turret. He was planning to leave in a few days.

JANE had the first dance with Jim. They couldn't help dancing well together. But Jane knew he wasn't yielding to her. She saw Alan on the edge of the dance floor. She had to introduce Jim and then she had to dance with Alan.

"Your Mr. Renshaw looks a bit young to be your father's old, old friend," Alan said as they danced.

"I didn't mean he was old," Jane said. "I meant he was an old friend. He used to work for father. Now he's on Long Island. But father's plant makes part of the gun turrets, and Jim is in charge of the assembly."

"How long is he going to be here?" Alan asked.

"He's going back to New York tomorrow night."

"Very well," Alan said. "I'll call you up tomorrow night. I want to have a serious talk with you."

Alan and Jim both disappeared for hours after that while Jane danced with men in uniform she had never seen before and never expected to see again. She was glad when the dance was over. She wanted to go home with Jim and sit in front of the library fire. She'd play Remember September on the phonograph and Jim would remember her. But Doris Walker insisted it was only one o'clock and everybody must go to her house. Jane looked at Jim. He nodded. She had to go to Doris'. Alan said he was going home. He said again he'd call her up Sunday night.

The party turned into what Jane would once have thought a beautiful brawl. It was three o'clock before she could suggest going home.

"I can see you're tired," Jim said.

"I'm not," Jane said. "I'm just bored."

Doris tried to keep them. She said they were going to have scrambled eggs and things. But Jane was firm.

"You drive," she said to Jim, when they got outdoors.

It was close to zero. The station wagon was icy inside and the heater was

(Continued on page 57)

Throat Irritated?
SPUD IMPERIAL
SPUD IMPERIAL

CHANGE TO SPUDS

...And Enjoy their Soothing Coolness!

NOW...YOUR CHOICE OF TIPS...NO EXTRA COST!

Plain ends in the silver pack—cork tips in the gold pack. Spuds cost you no more than other popular brands.

WHENEVER smoking begins to "tell" on your throat—when colds, sore throat or hoarseness warn you to "take it easy"—that's when it's time to switch to Spud Imperials! Smokers everywhere are finding that Spuds give their throats a cool, refreshing change, at times when they could not enjoy ordinary cigarettes at all. For the new Spud Imperials offer this combination of advantages:

First, Spuds are made of fine selected vintage tobaccos—blended to perfection. Second, Spuds are 20% longer, to give you a cooler, cleaner smoke, with more of the harsh irritants filtered out. Third, Spuds contain a special moisture-retaining agent that does not produce acrolein—an irritating gas usually present in cigarette smoke. And fourth, Spuds are a *mildly* mentholated cigarette—made by an exclusive process that distributes cooling menthol *evenly* throughout the cigarette.

So *try* Spuds . . . whenever your throat needs a rest or your taste wants a change. Spuds now come either cork tipped or plain, at the same price as other popular brands. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., "House of Tradition," Louisville, Ky.

SPUD
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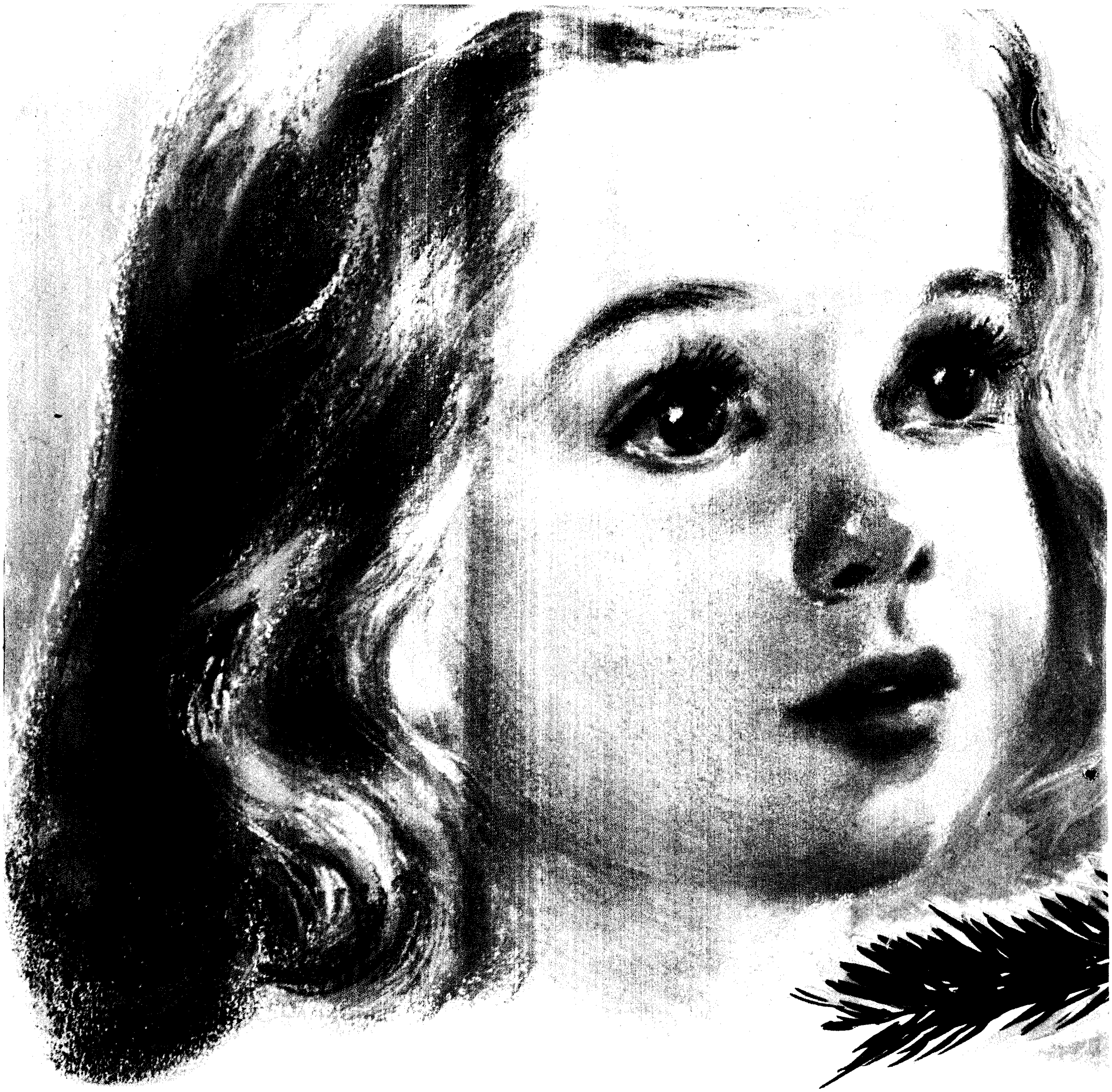

The Light no war will ever dim!

Christmas is a light.

. . . a candle burning in a window.

. . . the gleam of a star on a tree.

. . . the light in the eyes of a child on Christmas morning.

But Christmas is more than these. Christmas is a light within.

This light shines brightest in the face of a child — but it glows *deepest* in the hearts of a father and a mother who watch the child at play.

For the light that we know in our hearts at Christmas time does not belong to Christmas alone, or to children alone.

It glows in the heart of every man in the armed forces of the United States who stands ready to give the greatest of all gifts — himself.

It shines in the heart of the worker who — through the long day, the holiday pleasures given up — gives his skill, with industry's strength, for freedom's sake.

And, in the hearts of those who gather scrap, use less sugar and coffee and tea and meat, walk to save gasoline and tires, and keep on buying *one more* U. S. War Bond.

The things we give, and give up, today as Americans, are gifts of freedom and liberty and opportunity to all the world tomorrow.

Although we have seen the lights go out, one by one, in many of the cities of the world, this light still burns, inextinguishably, in the heart of every American.

And while it burns, in true devotion to a cause, a faith, a loyalty, we may be sure that one day we shall see the lights come on again, one by one, over all the world.

• • •

In past years General Electric has manufactured many gifts for Santa's pack — gifts that kept on giving in terms of the comforts and conveniences that modern electrical servants bring into a home. This year we are manufacturing the tools that America is using to bring liberty and freedom to men of hope and good-will everywhere.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GFD 952-355

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALL AMERICA KNOWS BUDWEISER ...BUT FEW KNOW THIS

...To Help a Child's Dream Come True

A candy castle... snowdrifts of marshmallow! What youngster hasn't seen them in his dreams?

To the great candy industry of America, corn syrup is a necessary ingredient. Used in other foods as well as candy, it contributes much to the energy and nutrition of the nation. Many millions of pounds of corn syrup are produced each year by Anheuser-Busch for manufacturers of many essential products. Our Corn Products Division is an industry in itself.

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentology and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

VITAMINS, B COMPLEX—Anheuser-Busch is one of the world's biggest sources of natural B Complex vitamins for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products.

VITAMIN D—Formerly America depended upon Norway and Japan for fish oils rich in Vitamin D. Today we produce from yeast enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

VITAMINS FOR LIVESTOCK—Anheuser-Busch is the biggest supplier of yeast vitamins to fortify animal feeds, thus improving the quality and propagation of cattle and poultry.

SYRUPS—(*for food—for medicine*)—In addition to fine table and confectionery syrups, Anheuser-Busch produces special syrups used as a basis for medicines.

STARCH—Thousands of food industries all over America choose Anheuser-Busch pure food corn starch for their products—millions of pounds each year. We also supply starch to the textile, paper and many other industries.

FRESHER FOODS—Retailers of frozen foods and ice cream the country over have equipment manufactured until recently by our Refrigeration Division. Today, however, this division is working all out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our armed forces.

BREAD—Anheuser-Busch is one of America's biggest suppliers of baker's standard and enriched yeasts and malt syrup to make bread.

DIESEL ENGINES—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider assemblies, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of:

Baby Foods • Bakery Products • Confections • Yeasted Peanut Butter • Packaged Foods • Ice Cream • Soda Fountain Syrups • Hospital Diets • Vitamin Preparations • Food Starches • Tonics • Medicines • Animal Feeds • Batteries • Rubber • Paper • Soap • Machine Parts • Inks • Gums • Glues • Textiles • Adhesives • Flashlights • Carpets • Twine

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no help until the motor warmed up. But she was alone with Jim at last. They'd have food together in the kitchen, the way they always did after dances when they were in love. And he'd want to take her in his arms.

They walked through the garage into the kitchen. They stood with their backs to the range getting warm.

"Do we eat?" Jim asked.

"There's cold steak," Jane said. "You used to like cold steak."

"Yes," Jim said, and covered a yawn.

Jane got the plate of steak and the milk and the butter out of the icebox; she sliced bread and got madder and madder.

"You didn't used to be a bore," she said. "You were amusing."

"You mistook my interest in you for wit. And I'm still curious about you, Jane. How serious are you about the new boy friend?"

"Alan and I are going to be married," Jane said.

"What!" Jim said. He grinned at her. "So that's the trouble you're in. How are your father and mother taking it?"

"They don't know about it yet—it only happened a week or so ago—in New York. It was quite sudden."

"I'll bet it was. However did you rope in a man like that?"

"Alan is the finest man I've ever known," Jane said.

"I wouldn't wonder. He seemed like a nice guy to me. But I would have thought he was old enough to know better."

"Alan is exactly seventeen years older than I am," Jane said.

Jim finished his steak and helped her put everything away.

Jane knew when she went to bed that she'd never go to sleep. She'd never tried to interest a man before and failed. She wanted to cry. The next thing she knew the sun was in her eyes. She blinked and turned away from the light and saw Bessie's face in the doorway.

"You want coffee?"

"What time is it?"

"Most noon."

"Oh, please, Bessie," Jane said. "Bring me coffee and take some to Mr. Renshaw."

"He's up. He's talkin' to your father."

Jim and her father talked all afternoon and came out of the library only when Sunday-night supper was served. It was half past eight when Jane's father and mother went out to make a call. Phyllis left five minutes later. Jane went into the library with Jim. She had about forty minutes before she'd have to take him to the train for New York. And he was going to Ohio for the duration. She would never see him again. And Alan might call up any minute. She could stall him but Jim would hear her doing it.

HE PUT a stick of wood on the fire and they sat on the sofa watching the little flames appear along the edges of the wood.

"Tell me how you got engaged to Alan," Jim said.

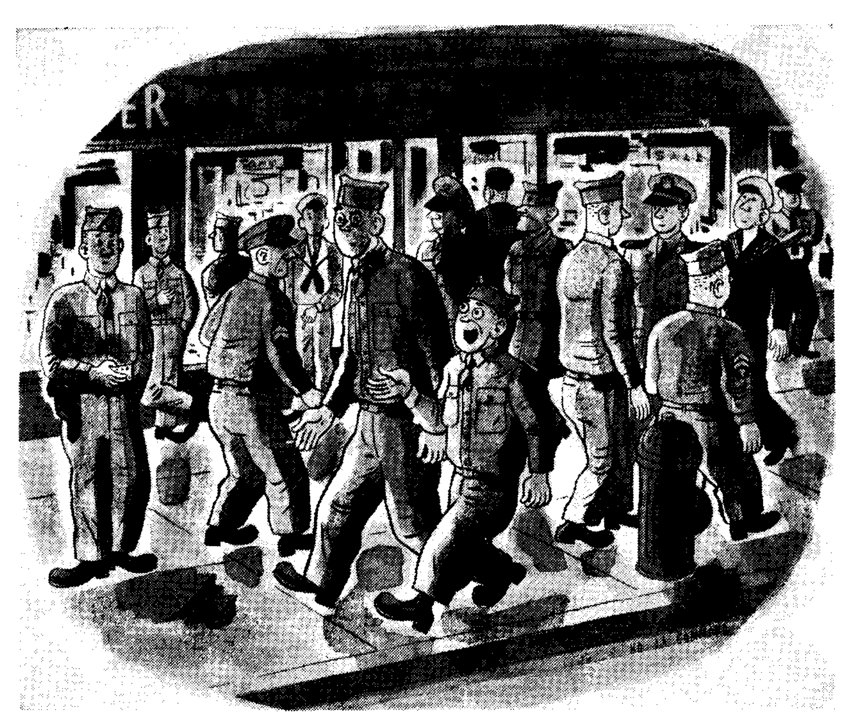
"How does anybody get engaged?"

"It's no problem to you. You're ever so pretty and attractive and you're a natural flirt. And when a man begins to fall for you, you know how to show him the deeper side of your nature—the strong sense of responsibility you haven't got."

"You have a gift for insult," Jane said. She wished she could kill him. She wished he'd take her in his arms and tell her he loved her.

"Why did you pick on a college professor?"

"I like things you don't understand, Jim. Courtesy and kindness and good manners and—"



"I always come into town on week ends—just for a change"

COLLIER'S CORP. S. LANDI

The telephone rang and she was terribly afraid it was Alan. It wasn't. The superintendent of her father's plant was on the wire. Jane promised to ask her father to call back when he came home. She couldn't bear to have Alan call while Jim was there. She put a book under the receiver so the telephone couldn't ring again, and went back to the sofa. She had less than half an hour by the clock on the mantel.

"I'm mystified," Jim said. "Aside from being so much older he isn't your type."

"No third person ever understands why two people fall in love," Jane said.

SHE heard Alice coming downstairs. Alice stuck her head in the door. "I'm sorry to intrude," she said. "But I need a pencil."

She got the pencil and started back. She stopped halfway down the hall and called out, "You left the receiver up."

"You fix it, darling," Jane said.

She heard Alice go on upstairs.

"But you aren't in love with the man," Jim said.

"No," Jane said, "I'm not."

That startled him. He sat up and looked at her. "I like that," he said. "It sounds like the girl you could be if you only wanted to. It's honest."

Jane had the panicky feeling that she was going to cry because he'd praised her. And then the telephone rang.

Mrs. Dudley Walker wanted to know if Jane could pick up two officers on the way to the 9:42. Jane said she couldn't. Mrs. Dudley Walker asked if Jane wasn't going to the 9:42. Jane said she was and hung up on Mrs. Walker. She didn't dare put the book under the receiver again. Alice was sure to find another excuse for running downstairs and she'd see it.

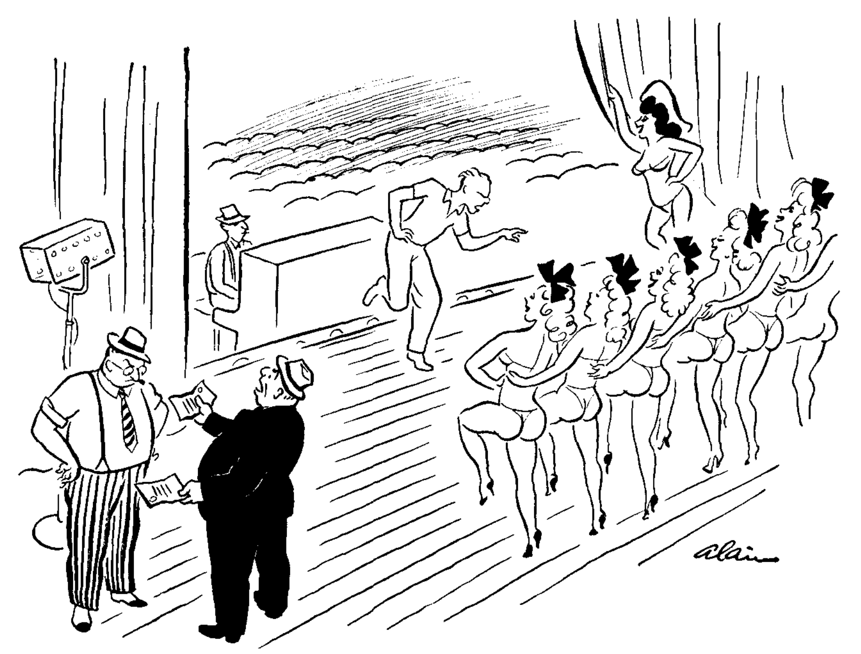
"Why did you do it?" Jim asked, when she went back to the sofa.

"I don't know why," Jane said.

"I can guess," Jim said. "There seems to come a time in the life of every girl who's found she's attractive when she wonders if she could catch an older man. You had to try. And now you don't want to be honest with him."

"I don't like telling him I can't marry him."

"So you hornswoggled your father into getting me out here. You thought you'd start something and when Alan complained about it you'd pick a quarrel with him and you'd never have to tell him—"



"An order from OPA to reduce materials in costumes, and another warning from the censor!"

COLLIER'S D. ALAIN

"Stop," Jane said. It was hard to keep the tears back and she had to keep them back or Jim would think she was using them to get his sympathy. "You're being just as mean and nasty as you were a year ago. You're cruel. I despise you. I don't care if Father never sees you again. I won't try to be friends with you. I hate you. I think you're—"

The telephone rang again. It would be Alan calling, Jane thought, and she couldn't bear it. She ran out into the hall and grabbed the phone and yanked the cord loose from the box and went back into the library, the cord trailing behind her.

Jim was standing up. "What did you do that for?" he asked.

Jane looked at him and knew that she had lost. He thought she wasn't on the square and she had no way to prove that she was.

"You'd better get your coat and things," she said. "We've just time to make the train."

The doorbell rang.

"That will be Alan," Jane said.

"Don't look so stricken," Jim said. "The guy wants to believe you, so he will."

Jane turned and started down the hall. She hated facing Alan. She couldn't bear to tell him the truth. It would be too awful.

"Jane," Alan said, when she opened the door. "Has he gone?"

"No," Jane said.

"It doesn't matter," Alan said. "I want to know what this means."

"I'm sorry, Alan," Jane said. "But you have a right to know. It means I'm a—a—something not very nice. I tried to make you fall for me. I don't know why. Maybe it was because you're an older man. And maybe it was because I was trying to forget—somebody else. But I haven't any excuse. I wasn't in love with you and I knew it and still I—I tried to make you think I was. I told you I was. I'm terribly ashamed, Alan, but that—that's the way it is."

"You're in love with Jim," he said.

"I'm sorry I told you that story about having to go to the dance with Jim because he was an old friend of Father's. I got him out here because I thought his being here would make it easier to break my engagement to you."

"I see," Alan said.

"But that isn't all of it," Jane went on. "The real reason I wanted Jim to come was—was that I'd been in love with him before and we quarreled—and I wanted him back."

ALAN looked at her. "You don't leave me much to say," he began. "I—I hope you'll be happy, Jane."

He turned and walked out of the door and Jane started back to the library.

She met Jim halfway. She saw that he had heard it all. She looked down and saw that she still had the telephone receiver in her right hand.

"I know I'm funny," she said. "Why don't you laugh?"

But he wasn't laughing. He was looking at her the way she'd wanted him to look at her. He put his arms around her.

Jane put her head on his shoulder.

"Will you forgive me for all those nasty cracks about your sliding out of things?" he asked. "Because after what you just said to Howland, they can't be true."

"They were, though," Jane said. "That's why they stung."

"I love you," Jim said, and all the hurt was gone.

THE END

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

The Story Thus Far:

SECRETLY in the pay of the Japanese, Gregory Cogswell, a noted news broadcaster, leaves his headquarters in Shanghai and goes to Manila. Before he sails, he employs a young American journalist—Nicholas ("Nick") Griggs—to carry on for him.

Bunshiro Yagi, a violently anti-American agent; Harold Makita, his aide; and Ernst Sperling, a German Nazi, soon come to the conclusion that Nick (a truthful reporter) must be eliminated. . . . Nick and a charming girl—Betty Gaspard, whose father, a Frenchman, loathes the Vichyites—are in love. A short time before Pearl Harbor is attacked, Betty's father is kidnaped by some of the enemies, taken to Saigon and imprisoned there.

Learning that her father is to be court-martialed, Betty decides to go to Saigon; and when Nick (ordered by Cogswell to report to him in Manila) takes a boat bound for the Philippines and Saigon, she accompanies him. But the boat does not touch at Manila—it goes straight to Saigon.

In the French Indo-Chinese city, Yagi and Makita (who have flown down) keep a close eye on Nick. Nevertheless, a few days after his arrival, he, Betty and her father (who, cleverly directed by his daughter, has escaped from prison) are on a ship bound for Singapore.

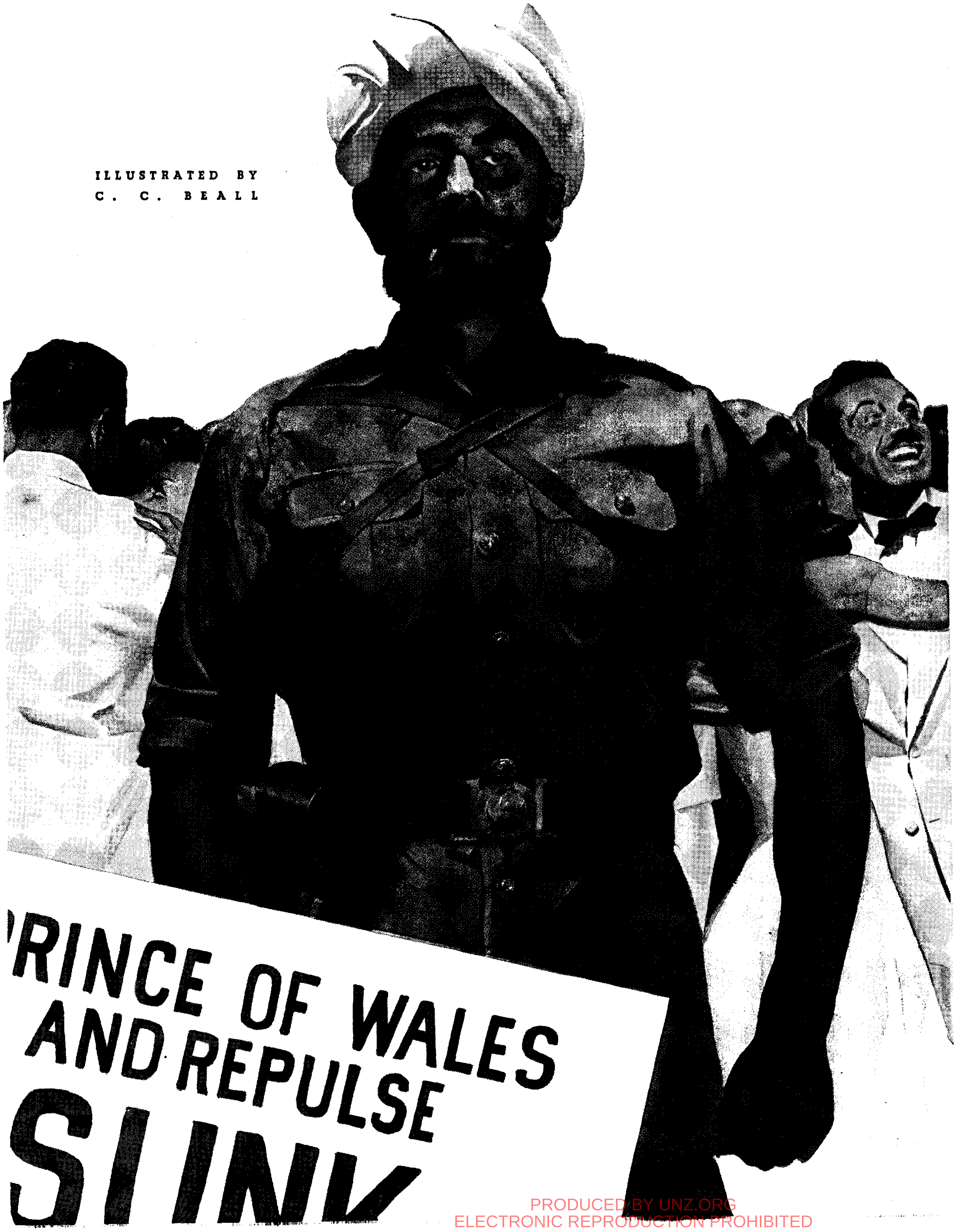
While they are still at sea, Pearl Harbor is bombed, and America declares war on Japan. As they are discussing the news, their ship is machine gunned by a Japanese plane, and Dixon—an English friend—is killed.

More shocks await them. Before the ship docks, at Singapore, Nick is arrested by the English authorities! Nick demands to know the nature of the charges against him. He is informed that Gregory Cogswell has cabled to Singapore and accused him of being a spy, in the pay of the Japanese.

The young American is taken ashore. The ship docks. Betty takes her father to a hotel. After which, learning that one of Nick's friends—Madame Manis Vooren—is in the city, she calls on her.

Madame Vooren is in love—or supposed to be in love—with Cogswell. She appears to be surprised when Betty tells her of Nick's arrest. They discuss the strange incident. After a time, Betty says, "You know that Nick is innocent. So, that makes Cogswell guilty."

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



Behind them in the ballroom, the dancers were still circling, the music was softer; more of the tables were occupied

VIII

MADAME VOOREN'S face became rigid with pain. Now the shadows surrounding her eyes were more pronounced. "I do not ask you to understand my situation," she said at last.

"I'm thinking only of Nick."

"Necessarily." Madame Vooren picked up a cigarette and had difficulty lighting it. "I know this American vice-consul, the one to whom you spoke."

"Tell him the truth," said Betty. "Tell him what you know. You can tell him."

"I don't know the truth," Madame Vooren said slowly. "You would not want another innocent man accused."

"I am not afraid of that," Betty said. Then her voice softened. "Madame Vooren, I have wounded you, when I don't want to. All the same, you will help. I know you will."

Madame Vooren said, "This little vice-consul, he is of no consequence. We must see the consul general. He and I are not strangers. We have been together on many occasions. Yes," she said wretchedly, "he and I and Gregory."

She dressed hastily, reaching almost blindly for her clothes. In Shanghai she had lied successfully to Sperling, in order to extricate Nick. Now, to help both Nick and Gregory, she must formulate another lie. She had always shrunk from deliberate deceptions. She began to talk feverishly, as though to prevent herself from thinking and Betty from speaking.

"Was I not fortunate to be able to charter a plane out of Shanghai?" she said. "There was no time to think or to pack more than a bag. Yes, it was deadly to remember the ones left behind but, after all, surely I can be of more use at home than trapped in Shanghai."

"Home?" said Betty.

"Java," said Madame Vooren. She paused. "All the years I shrank from thinking of Java as home were wiped out by the Japanese in less than a week."

Then she grew silent and they scarcely spoke until they were in the elevator at the Union Building, on their way to the consulate.

"If he isn't in yet?" Betty asked nervously.

"We'll wait," said Madame Vooren.

THE vice-consul whom Betty had seen earlier was visible at his desk. When he saw Madame Vooren, he jumped up to greet her.

"Is Mr. Cogswell with you?" he asked eagerly. Then he recognized Betty. He batted his eyes.

"In Mr. Cogswell's absence, I hope to speak for him," Madame Vooren said airily. "But to the consul general."

"He just got in," the young man said awkwardly.

The consul treated Madame Vooren like an old friend, a harassed one who had not slept for nights. He said anxiously: "What are you doing here, Manis? You've got to get out."

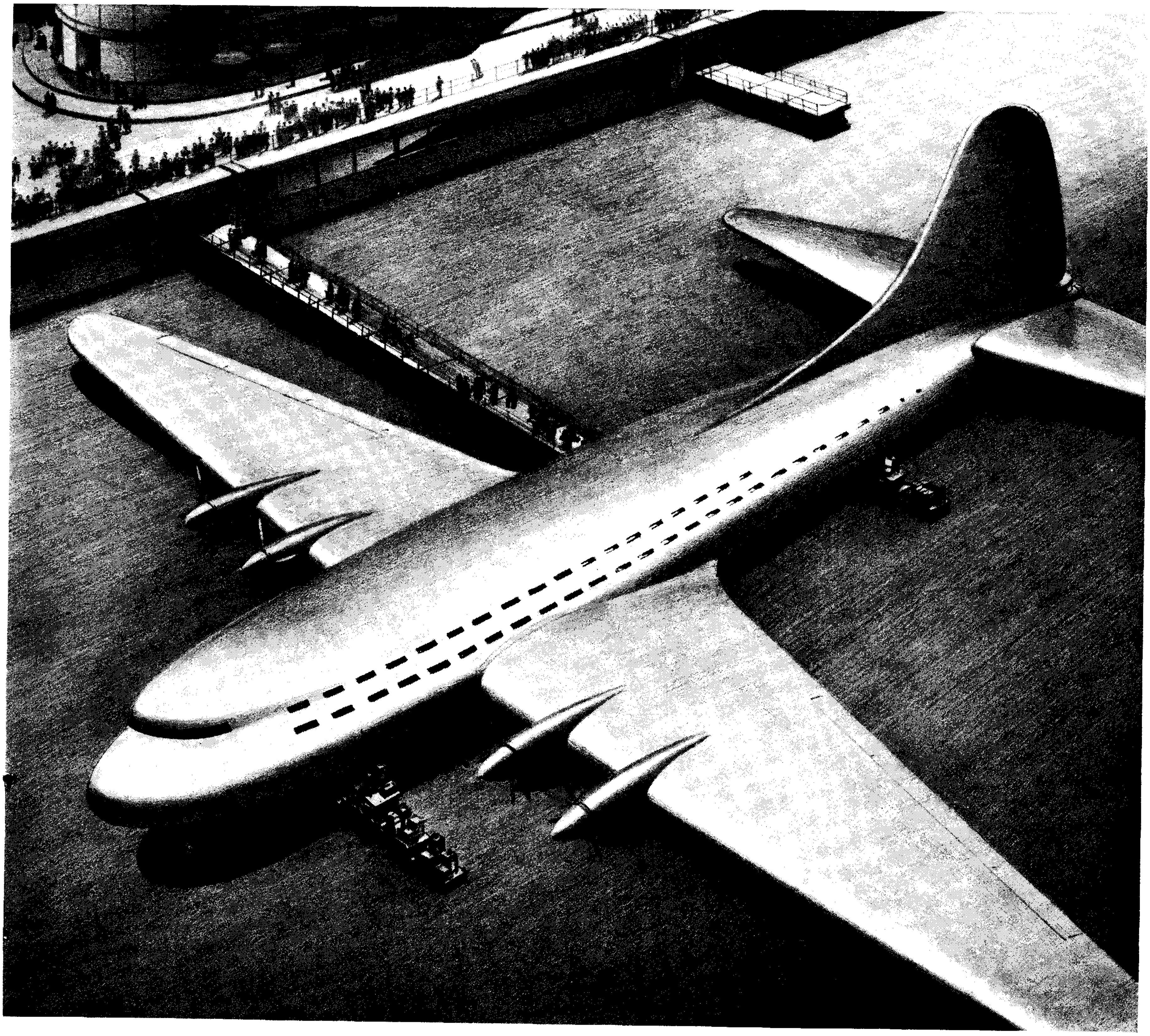
"I'm only on my way to Java," she said. "From Shanghai."

"Oh. I had an idea you were in Manila with Gregory."

"Forgive me," she said smoothly. "This is Miss Gaspard. Henri Gaspard's daughter. You know him, surely."

"And you should get out of here, too," he said to Betty. "Your father got out somehow, didn't he? I remember hearing about it." He added, in a bewildered voice, "Only a few days ago. It seems like a year."

(Continued on page 68)



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The Colonel's Choice

Continued from page 15

The fort commander showed the trace of a grin, since he knew as well as Crosby the flamboyant nature of General MacGregor, who wore scarlet neckpieces with his uniform, loved surprise and could never forget he had been called the "American Marshal Ney." The two exchanged glances of understanding, whereupon the fort commander said, "Good luck, Crosby," and rode back across the creek to the fort.

The camp had turned quiet, the fires were burning dull. Crosby brought his camp chair outside, ignited a second cigar and thoughtfully reviewed his orders. They were broad orders, given to him by General MacGregor on the instructions of the department commander at St. Louis, but neither of those men expected him to engage the Sioux; he was just a reliable herd boy, pressing the Indians north against MacGregor who would perform the magic and receive due applause for his skill. At the end of the campaign MacGregor would mention in his dispatches that "Colonel Crosby performed his mission with zeal."

Lige Croxton, the civilian guide, came out of the dark and squatted on his heels—a little man worn thin by his adventures, turned black by weather, turned taciturn by the frequent narrow chances of his life.

"Gen'ral," he said, "yo're to shove these Injuns at MacGregor. Whar's MacGregor to be?"

"On the Powder."

"Then," said Lige Croxton, "the trap will be plumb empty when MacGregor springs it. These Injuns are veerin' east, away from the Powder. You got yore pushin' fur nothin'." Having said it he rose and moved soundlessly away.

The colonel performed an operation upon his poorly burning cigar. He knew exactly what was expected of him but nevertheless his instructions were wide enough for anything he cared to do. Croxton had said the Sioux would never get themselves into MacGregor's trap, and the colonel trusted Croxton implicitly. Therefore, the campaign was a failure at this stage, barring a tactical diversion.

All along the weary sixteen-day march he had speculated upon such a diversion but, being a wholly honest officer who never thirsted for personal glory, he had stopped at speculation. Now with the campaign going bad, he reviewed the plan in his mind and considered the one officer he needed to carry it out. He looked upon his two majors and found them unfitted; they were both men accustomed to large command and would disobey him in little particulars. He considered his captains and rejected them for one reason or another—and came to Ormsby.

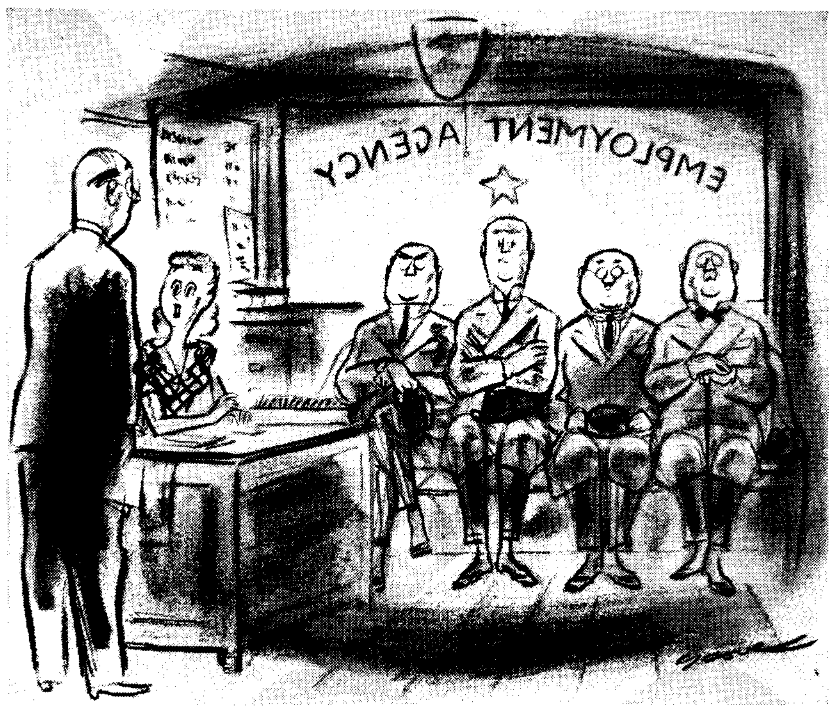
ORMSBY was untried, but Ormsby was a patient officer, a largely silent officer who nursed no dreams of greatness. This was as much as he knew about Ormsby, and could not know more until the young man had been subjected to the terrible pressures of command. That was, of course, the risk. The colonel sighed and spoke to his near-by adjutant. "Send Ormsby here," he said and went into his tent.

He was at his map when Ormsby and the adjutant arrived. He said to the adjutant, "Relieve Ormsby as guard officer. He leaves at daylight with the wagon train. Give him ten men each from F, K and L companies."

He ran his pencil along the map, drawing young Ormsby's attention. "We are here at Fort Tompkins. In the morning the command heads north to Chalk Buttes. It will then turn northeast, north of the buttes, and cross the broken land to the ford on Spotted Horse Creek, at this point. The wagons are holding me back. You will take them and go straight across-country to Spotted Horse Creek while I march the main command roundabout. You will meet me on the evening of the third day."

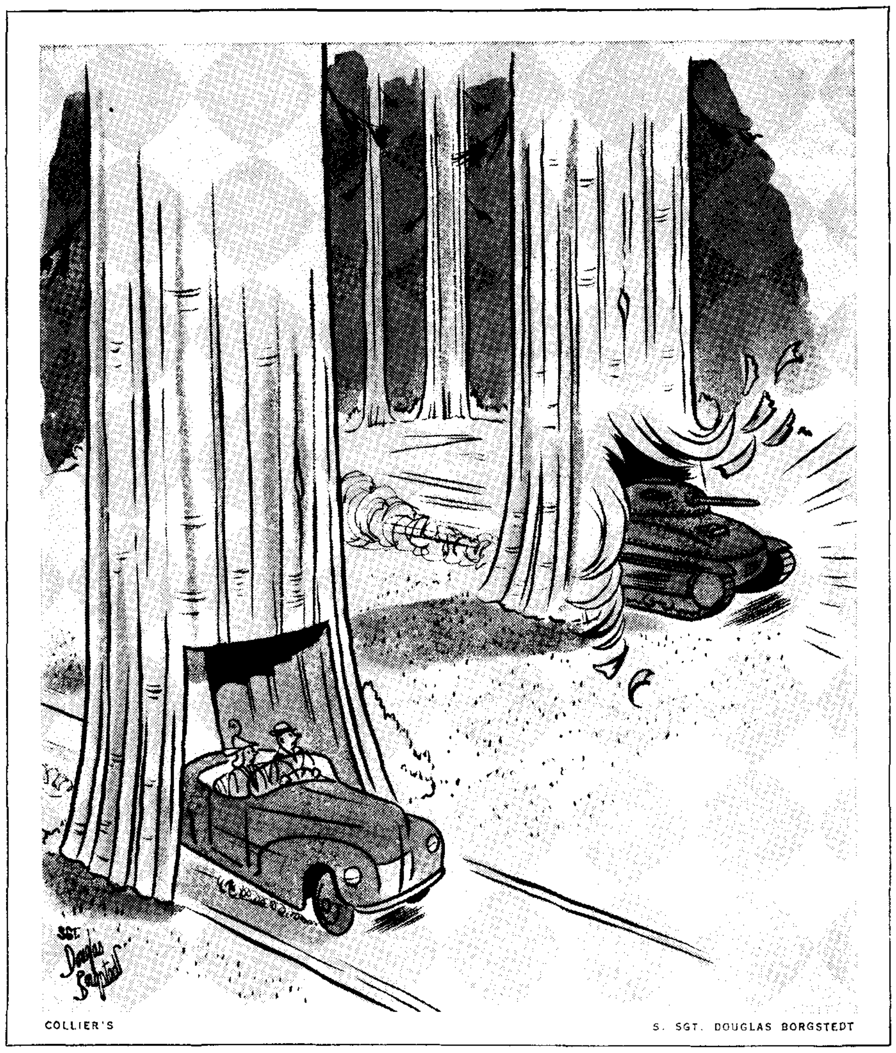
Ormsby bent nearer the map, his face solemn, sun-blistered and homely in thought. The adjutant was silent in the background.

"On the evening of the second day you will camp here," said the colonel, his pencil dotting the spot, "where Alkali Creek comes down the south slope of the buttes. Arrange the speed of your march so that you will be there. And I want you to



"They're employers—waiting for someone to come in looking for work!"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE



COLLIER'S S. SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

camp no other place on that evening."

Ormsby scanned the map, silently calculating his marches; the adjutant's face showed some wonder.

"The wagons will catch Sioux attention at once," said the colonel. "The thought of food and ammunition will incline them to attack. You will stand tight if attacked and fight from shelter of the wagons. Do not try to hurry on, and do not—unless your situation is extremely grave—turn back. That is all."

ORMSBY and the adjutant departed. The colonel sat before his map a considerable time, seeing all the country in terms of marching time, in terms of hills and draws and obstacles. Presently he went outside to smoke a new cigar. Allen and Kildeen came up, both having learned the orders from the adjutant.

"I hear Ormsby's taking the wagons away on a short cut," said Kildeen. "May I say he's both young and green for the responsibility?"

"I have found him steadfast in his duties," said the colonel.

"The wagon train," said Kildeen, "would be a rich prize for the Sioux. They will, of course, attack. Thirty men is an insufficient force for Ormsby, and it robs us of needed strength. The diversion seems unwise to us."

They were establishing their opinions for a purpose. If this venture failed and disaster occurred, there would, of course, be a board of inquiry—at which they could save their faces by pointing to their protest. Crosby said gently, "My orders are to push, make contact and engage. The wagon train slows us down."

Kildeen had a dry rejoinder: "I think our function is really to push. MacGregor will do the engaging. I cannot see this command—"

The colonel said, "Good night, gentlemen," and watched the two majors depart. They disliked him and they had no trust in him. He let the faint edge of a wind blow against him briefly, turned in and went to bed.

At noon Ormsby halted his command in the lee shade of a butte beside a creek whose water was only a wetness against bottom sands, and at one o'clock he went on. He had his flankers marching a half mile to either side of the column, sinking down into dry washes, scrambling up to sight again; he had two men half a mile to the rear and another three working ahead. Northward throughout the morning he saw the dust of the main column; by midafternoon the heat haze had begun to dim it, and when at six o'clock he gave the signal to pitch camp, all trace of the main command was gone.

The water detail went to the creek with the horses, and sundown arrived, and the world for half an hour was a whirling gray-blue, dying into darkness. Mess fires burned briefly, the guards went out, and from his blanket on the earth Ormsby listened to the sleepy grumbling of the men fall away; in the silence his own responsibility came hard upon him.

Thirty men was a small escort in a land swarming with Sioux and he would have doubted the wisdom of this detail except for the colonel's forty years of campaigning. The colonel was a quiet man whose whole life had been spent in action—and his reputation was one of reliability and wisdom.

Around two in the morning Ormsby slept a little, but was up before day. The Sioux liked to make their attacks at dawn.

None came and presently the column was in motion, moving toward the brassy blast of sunlight. Ormsby sent out a patrol under the senior sergeant; two hours later the sergeant came gravely back. "Country's full of tracks. They circled our camp last night. They smell honey." The dust smoke of the main command was no longer to be seen in the northwest, the blur of Fort Tompkins long since had faded; these wagons and thirty men were a lonely core of life on the broken yellow plain. The second night's camp spot—as indicated by the colonel—was not far away and therefore, the

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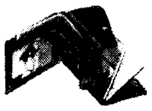

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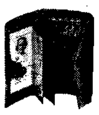

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lieutenant gave his command a long noon rest, meanwhile wondering why his orders had been so specific on that subject.

The black broken shadow of hills lay northward as they moved forward. The lieutenant scanned those hills and had his increased worries, knowing if attack came it would spill from that direction. They had, meanwhile, begun to cut fresh Indian tracks on the loose soil and the flankers were traveling more cautiously through the broken gullies to either side. Ormsby moved forward with the sergeant upon the signal of the point man half a mile ahead. When he reached that spot he saw the broad, churned-up strip of tracks cutting across the trail.

"Big bunch," said the sergeant. "They're up in those hills now, watchin' us."

Ormsby returned to his horse and rode thoughtfully on. Everything pointed to an attack by heavy numbers, in which case he would be forced to throw his wagons into a square and stand fast. His orders were to push on to the rendezvous, not to turn back to Fort Tompkins except under gravest emergency. He thought of dispatching a messenger to the fort for help but realized it was too thin a chance for the messenger. The weight of responsibility was suddenly a bone-crushing burden and he got to wondering what the colonel would do in a like situation. . . .

The day slid downhill, and the heat and dust grew greater until thirst became a pain instead of a simple annoyance. They crossed more and more fresh Sioux trails, all sweeping out of the south to the northern hills; and when about four o'clock Ormsby reached the second night's camp spot ordered by the colonel —where Alkali Creek came down a long grade from the hills—he realized he was in for trouble.

He halted the command and had an immediate dislike for the spot as a camp site. To his right and front and rear was level ground; to his left was a series of eroded ravines and, beyond them, the mass of Chalk Buttes. The Sioux would slide into those ravines, under cover of darkness, and strike from them at daylight. There was, he noticed, a butte three hours' march ahead which would form a good wall on one side, reducing his command's total exposure; he considered it and he turned his orders over in his head again and carefully examined them. The most he could make out of them was the colonel's statement—*emphatic and unmistakable*—that he should camp here by the creek. . . .

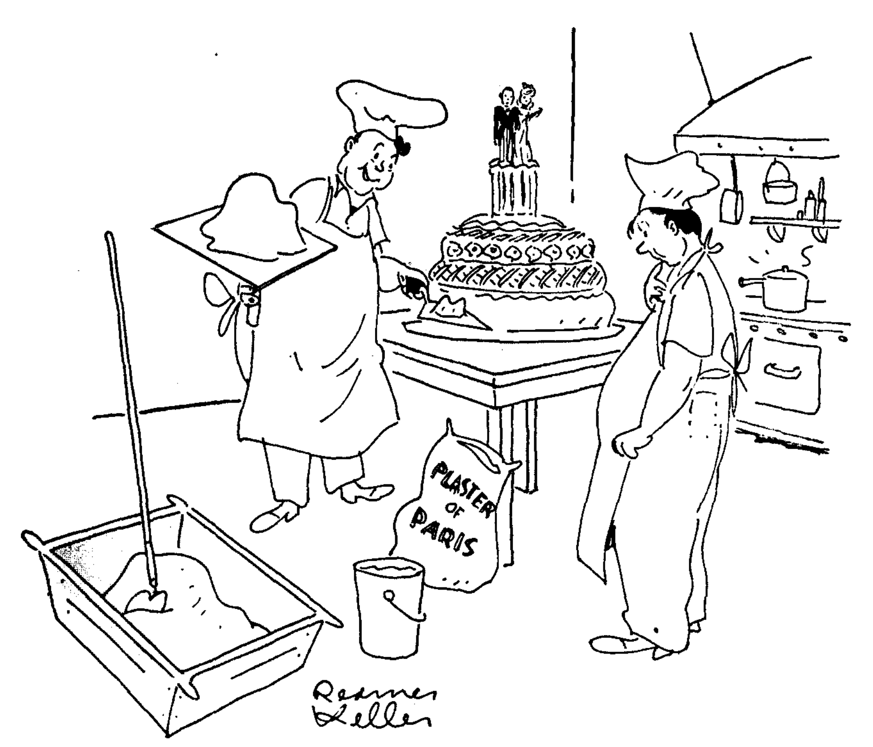
AT FOUR o'clock of the first day out of Fort Tompkins, the colonel looked back to catch one final view of Ormsby's command as it dropped at last behind the haze; and with that disappearance, the colonel's mind felt a heavier concern. He camped the command at dusk, twenty miles north of his starting point at the eastern base of the Chalk Buttes, those same hills Ormsby now skirted in the south; he had his supper and his cigar and watched the mess fires bloom in the dark and later grow dim as the weary men settled soon to rest. The civilian guide came up with the adjutant, and Majors Allen and Kildeen joined the group.

"Gen'ral," said the guide—who called every officer a general from his own acid sense of equality—"we got sign enough around here fur a swarmin'. I guess I wouldn't like to be the young feller with the wagon train. He is goin' to get dusted."

"I'd say," stated Major Kildeen, "Ormsby is marching toward a very tragic sort of glory."

"Good night, gentlemen," said the colonel. He rolled into his blankets and adjusted the saddle to his head and lay back with a full view of heaven's bright stars bedded in their velvet black. The Sioux were tricky fighters—and they always suspected trickery in others. They would have watched these two columns march away from each other all during the day; but they would not hit Ormsby that night or the next dawn, for fear of the big column rolling back under darkness to trap them. They would watch all the second day; and on the third morning they would strike Ormsby. This was his judgment.

THE threat of it would be hard on Ormsby and it was possible he would crack and retreat to Tompkins; or perhaps refuse the camp spot marked out by his orders, or make a forced march by dark to leave the risk of the near-by hills behind him. There was no telling what a young officer would do until he had been through the fire and ordeal of command. But Crosby looked back through his own years to his youth and remembered that at such a time he had clung to the simple letter of his instructions and thereby had begun the thing which had lasted him forty years—taking fidelity for his part and leaving audacity to others. That was why he had picked Ormsby.



COLLIER'S "It saves sugar—nobody ever eats down this far" REAMER KELLER

"I trust I'm right," he said somewhat grimly to himself and fell asleep.

By morning the column swung out, gradually veering to the right until at noon they were traveling due east on the north side of the hill. Kildeen and Allen were perplexed, the adjutant bore his curiosity in silence. Somewhere around three o'clock the colonel would have gladly surrendered a grade of rank if he could have sent scouts over the hill to have a look at the plain beyond for sight of Ormsby in the south, but he forbore, knowing the Sioux would still be watching for a trick.

Around five o'clock he halted and watched the command settle for the night and at dusk he rolled himself in his blankets again like a weary man prepared for long rest, but lay wide awake, considering the Sioux and their cleverness. At the end of two days they would still be suspicious, but the greed for the wagons and the fat contents would have been eating in their hearts; they would hit Ormsby the coming dawn, no longer able to resist the prize. That is, he solemnly and irritably added, if they had not struck the young officer the morning before. There was that uncertainty in every plan, that corrosive worry which brought its age and its terrible moments. He searched for a cigar and he held it lightless in his mouth and at ten o'clock, hearing the guards change, he rose and softly summoned the adjutant.

"Night march," he said, and stood back while the command came out of its drugged slumber and moved slowly toward the dreary chore of assembly. There was suddenly a sense of haste in the colonel and a growing anxiety that strained on his temper. Kildeen stood idly by and suddenly Crosby let go at the major: "See to it your men shake up. And be quick about it!" Kildeen went off with his silent affront, and the colonel rose to his saddle and rode along the forming line. "Quiet there—not so much noise. Muffle the sound of those canteens slapping. Lige—where are you?"

The guide came up to the head of the column. The colonel grumbled, "Forward," and moved away, now saying to the guide, "Find a decent trail over this ridge, Lige. You know the country?"

"I could cross it asleep," said the guide.

They now were moving south upon the darkling shadow of the hills, rising with the bumpy grade. There was a vague shine of starlight upon the earth and no moon at all; and now and again looking behind, Crosby saw the column stretched out as a thin blur. The slope increased and the pace fell off; and when they reached first timber the colonel called for a halt. He said to the adjutant, "Bring up Captain Dare," and begrudged the time it took. When Dare arrived he said, "You will take the four infantry companies and make camp in the timber until I return or send for you. Watch sharp."

WITH the remaining four companies of cavalry he went on at a greater pace; the trail curled and pitched up and the horses were blowing behind him.

They came to the summit, which was a narrow meadow, around midnight.

"Dismount and rest," he said, and turned on the civilian guide. "How far to open country?"

"Eight, ten mile."

"Tell Kildeen and Allen I wish to see them," he said to the adjutant.

They were a considerable time in arriving, and the colonel was ready for them. "Gentlemen," said he, "the tail end of this column is a poor ragged affair. I have never seen a worse confusion."

"See?" said Kildeen in suppressed indignation. "How can you see?"

"It took ten minutes for you to get here," pointed out the colonel. "We are not operating in scattered battalions. I will ask you to keep your men coming."

"May I say," said Kildeen, "the men are used up? This is a damned hard march."

"Very regrettable," said the colonel in his dryest voice. "Take your places, and see that your men are where they belong. We will mimic the retreat from Moscow some other time. Forward."

The grade tipped down and he felt a new set of leg muscles grow tired. If he was right in his estimate, the Sioux would have quit watching him this night; by now they would be assembling on the south side of the hill, on Ormsby's flank, waiting for daylight.

Somewhere beyond two o'clock—the colonel had a good deal of vanity in his mental calculations of time—they reached the ragged toes of the hills and came upon a deep ravine. He dispatched his trumpeter for his majors and waited impatiently; there was some suggestion of light in the east and he thought he saw a butte lying athwart the plain, farther south. Kildeen and Allen arrived.

"We will drop into this cut. You will take the left, Kildeen, with B and F. Allen, the right is yours with the other two troops. Softly, softly." He pulled a leg over his horse with difficulty and stepped to the ground and felt a vague contact with the earth. He groaned quietly to himself and placed an unlighted cigar in his mouth, listening to his command shift front and drop into the ravine. The butte was a stain of black against lesser black and as he strained his eyes to the west he thought he saw the shape of the wagon train; but he was not sure and the uncertainty of it was a gravel gritting in his belly.

"Lige," he said, "how old are you?"

"At this time of night, Gen'ral, no man's young."

"I wish," said the colonel, "I could go back fifty years and do it all over."

"Wouldn't want to go through my miseries again," said Lige.

THE colonel stared west again and still was not sure; and he lowered his eyes and held them down, feeling light grow against him and around him. He looked up—and then he was certain of the wagon train. He was at the moment inexpressibly relieved; the moment afterward great disappointment hit him. The Indians had smelled the trap and had not attacked. A man who played one part forty years long, he concluded, could not expect to play another part. Dash and surprise were not for him.

The civilian guide said, in a louder but conversational voice: "Gen'ral — you filled yore flush." Hard upon the words the colonel heard sound run along the earth, heard the rush of horses and the first shout of the Sioux over the morning stillness, and the first brisk shot.

It had been dully dark and now the waves of day came in quick, rising succession, so that he saw the Sioux move in shifting waves up from the slashes of the earth to the floor of the plain and go on pell-mell toward the wagons. The trumpeter was beside him and he felt the tight straining of his command in the ravine; he heard a trooper briskly and cheerfully cursing. But he thought, "Where's that

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With that keen-eyed officer
Who, for hours, has been scanning
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You'll find me at midnight
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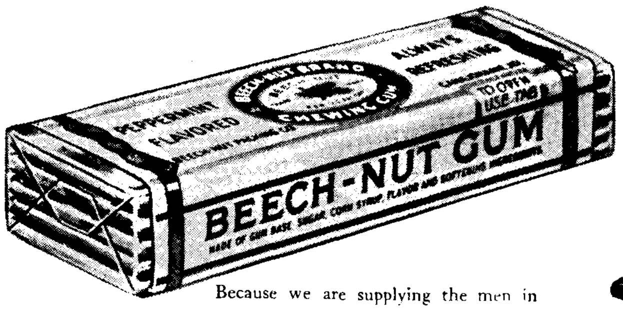

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boy's defense, or is he asleep?" He had his answer a moment later when speckled points of gunfire danced along the edge of the wagons. The Sioux were crying and suddenly they turned and rushed slantwise around the train, scattering and reforming and wheeling back at a different angle.

"Gen'ral," said the guide, "that's a power of the devils."

The trumpeter shifted his instrument. He took a step forward so that the colonel could see him; he looked at the colonel, his young bloodshot eyes wide open. The colonel squatted and he watched the second wave of attack smother the wagons. More Sioux came up from the coulees, like a reserve brought into play. All this was near a mile off, and too long for open charge. He shook his head at the trumpeter, mounted and rode along the edge of the ravine until he had reached the right flank, held by Allen. He dropped into the ravine and motioned and rode along the slash at a trot, his hat peak just below the desert's level. His command came single file after him, lifting heavy dust and making considerable racket; the dust would not be seen in the gray dawn and the noise would be drowned by the Sioux, and meanwhile, the ravine carried him nearer the wagon train.

He had covered half the distance when a single Indian, coming alone out of the hills, rode headlong into the ravine and spotted the command. The colonel clapped a hand on his service revolver and got in a fair shot, tumbling the Sioux. The colonel came to a dead stop, turned and bellowed back: "Close up--Close up!" Eighteen days of heat had wrung the water from the very marrow of his bones and yet a good fresh sweat started under his hatbrim and he felt remarkably young. He said to Major Allen: "I believe this will do. We will now drive a wedge between that party and the hills. Trumpeter, sound away."

HE CAME out of the ravine with the quick tat-a-tat-a-tat of the bugle's call to charge, and looked behind to see the whole command erupt from the ravine to the flat plain. He was at the head of the thin, long column and he pushed his horse to a dead run. The column was like an arrow aimed between the wagons and the hills, with the large body of the Indians on the side of the wagons.

They saw him, and the momentum of their attack broke. He saw certain warriors wheel deliberately from the fight, come to a halt and stare; and after that they whirled and raced for the hills. The colonel's command, coming at full charge, struck them this way. The colonel was the head of the arrow, and he was presently in the thick of the melee, his command streaming up and rushing by. B troop, led by Kildeen, turned to the right, trapping a group of Sioux in the nearest ravine, the sound of their guns like corn popping. Allen, who had been through a hundred cavalry charges, pulled to the left, shouting for L and D troops to bear up; at the same time young Ormsby launched his thirty men out from the wagons, upon the heels of the Sioux.

The colonel had lost his hat, and his horse was shivering in every muscle beneath him as it answered to the pressure of the colonel's knees, cutting right, cutting left. Crosby found the trumpeter and F's guidon sergeant close by him; the trumpeter shot a Sioux fair out of the saddle directly under the colonel's nose, and the mix-up here grew warm and crowded, Indian and trooper curving round and round. There was a steady flatting of guns and the cracked, Irish-accented howling of the troopers; the powder smell filled the gray daylight, and dust was a fine silver fog. The confusion about the colonel thinned out and when he had a moment he lifted himself in his stirrups to have a look. Kildeen was across the ravine on a stern chase, and Allen was swinging his men to the left, smothering some last pocket of fighting beyond the wagons. Troopers knelt and carefully overtook fugitive Sioux with their fire; and as suddenly as that, the fight was done, Kildeen calling off his men as the rest of the Sioux melted into the hills.

"Recall," said the colonel to the trumpeter, and got down from his horse. The ground around him showed what had been done; there would be a wailing among countless Indian women somewhere back in the hills this day and he thought he knew enough about Sioux to guess that sometime during the following week there would be a peace delegation riding into General MacGregor's camp, expressing regret for the misunderstanding and a desire to return to the reservation. One blow like this was a powerful persuader. He looked about for his hat, had it handed to him by the adjutant, and turned to find young Ormsby at hand. The lieutenant had no great change on his face, but there was some wounded feeling in his voice:

"Sir, I did not know I was to serve as a decoy."

"Of course not," said the colonel. "Or you would have acted like a decoy."

"I did not understand yesterday why I was given so small an escort, and why I was told to camp in so poor a spot. The last consideration bothered me when I noticed better shelter over by that butte. But I saw no recourse from my orders."

The colonel said, "That is why I picked you," and saw the ruddy color of embarrassment come to the lieutenant's cheeks from the praise. The colonel turned away, dog-tired but extremely pleased. Ormsby had stood fast and Ormsby had survived the terrible pressure of command, justifying his, the colonel's, judgment. The colonel had a sudden thought for MacGregor waiting up north for the Sioux to be flushed into his arms, waiting for the spectacular coup which would now never come. MacGregor would applaud him in dispatches; but deep in his flamboyant soul, MacGregor would hate him. The colonel wryly grinned at the thought of it, and was happy; in all probability there would never be another campaign for him, since his service days now were closing; and this was a satisfactory thing to close upon.

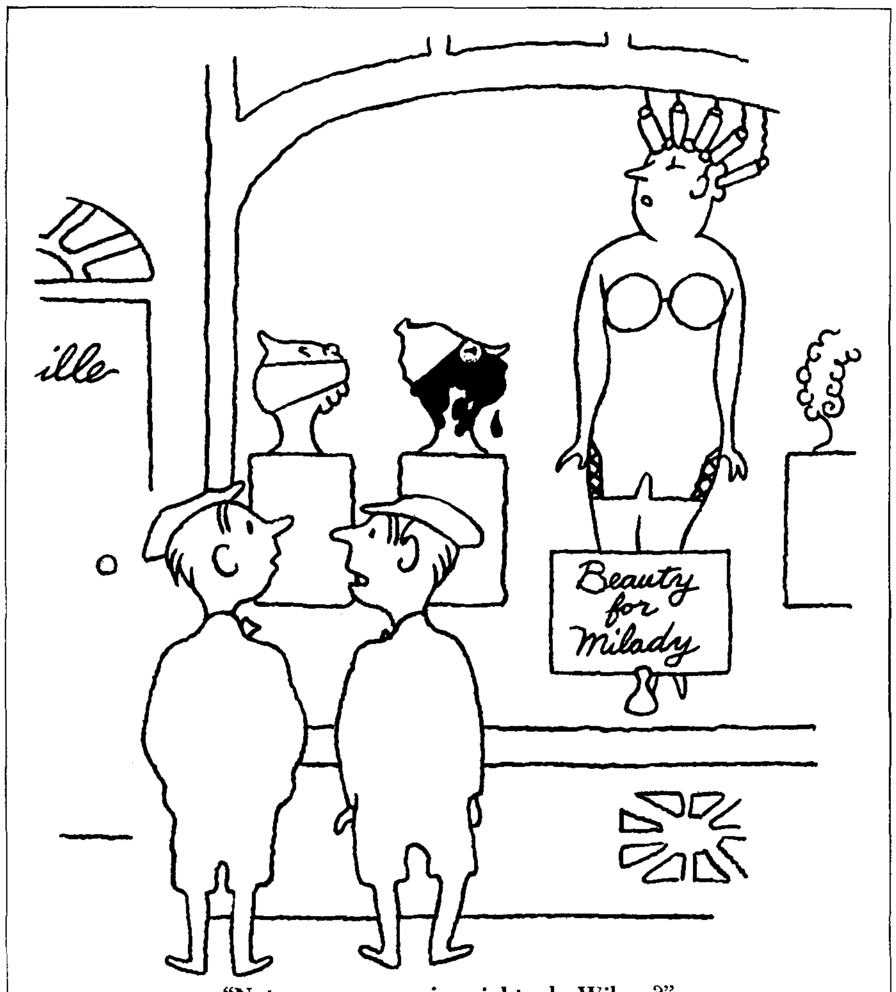
There was, he thought, one still more satisfactory thing. In his own dispatches he would mention Ormsby particularly for gallantry, for duty well done—and that would go in Ormsby's service record, some day to help lift the young man above the ruck, some day, perhaps, to bring Ormsby a general's stars. That was the reason he had chosen Ormsby in the first place; for the lad was as he had been so long ago and, in one way of looking at it, Ormsby's stars, thirty years or more ahead, would be his, Crosby's, stars as well.

HE SAID to the adjutant: "We camp here until noon. I want patrols out against those hills." He went over to the wagons and crawled beneath one of them, gouging a hole for his hips and a hole for his shoulders. He had about composed himself when Allen and Kildeen came up, both dusty and flushed but both feeling extraordinarily good for the recent piece of action. Kildeen, always a starchy and positive man, showed some small trace of uncertainty as he spoke. "Allen and I," he said, "thought it a damned good maneuver. Our respects, sir."

The colonel showed them his easy and cheerful grin. "You will forgive my sharpness during the march, I trust. At midnight I begin to miss my sleep. Join me tonight for a drink."

"Happy to," said Allen and then the majors watched the colonel pull his hat over his face, lace his hands across his belly and fall promptly asleep on his back. He was snoring before they had quite retired beyond earshot.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Not a very reassuring sight, eh, Wilson?" GARDNER REA

Any Week

Continued from page 4

Naturally we can't give you our informant's name. But a piece about Mexico was submitted to the State Department for censorship. For several days thereafter they hunted in mounting indignation for the diplomatist who had revealed the information contained in this patently dangerous manuscript—which, of course, couldn't be published. They found the "leak"—the Encyclopædia Britannica.

ADMITTEDLY we're a bit dizzy by now. We've just read a letter from Mr. James T. Cunningham, retired, of Pensacola, Florida. (If we survive this week's mail we're a tougher licentious, venal scribbler than we suspected.) Mr. Cunningham used to be a prohibition enforcement officer. He read our editorial, Bluenoses in Wartime—all about the Dry tricks to slip over another Noble Experiment. And now Mr. Cunningham is very upset. The paper on which this is written is no match for his wrath. Therefore, we can't give you his complete letter. But he discovers that this office (with particular reference to the writer of that editorial) is jam-packed with "liars" and "human skunks" and proof thereof is furnished in our statement that the Eighteenth Amendment was not enforced. Moreover, that editorial was manufactured and paid for by Berlin. That's the spirit we like to see. For a while we were pretty scared about you readers—thought you'd lost your punch.

BUT with customers like Mr. Crump and Mr. Cunningham swinging from their ankles and a rapid-fire billet doux we've just received from Mr. Norman LeClerc of Moscow, Idaho, we are pretty well pleased with ourselves. Going good, that's what you are. Of course, we haven't been accused lately of being the hirelings of Wall Street (R.I.P.) or of a bunch of widow-robbing, orphan-strangling international bankers (gone but not forgotten). But we just can't have everything. Apropos of something or other not mentioned in his rather brief letter, Mr. LeClerc says: "You say the F.B.I. is doing a good job. You're a liar. If it was, you and all rats like you would be in jail for the duration anyway." Keep swinging, boys.

AND Buy War Bonds. . . . W. D.

How RCA Victor's "Beat the Promise" Campaign Helps War Production

MR. DONALD NELSON, MEET MISS DOLAGHAN

Miss Gladys Dolaghan, like every patriotic American, thinks that her brains can be useful in increasing production and reducing waste in important war work.

At one of the RCA Radio Tube plants, Miss Dolaghan is one of many thousands of employees who have pledged to *beat the promise* on the production of vital radio equipment for the fighting fronts.

Miss Dolaghan knows how important it is that our Army and Navy not only have the best radio equipment that can be made, but that they get it *fast*.

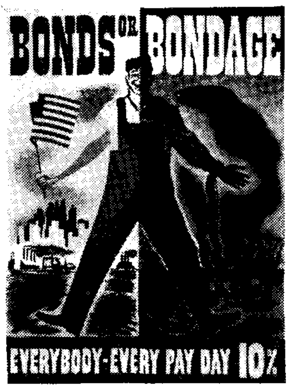
So Miss Dolaghan decided to do her job faster and with less use of critical materials. She devised a tool to repair defects in a certain part right on the assembly line. Before that, nine-tenths of the work had to be scrapped if that one part was defective. Now, the whole assembly of ten parts can be saved. —Now, many more hundreds of vital radio tube assemblies are heading for front line equipment because she used her brains.

This war is a *people's war*—as we here at RCA Victor know. And that is why our "Beat the Promise" drive has as its object not only the bettering of production schedules, but of bettering War Bond buying, blood donations, and anti-waste campaigns. Miss Dolaghan, who has a brother in the Navy, has pledged a pint of blood to the Red Cross Bank and uses 10% of her earnings to buy War Bonds.

That is why, Mr. Nelson, we call to your attention Miss Gladys Dolaghan who typifies the spirit of all RCA Victor employees . . . the spirit which prompted us to announce over one year ago, "With RCA Victor, national defense comes first. By comparison we hold *nothing else important*."

RCA VICTOR
A Service of the
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

LET THESE VICTORY POSTERS HELP SPEED WAR PRODUCTION IN YOUR PLANT


BONDS OR BONDAGE
EVERYBODY-EVERY PAY DAY 10%

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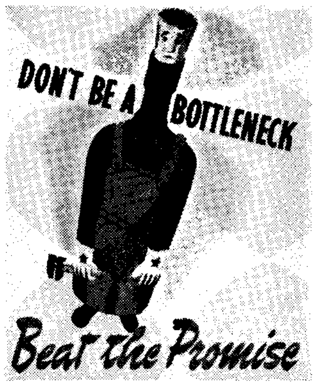
DON'T BE A BOTTLENECK
Beat the Promise

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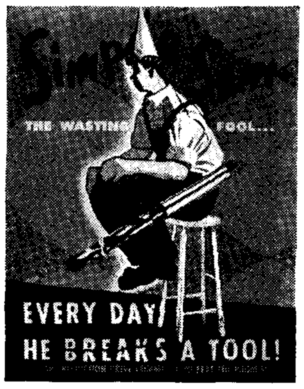
THE WASTING FOOL...
EVERY DAY HE BREAKS A TOOL!

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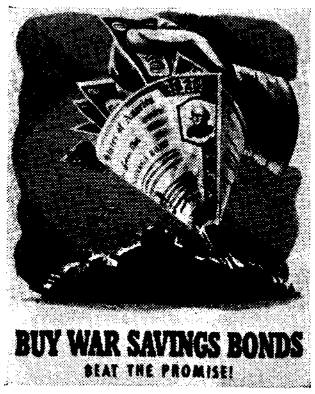
BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS
BEAT THE PROMISE!

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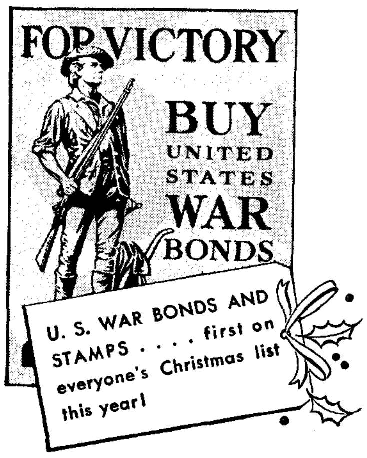

FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS
U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS . . . . first on everyone's Christmas list this year!

Employees of RCA Victor themselves inspired these color posters, used as part of the "Beat the Promise" Campaign. To date, 154 other companies engaged in war work are using this and related material to spur their own production and help the war effort. These posters are available singly or in quantities at cost. If yours is a war industry which can use any of the "Beat the Promise" material, write to Department BTP-1C, RCA Victor, Camden, New Jersey.

BLACK BULLETS FOR HITLER

BY ROARK BRADFORD

Out in the Arizona desert, Negroes from all over the country are learning the grim trade of war. They are a credit to their people and on their shoulders rests part of the future of the human race

YOU'LL hear a lot more about the Ninety-third Division before this man's war is over.

Just in case an enemy agent is listening, the Ninety-third is a full-strength fighting outfit of Negro troops gathered from all parts of the country. Equipped with the best tools of war, it is in process of training in up-to-the-minute science of combat. Its regiments include some of the oldest Negro units in the American Army—units that have a long tradition of effective gallantry in battle—and some brand-new units determined to out-tradition the old-timers.

Fort Huachuca, Arizona, is the training ground.

A place of beauty, Fort Huachuca is a mile above sea level and, like everything else in the great Southwest, it has lots of space around it. The fort was built originally in the '80's as a cavalry post to provide protection against warring Apaches. A lot of frontier history has been made in and about its reservation. But as far as the Ninety-third is concerned, the place offers a healthful climate, lots of room and some fast-disappearing headaches for the commanding officers.

Obviously, a training center in a mountain canyon seventy miles across desert to the nearest town has its drawbacks.

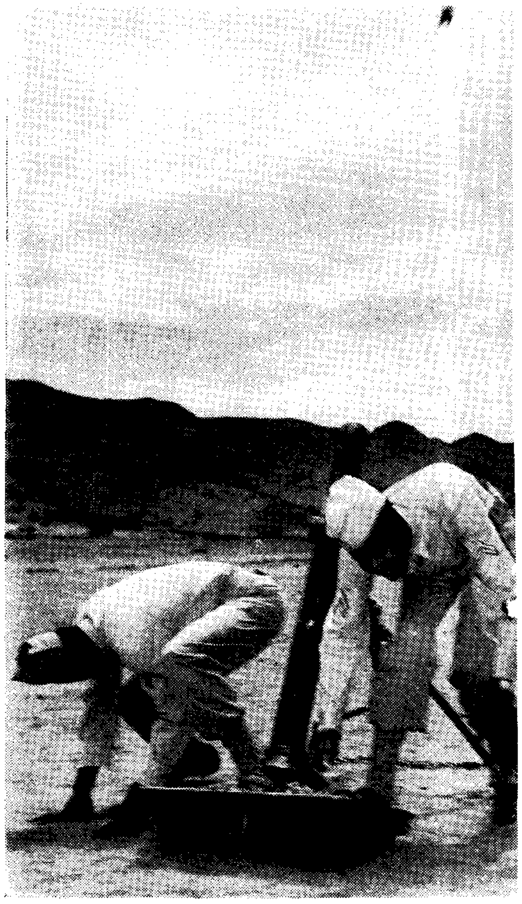
Isolation? There are probably not 50,000 civilians of all races within a hundred-mile radius of the fort.

Housing? A regimental post of 19th-century vintage had to be transformed into a modern divisional encampment.

Race problems? Thousands of Negro troops moved into a sparsely populated area peopled by whites, Indians and Mexicans.

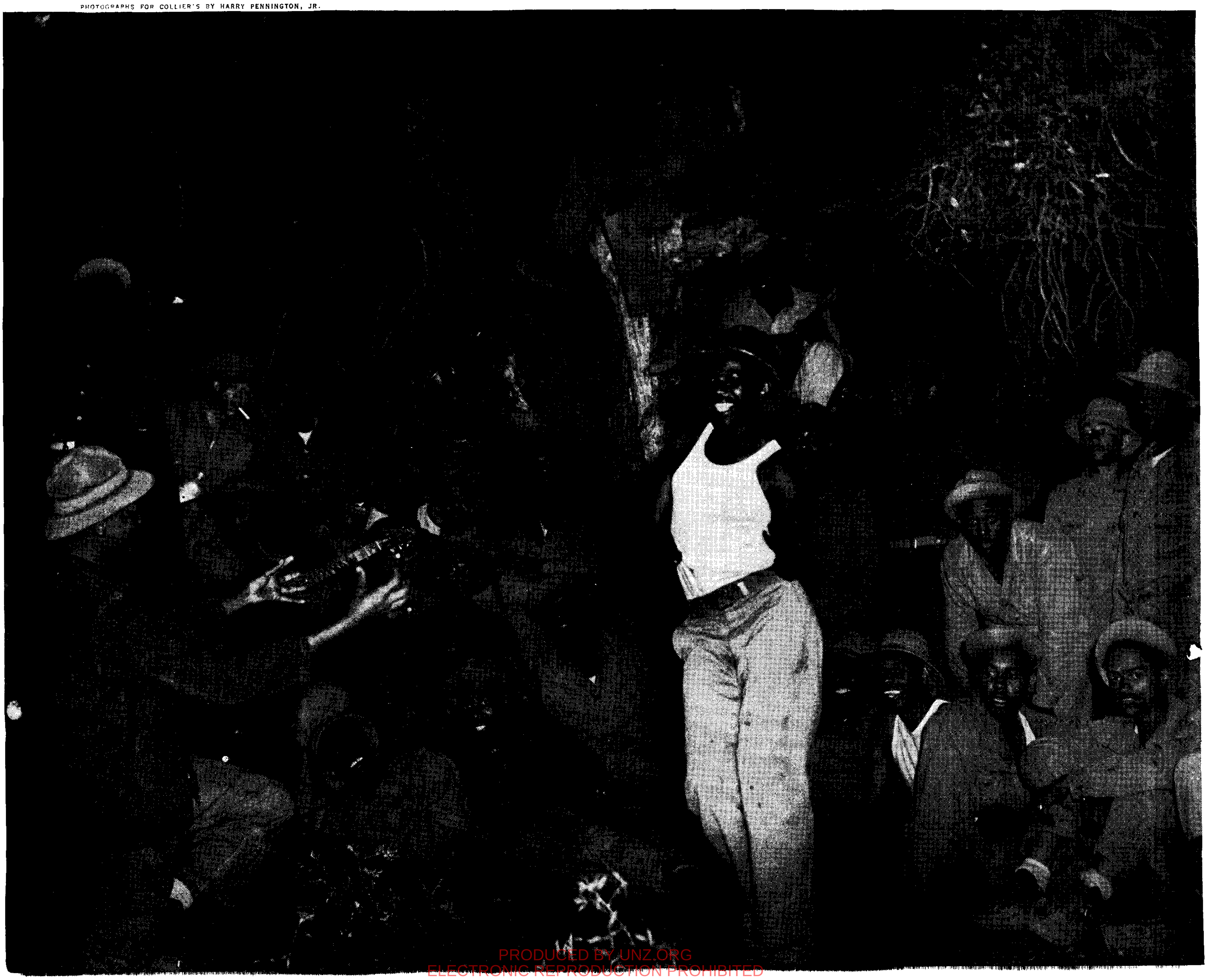
Morale? That was dusted off for me by the public relations officer, shortly after I arrived at the fort. He was a young lieutenant, one of the few white junior officers at the post, who expected to be transferred as soon as his place could be taken by a Negro officer. "Morale?" he

(Continued on page 79)

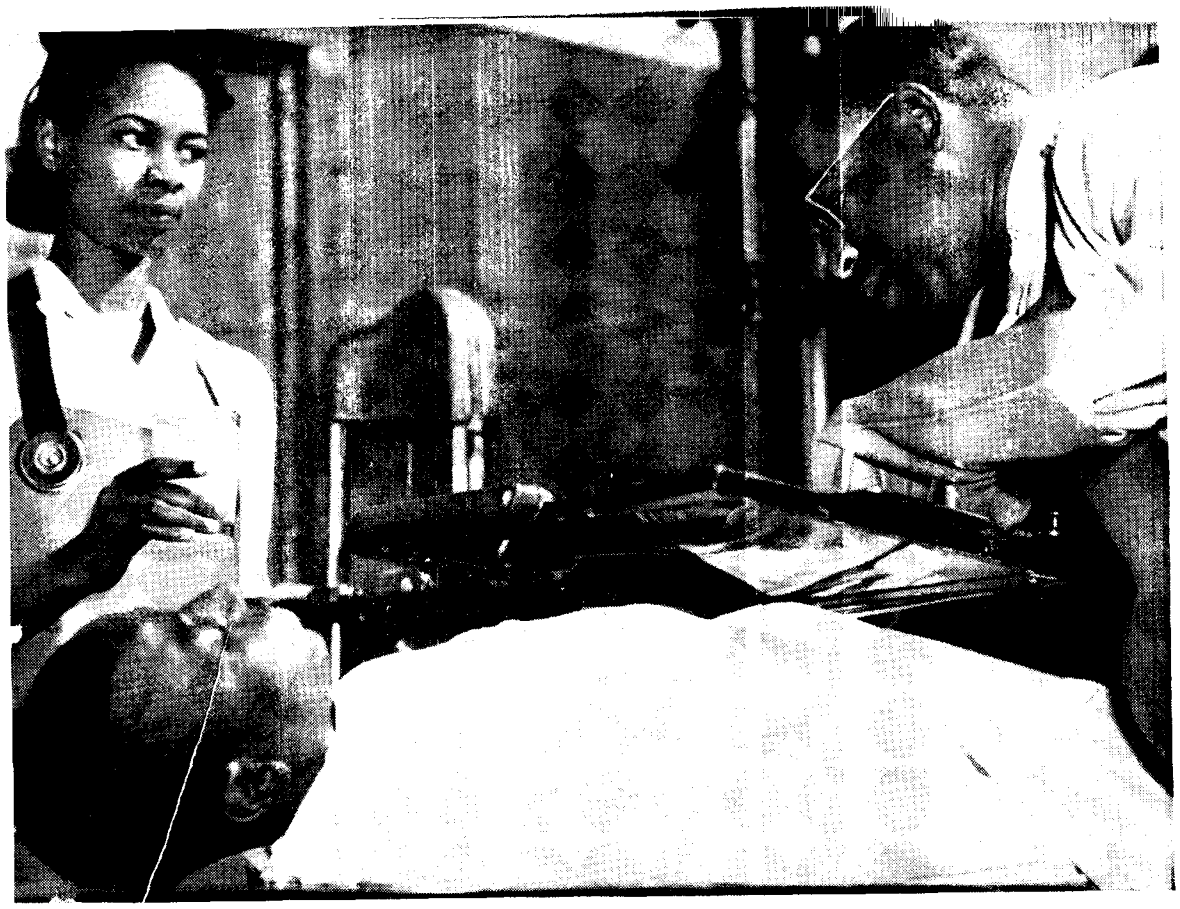


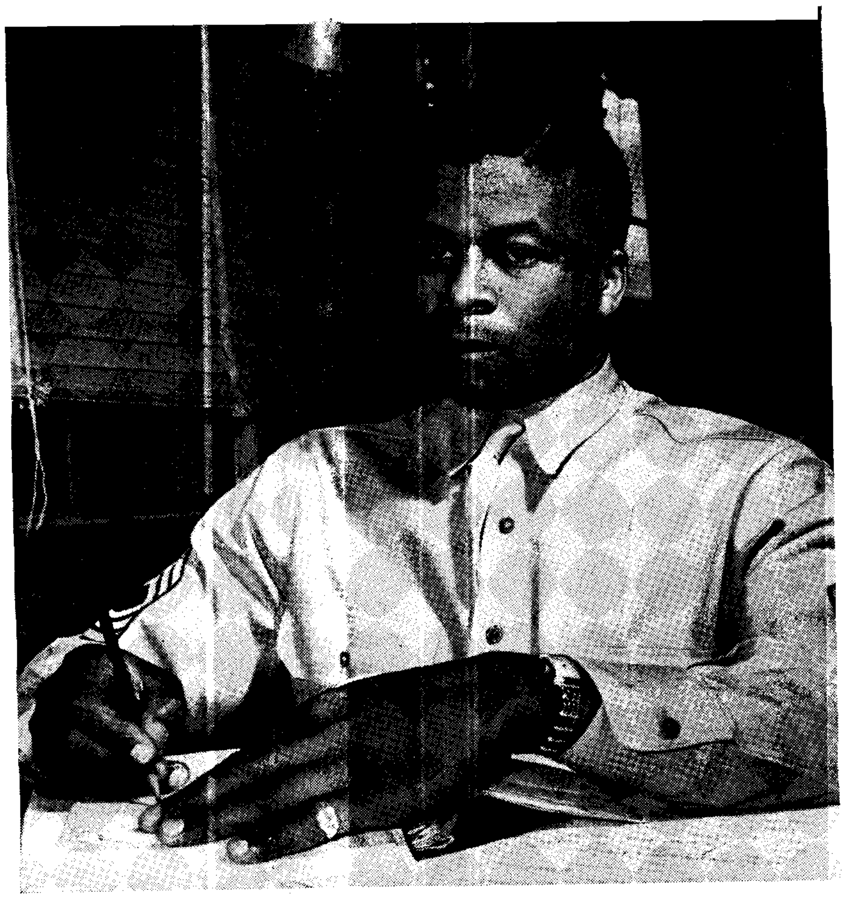
The dummy shells in that 81-mm. mortar shoot so slow, you can watch them fly

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.



Recreation is what they plan for you. Fun is something you make for yourself, such as when you gather around to dance and sing the blues

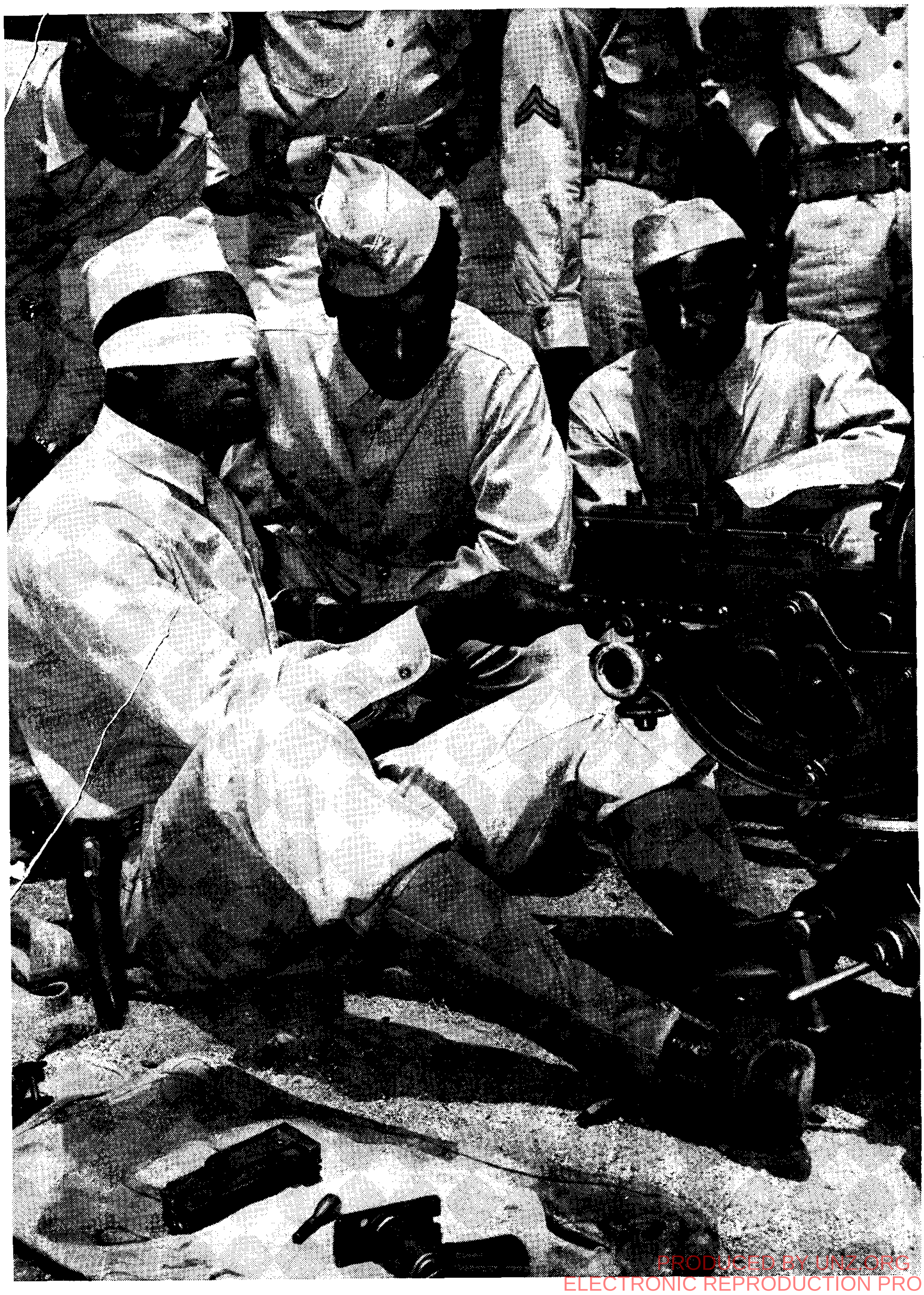




ctors like Captain Allen (above, looking through roscope) are the pride and joy of this division

"When de Japs start shootin', I'll jest blindfold my eyes, take de gun down and put her back agin"

Master Sergeant Jackson Benjamin has a desk job. He's Sergeant Major of the 25th Infantry, from Longview, Tex.



"When de guit-tar playin' starts gittin' hot, you say to her, 'Le's I and you stomp dis fire out, baby!'"

Capt. John DeVeaux of the African Methodist Church is Senior Chaplain. Here he is with his three children

I've been thinking it over, Adolf

Nobody over here tells us what to do in our free hours. The kids go to the movies. Mother goes shopping. And I, along with twenty million other Americans, go fishin'.

The whole family likes to fish. It's the great American sport—a sport that perfectly expresses American freedom. Blue water—open skies—the opportunity to enjoy them. A good boat—a purring motor—built and sold in such a way that I can have as fine a model as the millionaire yachtsman. That's something, Adolf, when you think of it. *And no one is going to take it from me.*

There are one hundred and thirty million of us who think the same and we are all working today—to the limit of our ability—to jam that cockeyed conception of a "new order" down your throat.

The people who make Sea-Horse outboard motors are working as they never did before on items that have the old Sea-Horse DEPENDability—but items that our enemies won't like so well. And they are perfecting new tricks in precision—which probably will be incorporated in those Sea-Horses which will be built when the war is won.

JOHNSON MOTORS • WAUKEGAN, ILL.
Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

JOHNSON SEA HORSES
FOR
Dependability

DO YOUR DUTY—BUY WAR BONDS

Year of Wrath

Continued from page 58

"He is here with me," said Betty. "But we—"

The consul interrupted her: "You're not Americans, so I suppose I shouldn't worry about your being here. Still, I worry about all of you."

"We want you to worry about one of your own nationals," said Madame Vooren. "We want you to get Nicholas Griggs out of British custody."

"Griggs?" The consul rapped his forehead with his knuckles. "Oh, of course. I didn't like that for a cent; still, Cogswell—" He stared at Madame Vooren. "See here, Manis, you understand that it was Gregory who precipitated all this."

Betty hid her clenched hands behind her.

Madame Vooren said, "I knew Mr. Griggs quite well all the time he was in Shanghai. His acts were all directed against the Japanese, yes, against the Axis."

The consul looked perplexed. "Still, Gregory must have had some vital information."

Madame Vooren said, without expression, "I scarcely need to tell you that I surely know Gregory better than anyone else does."

BETTY sucked in her upper lip and bit on it, hard. She looked straight ahead.

Madame Vooren said, "Gregory could never entertain the notion that Japan and America would go to war. I am afraid that this unexpected attack by the Japanese made him lose his wits. Temporarily."

"Lose his wits?" said the consul. "Good heavens! It's certainly insanity to make a charge like this, without foundation."

She said in a level voice, "He was unusually concerned about Mr. Griggs' safety in Shanghai. Simply, because Mr. Griggs was pursuing stories unfavorable to the Japanese. Perhaps Gregory was still worried about Mr. Griggs' daring. Perhaps the combination of the war and his responsibility for his assistant moved him to commit a stupidity more stupid and more serious than he realized."

The consul said, "You shock me. I was unable to do much about this case myself, I had so many other anxieties." His telephone rang and, as he reached for it, he said: "I won't have it. I won't permit any margin for error."

He covered the mouthpiece with his hand and said to the women, "British headquarters. I'll take this up right now."

Betty looked at Madame Vooren and smiled feebly. Madame Vooren looked away. Her lips were curved down, her shoulders hunched.

The consul was saying, "Mauran? Yes. And who were the others? I see. I was just getting additional information about Griggs myself."

Now Madame Vooren looked at Betty; her face was gentle.

The consul said, "Colonel, with no more than a personal cable from Cogswell, don't you think you've gone pretty far?"

Then he continued: "Yes. I see. Very well. You have been overzealous because of the war and I have been underconscientious because of the war. In the meantime, a young man is locked up and under serious charges."

They're going to let him go, Betty told herself. I'll see him before I leave. I'll see him any minute.

The consul said, "I'll tell you what I propose. That you cable our military immediately in Manila and let them question Cogswell's information. Good. Yes. Thank you."

He hung up the receiver, saying: "You heard me. There's not much more to tell, except that they're feeling uneasy with three men testifying to Mr. Griggs' integrity. And one of them Mauran."

Betty said, "When will he be out?"

"That depends on the text of the cable from Manila," he said. "In the meantime, I'll arrange to see him."

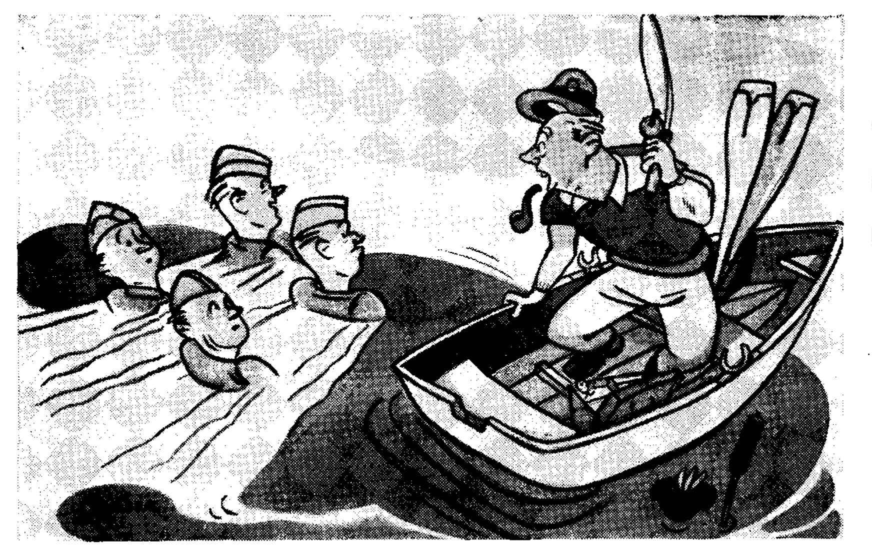
"Let me go along." Her face became rosy. "We're engaged, you see."

"I'm sorry, he's still a military prisoner."

"Will you take a note to him?" she asked.

"I'd rather not," he answered. "If it's been messed up, let's not add to it. But if I can see him, I'll tell him I saw you."

Returning to the Adelphi, she felt as though she had been lamed in some exhausting physical encounter, a free-for-all where there would never be a decision. Then she forgot her aching muscles, finding her father really spent and sleepless, on his bed.



COLLIER'S "Whatza matter—haven't you ever seen a jeep before?" ED GRAHAM

She made him eat dinner in bed. She made him swallow a sedative and she took one herself, when she went to her own room. She could not endure lying awake, hoping for the telephone to ring.

IN SINGAPORE, so close to the equator, dawn is brief and soon after six o'clock—even in December—it becomes full daylight. Not much later, Betty was roused by trunks and suitcases thumping on the floor of the room above her. Waking, she thought at once of Nick. The clatter overhead unnerved her. She looked despairingly at her watch, that said six-thirty, and decided to rise. Maybe the cable from Manila had already come, she thought, and it would not reach the proper person until midmorning. Maybe it would take days for the authorities in Manila to give the inquiry their attention. Or maybe Cogswell would manipulate them as he had manipulated everyone else all his life. She told herself: Stop it. Go down and eat breakfast. Read the newspapers. Stop it.

When she stepped from her room, she found two Malays sitting outside her door. One of them said, "We are waiting for your bags. May we take them now?"

"I didn't call you," she said. "I am not leaving."

"All the ladies are going," the boys said. "All the ladies must go to the ship. The hotel captain sent us for your bags."

She made no reply, hurrying down to the hotel desk, unwilling even to wait for the creaky elevator. The lobby was already crowded with women and children and porters and luggage. The assistant manager was checking off names on a long list. He looked up as Betty approached him.

"Good," he said, making a check mark on his sheet. "I was just going to send to your room again, Miss Gaspard."

SHE wet her lips. "What does this mean?" she asked, already knowing the answer.

"The cars will leave for the ship in a few moments," the assistant manager said. "We do not know which gate or which dock. The police will show the way. Your bags are ready?"

Betty said, "My bags are not ready. I didn't know anything about this."

"Ah, but it has been known for two days that all ladies must go," he said. "This morning we received the definite order." He tapped a document on the desk. "It is not I, Miss Gaspard. It is the military. You must be ready. At once."

I can't blame this man, Betty told herself. It isn't his order. I knew this would happen and that I would never see Nick again. All the same, I can't refuse. I'm not the only woman who wants to stay. Aloud she said:

"Listen. I haven't even packed. I must tell my father. He's still asleep. I'll pack, then you can send for the bags while I say goodby to him."

Her father looked better but not well enough. He ordered her out so that he could rise to dress; and she threatened him.

"Don't," he said. "It wears me to argue."

She said, "It wears me to see you worn out." Then she added, "Please don't get up. Please don't go with me, Father. I can stand it much better this way."

When her bags were taken away and she told Henri goodby for the last time, her voice became small. "You'll let me know about Nick?" she said.

"Yes, my dear. Immediately."

She controlled herself. She kissed him as casually as if she were going away for the week end and tried not to think of him or of Nick while the procession of taxicabs, under police escort, crossed

Singapore River and speeded along Collyer Quay and Robinson Road to the dock.

Women with children were directed into one godown and women without children into another. It was barely eight o'clock when she reached the dock and from then until nearly noon she sat on one of her suitcases, faint from the heat, waiting for instructions to board the ship. She wanted to hunt a telephone but when she saw other women disobeying instructions to stay within the warehouse and adding to the disorder, she resolutely determined to abide by every order.

Presently a ship's officer approached the women at her end of the godown. "The ship is full," he said. "All places have been taken by women with small children. You may return to your homes. It is hoped that there will be another ship for Batavia tomorrow."

She had difficulty in getting through a call to the Adelphi. It would probably take hours, she thought, with the city's life dislocated. She hung up and managed to find a cab.

Her father was dressed but lying on his bed. When he saw her he looked incredulous, and when she told him, he looked radiant. This time, they embraced as though she had been absent a year. Then he smiled again.

"Isn't Nick with you?"

"Nick?"

"You did not see him at the dock? He is free."

She wheeled. "I'm going back to the dock," she said over her shoulder.

Henri halted her. "No. You will only miss him again. Truly, it will be better to wait here. He will come back when he finds out you are not on board."

"Of course. I'm a little zigzag right now," she said. "Tell me. What happened?"

"He was released about an hour ago," said Henri. "The Americans in Manila replied that Mr. Cogswell has left there. The American military have no knowledge of charges against Nick. It was a brief message. That was all. The British acted at once."

"For my money, they didn't act any too soon." Betty heard Nick's voice before she saw him.

SHE was almost too weak to rise from her chair. She did not say one word as he took her in his arms.

He said jubilantly, "We're getting pretty good at these reunions." Then he became serious. "Well, I can't quite forget there's a war on, and that I'm a reporter."

"But you can't report to Cogswell," Betty said soberly.

Nick said, "But I can cable UBC direct in New York. I guess they ought to be pretty glad to get a report from here."

"You haven't even given me time to tell you—" Betty began.

"I'll be right back," Nick said. "I'll cable them for a broadcast hookup."

Henri said, "Finally, you two must not forget Madame Vooren."

"Is she here?" Nick asked in surprise.

Betty said, "I started to tell you. She's at the Raffles. She escaped from Shanghai. She helped get you out. Oh, go on and cable. I'll telephone her and tell her about you while you're gone."

"Okay, Counselor. As soon as I get this message off to UBC, let's go see her. Stand ready to fill in gaps in the news the guards didn't give me."

The Raffles advertised itself as possessing the largest and coolest ballroom in the East. In front, on the ground floor, the hotel was all ballroom and the ballroom served as a daylong veranda café. Nick and Betty waited for Madame Vooren in the narrow strip of lobby that was no more than a corridor between the ballroom and the elevators.

The dance orchestra was playing The Last Time I Saw Paris and a few couples were languidly moving over the big dance floor. At the tables, drinking tea, drinking cocktails, drinking stengahs, the whisky and flat soda the Singapore British preferred, they saw high-caste Indian women in brilliant saris, Australians and Britons. The men in uniform were all officers: noncommissioned men and privates were not admitted to the largest and coolest ballroom in the East.

Betty said, "I think I like the Adelphi better."

Madame Vooren greeted them. They had been so intent on the scene in the café they had forgotten to watch for her. "The blackout prevents them from dancing after dark," she said. "You will see, within half an hour, how popular these tea dances are here." Then she smiled at Nick. "We said we would meet again."

He said, "Well, I didn't know I'd be in your debt again."

Madame Vooren's face became serious. "Please, let's not discuss it."

THEY moved into the café and sat at a table farthest from the bandstand.

Nick thought Betty was right: Madame Vooren looked older and careworn and, somehow, no less enchanting. For his money, she was all right, too, and he didn't care what she was to Cogswell. He listened to her now, addressing him:

"What do you plan to do, stay here?"

"Well, I cabled UBC," he said. "I hope they arrange a broadcast for me. Next, I'd like to go up in Malaya to the front. Of course, if Cogswell is in touch—" he stopped himself and looked apologetic.

Madame Vooren said, "Betty told you that I haven't heard from him, either?"

"I told him," Betty said.

"Wherever he is, I still am unable to wish him harm." Madame Vooren's face looked gray. "At this moment, queerly, I only wish that I may never see him again."

He tried to imagine what it was like for her. He tried to think of knowing and loving Betty for twenty times as long as he had already known and loved her and then finding out that she had done something like this, or suspecting she had. It would be God-awful. He looked sternly at Betty as though to warn her: Don't you ever do that to me. Betty looked nonplused. Then she made a face at him; and he laughed.

Madame Vooren said, "Did I ever tell you that Nick reminded me of my husband? He died when he was just about his age."

Nick did not remind her that she had told him. Betty said, "Oh, did they look alike?"

"Something in their expressions," said Madame Vooren. "Lately, I have thought often of my husband. If he were alive, although he was a Nationalist, I know he would be rallying all Indonesians to help fight the Japanese."

"That's what you meant, didn't you?" Betty said. "When you said the Japanese made you see Java as your home?"

"Yes," said Madame Vooren. "I can't take my husband's place, I am afraid. But, after all, I can take the place of one more defender." She smiled at herself. "I dread sounding so melodramatic, particularly in the midst of a tea dance."

Betty said, "It takes more sense than a tea dance. But tell me, when do you leave? They tried to ship me away this morning and now I don't know when, except that it's to be the next boat, I suppose."

"We shall probably travel together,

Which of these women has learned the secret of Fifteen Minutes a Day?

TWO WOMEN live in neighboring homes. They are the same age. Their husbands' incomes are about equal. They seem to have the same chance of social success and happiness. And yet one of these women is seldom invited to go out.

The other woman is always the center of a group. Her calendar is full of engagements. She is sought after as a guest.

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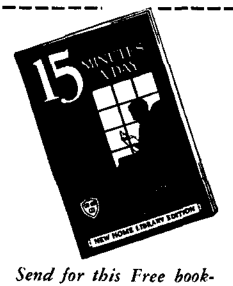
OWN THIS FAMOUS LITTLE BOOK—*FREE!*



Send for this Free booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading.

P. F. COLLIER & SON CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York

I am interested in receiving by mail, free and without obligation, your valuable booklet, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," describing the famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing Dr. Eliot's own plan of constructive reading. HCS 796

Name Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

Address ....

my dear." Madame Vooren hesitated. "I had thought of continuing by plane. But it's impossible."

"Where shall you stay, in Batavia?" asked Betty. "You see, I might be there, too. I'm going to work with Madame Mauran and the Free French and I'll be, why, wherever they want me."

"I think so," said Madame Vooren. "After all, I still have a home there."

Nick said, "I hate like anything to interrupt your plans to establish a matriarchy in Java, only it makes me kind of nervous to stay away from the Adelphi. I don't know when I may hear from UBC."

"Are you free to go over with us?" Betty asked Madame Vooren. "My father should be up now and we could all be together."

"I should like to see Henri again," said Madame Vooren.

She stopped at the desk on the way out to acquaint the clerk with her destination. The clerk listened and looked blank. She repeated:

"I shall be at the Adelphi."

The clerk looked from her to Nick and Betty. Then he said in a gone voice: "I beg your pardon. Would you—" His voice broke. He said, on a high note: "They got our two biggest ships. The Prince of Wales and the Repulse have just been sunk."

They froze. Then Nick said fiercely: "How do you know? Where did you hear it? How do you know it isn't a rumor?"

The clerk said, "It's an official announcement."

NICK grabbed Betty's hand. "Come on, quick," he said. "I'll drop you two and see if my cable's there and then I'll get to work on this."

Hurrying with them to the cab, Madame Vooren said in a horrified voice, "Now I am afraid."

Behind them in the ballroom, the dancers were still circling, the music was softer; more of the tables were occupied.

Nick knew what she meant. He was afraid, too. Now it was conceivable that Malaya might fall. He was afraid for Singapore.

Henri met them at the entrance to the Adelphi. They could tell by his face that he knew.

"I couldn't sit still," he said. "It is unbelievably serious."

The clerk at the desk knew it, too. As he handed Nick the cable, he said. "How could they let it happen?"

Nick's hands trembled a little as he opened the envelope. He read the message and rejoined the others who had found seats in the lounge.

"New York's hot for a broadcast," he said, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice. "They want me to get on the air at six P. M. New York time tonight. That's six tomorrow morning here."

"You'll be up all night," Betty said.

"At any rate, I had a good rest in the jug," Nick said. "I guess I'd better be going. I'll have plenty to do, and remember I haven't seen enough of Singapore to know where the radio station is."

At the radio station, an agreeable young Englishman told him: "We'll do what we can to set you up, Mr. Griggs. Still, I'm afraid you're giving us rather short notice."

"It doesn't seem short to my home office," Nick said, just as pleasantly.

The Englishman smiled. "Suppose we promise to try to arrange your hookup in forty-eight hours."

Nick said, "You read my New York cable."

"New York doesn't seem to realize all the difficulties out here."

"Listen," said Nick. "You've certainly arranged hookups on short notice. And just think, we've got until six tomorrow morning, our time."

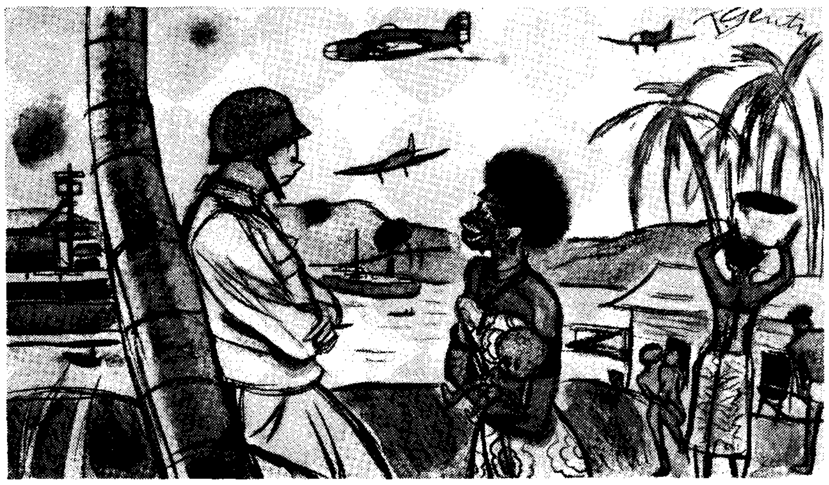
"Surely I needn't remind you that we're at war," the Englishman said amiably.

"So's the United States," said Nick. "That's why UBC wants news from here. Right away."

"I'm frightfully sorry. You know, I don't run the whole show. I'm just carrying out orders."

"All right. Who does run the show?" said Nick.

THE young man introduced him to his superior who was just as civil and just as obdurate. When two more broadcasting executives also assured Nick that it would be impossible to arrange the hookup by six in the morning, he left the station. Driving back toward the center of town, he tried to think of someone who might help him. It occurred to him that the only authorities he had yet met were military intelligence officers. He grinned, thinking: Well, why not try them? I guess they're under obligations to me, in a way.



"Then you must know my sister. She was in New York for the World's Fair"

COLLIER'S THURSTON GENTRY

The officers were friendly, they were willing. By midnight, the hookup was guaranteed. He expressed his gratitude and tried to conceal his astonishment.

Now I'll have five minutes on the air to tell a story that's worth five hours, he thought. It took an hour to write his script and three to get a censor to approve it. He caught an hour's sleep in an empty studio.

It was his first time on the air since his brief experience on the local station in Honolulu back in the days when he was on the Star-Bulletin. But he was not nervous. Only, when it was over, he knew he was too keyed up to go to bed.

I can't wake Betty yet, he thought regretfully as he returned to the Adelphi. Then he was startled to walk into a lobby packed with women and children. Betty and Henri and Madame Vooren were standing by the elevators.

Betty cried out, "Oh, Nick, I thought you'd never come. We have to go to the boat."

Nick said dejectedly, "Looks like they won't let us ever have a minute together again."

"We could be together in Java," Betty said.

"And have me run out on my assignment here?"

"Maybe UBC will have you report news from Batavia, too," said Madame Vooren.

"That's an idea," said Nick. "Only, right now this is where the news is."

The assistant manager interrupted them, urging them to get into the waiting cab and they followed him to the street. Just as the car started, the desk clerk ran out to hand Nick a cable: "Congratulations. Came through fine. More of same tomorrow. Ezra Norton." He could not hide his elation. "Norton's the news editor," he said. "That's better than a pat from the president."

Betty tried to look pleased, but without much success. "So you'll stay here, Nick."

"Writing to you every day," he said. She swallowed. "I know."

He said, "Darling, I don't say reporting a war is the same as fighting, only it's doing something, isn't it?"

"Don't preach to me, Nick," she said dejectedly. "I feel awful. I feel as though we're all saying goodby forever."

Nick put his arms around Betty and tilted up her chin in the palm of his free hand. They looked at each other for a long moment without speaking.

Then Betty said: "I'm going to be all right." Now Nick's spirits began to flag. Norton's cable had drugged him a little, making him feel that he had at last accomplished something. But the car was approaching the docks, and Betty would be leaving and maybe they never would see each other again.

"You'll write every day, won't you?" he said.

She nodded, too vigorously.

"Maybe after a while, Norton will send me to Java," he said without conviction.

"You oughtn't to start building on that," she said. Now she took his hand; her voice was stronger. Her face brightened. "Maybe they'll only take women with children again, today," she said.

But this time there was no reprieve. Betty and Madame Vooren were hurried to the ship. Nick and Henri were not permitted on board, and soon after they reached the pier, the dull gray liner weighed anchor.

NICK and Henri traveled back to the hotel, without exchanging a word. In the lobby they took leave of each other with exaggerated restraint as though each feared that a display of emotion might affect the other. Then Nick became conscious of fatigue. Back in his room, he fell into bed and slept through the tiffin hour. But by late afternoon, he had interviewed two survivors from the Prince of Wales and again compressed five hours' worth of news into five minutes.

When he presented himself at press headquarters he found a message: "Please report to the chief censor."

The chief censor was studying the script of Nick's first broadcast. He had underlined one paragraph.

"So you are Mr. Griggs?" said the official. "I do not approve of the spirit of your broadcast. I can't have the people of America getting the wrong impression of Singapore."

"Well, what's wrong?" Nick asked. "It was approved by the censor."

"By mistake," the official said. "The young man who passed it is no longer assigned to censorship." He now drew a ring around the underlined paragraph. "You broadcast that people were attending a tea dance at the Raffles when news came of the sinking of the Wales and the Repulse. I regard that as a clear case of objectionable bias."

"Only, I was just describing where I was when—" Nick began.

The official interrupted him: "A colonial resident of thirty-odd years in Malaya telephoned me, understandably offended."

Nick said, "I wasn't trying to offend anyone. I was only trying to put in a little color."

"I myself have listened to a recording of your broadcast and I find I very much dislike your tone."

Nick said, "Oh, now, anybody can read anything he likes into somebody else's *tone.*"

The official held up his hand. "I have revoked your broadcasting privileges."

Nick tried to control his voice: "Because you don't like my voice and one other man doesn't like my mentioning an established fact!"

The official said: "You now have no standing here as a correspondent."

Nick forgot to control his voice. "I'd heard of this sort of thing going on," he said furiously. "Only I never believed it until now."

"When you've had time to cool off—" the official began.

"I don't want to cool off," Nick said. "I want a fair deal."

"You people are all alike," the official said. "You forget this is war and we have no time for alibis and explanations."

"You're wrong again," Nick said. "I know very well this is war and that's why I insist on a hearing."

HE WALKED out, shaking with anger. At the nearest bar, a Chinese café, he tried to steady himself with a drink and only succeeded in fanning his rage. He formulated a cable for Ezra Norton and tried, without hope, to plan his campaign in Singapore.

Norton cabled back, "Stick around. We are going to bat for you."

Norton telegraphed protests to authorities in Singapore. Norton pleaded. A number of British and Australian officials were exasperated with the censor; they also were helpless.

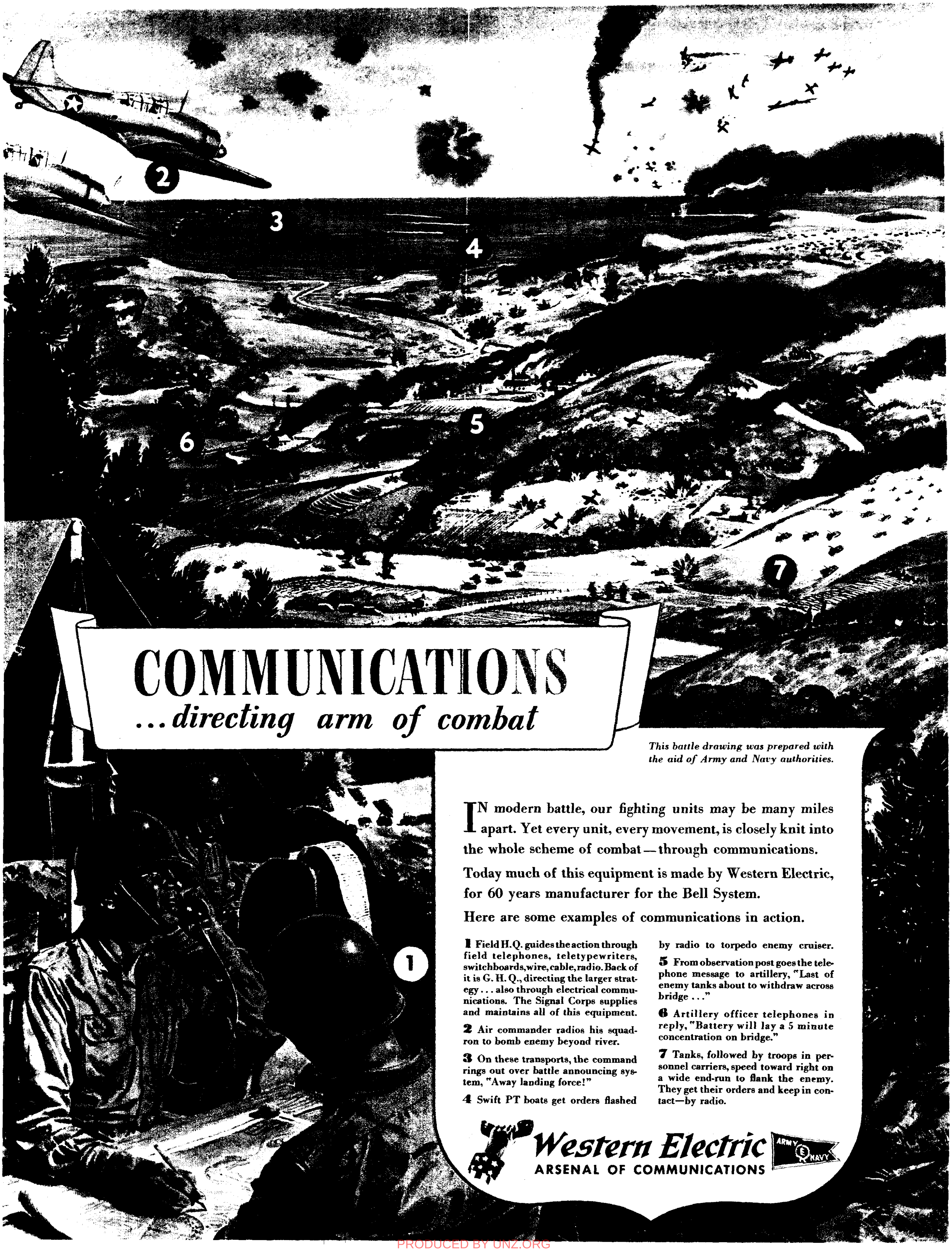
The American consul was grieved. He told Nick: "He doesn't have a leg to stand on. The trouble is, he doesn't need to. You come up against one obstinate fellow in a position of authority and—at a time like this—you're licked."

He liked Nick. He said: "I'd like to straighten this out for you, but I don't feel free to meddle. All you can hope for is a change of personnel in the censorship."

The other correspondents for press associations and radio chains were indignant; and they went, one by one, to the front, north of Singapore.

The weeks passed in a haze of heat and idleness and futility. Norton was still protesting and still hopeful. Nick thought: In the movies, the passage of time was simpler. There was a calendar, blowing away, page by page; or a series of shots indicating the changing seasons —leaves blowing from autumnal trees, snow, birds; look, look, it's summer again.

There were no seasons in Singapore,



COMMUNICATIONS

...directing arm of combat

This battle drawing was prepared with the aid of Army and Navy authorities.

IN modern battle, our fighting units may be many miles apart. Yet every unit, every movement, is closely knit into the whole scheme of combat—through communications.

Today much of this equipment is made by Western Electric, for 60 years manufacturer for the Bell System.

Here are some examples of communications in action.

1 Field H.Q. guides the action through field telephones, teletypewriters, switchboards, wire, cable, radio. Back of it is G. H. Q., directing the larger strategy... also through electrical communications. The Signal Corps supplies and maintains all of this equipment.

2 Air commander radios his squadron to bomb enemy beyond river.

3 On these transports, the command rings out over battle announcing system, "Away landing force!"

4 Swift PT boats get orders flashed by radio to torpedo enemy cruiser.

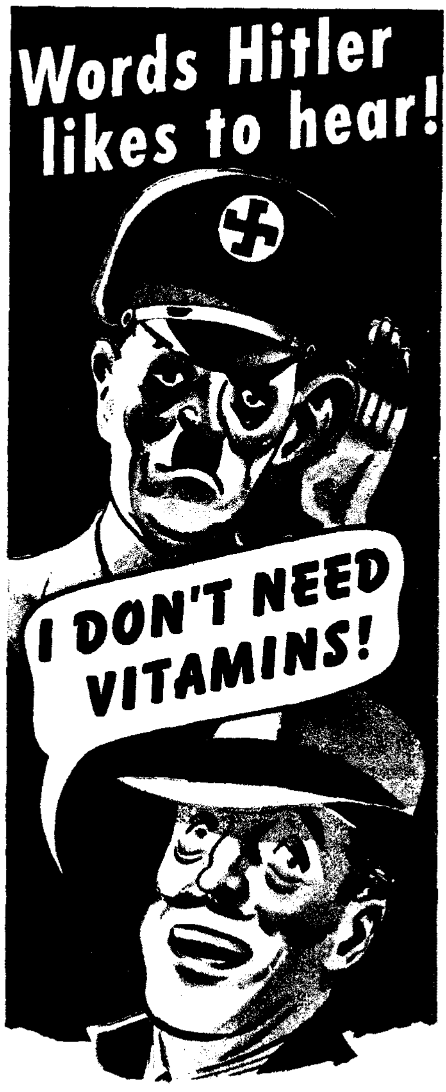
5 From observation post goes the telephone message to artillery, "Last of enemy tanks about to withdraw across bridge..."

6 Artillery officer telephones in reply, "Battery will lay a 5 minute concentration on bridge."

7 Tanks, followed by troops in personnel carriers, speed toward right on a wide end-run to flank the enemy. They get their orders and keep in contact—by radio.

Western Electric
ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS

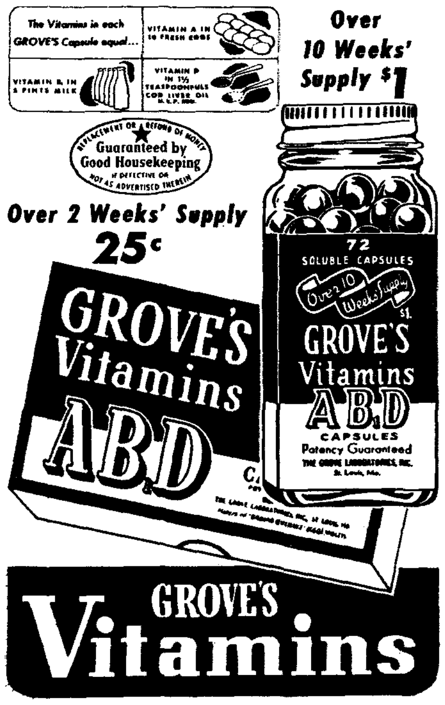
ARMY E NAVY



Words Hitler likes to hear!
I DON'T NEED VITAMINS!

ARE YOU MAKING THIS MISTAKE?

How do you know you don't need vitamins? U. S. Government report shows millions of people are actually starving for vitamins. Today, it's your duty to keep yourself at your physical and mental best to help lick the AXIS! No time to feel tired and listless with lowered vitality and body resistance, jittery nerves and a general run-down condition caused by vitamin deficiency. Maybe you're not a hospital case, but you want your *full share* of vigor and vitality. Play safe! Take one GROVE'S Vitamin AB_1D Capsule daily for your protective requirements of absolutely essential Vitamins A and D, *plus* all-important B_1 . . . vitamins frequently lacking in your food. Expensive? Not GROVE'S! They are less than 1½c a day when purchased in the large size. Don't gamble with your health for such a small cost. Be on the safe side. Today, start taking GROVE'S Vitamins AB_1D!



The Vitamins in each GROVE'S Capsule equal...
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only two monsoons. The calendar was marked by catastrophes: Penang fell to the Japanese. Penang was less than four hundred miles away and he could not go near there or talk about it over the microphone that was barred to him.

One letter from Betty got through, an early one, when she was in Batavia. Mauran told Henri that his wife was in Bandoeng, the Indies military headquarters; Henri thought Betty might have gone with her. Then Henri left, with Mauran, for Syria. Hong Kong fell. Sumatra was bombed. In Malaya, Ipoh was seized by the Japanese. Nick tried to cancel out his frustration, writing daily to Betty: Here I am, where I've always wanted to be, where it's happening, and UBC won't give in, the censor won't give in and it's like being trussed and gagged while everything's happening. Write me back, darling, and tell me I'm being shockingly personal.

But he never knew if she got his letters.

Manila surrendered and UBC queried him on Cogswell's whereabouts. That's one for the book, he thought: Do I know where Cogswell is? I only know where I hope he is. No one mentioned Cogswell any more, not even the vice-consul who had been his friend. Nick was tempted to radio back that Cogswell was probably in Davao, helping the Japanese hemp growers to defeat America. Then he pictured Cogswell back in Shanghai, among his *objets d'art* in his Cathay Hotel suite. Sure. Cogswell was probably helping the Japs to identify Chungking sympathizers among the Americans. Cogswell would be doing all right.

Nick cabled Norton: "No knowledge Cogswell." And he told himself: When I've got the facts, I'll supply plenty of knowledge about Cogswell.

The day that Kuala Lumpur fell, Norton gave up and ordered him to the Netherlands East Indies. It was mid-January and he waited for transportation in an agony of impatience. It took another week to get deck space on a freighter and almost as long again to reach Batavia.

The ship made a series of stops. She did not dare to move in daylight and she lost several nights in ports, avoiding submarines.

When she finally docked in Batavia, Nick felt as though he had been lost at sea since he last saw Betty. But Betty was somewhere in Java and now he was there, too.

THE Dutch official who examined his papers at the pier looked up when he came to one item. "United Broadcasting Corporation?" he said knowingly. "Both of you coming here at the same time, then?"

Nick said, "Who else?"

"Mr. Cogswell," said the Dutchman. "You probably thought he was still lost. He said he was for over six weeks. He just got in last night."

In peacetime, Batavia was awake by five in the morning, before the scalding sun was high. At six, in wartime, Nick found the city alive with soldiers and civilians. He did not look for Cogswell in the streets; he would find him—when he was ready to find him—at the Hôtel des Indes. Most foreigners stayed there and Cogswell, with his foppish pretensions, would never stay elsewhere—unless he was a guest at Madame Vooren's Batavia home.

Nick considered and rejected this possibility, as he hastily ate breakfast in the dining room of the Hôtel des Indes. Madame Vooren, he thought, might continue to love Cogswell but she could not continue to believe in him. She would not shelter him. Cogswell was probably sleeping peacefully in one of the hotel rooms, perhaps near the chamber the clerk had just assigned to Nick.

At this moment, he did not want to prepare for his encounter with Cogswell; he did not want even to seek Madame Vooren. He wanted to find out where Betty was and to see her and then he would be ready for everyone else.

He hastened, first, to the Free French Committee where a young woman pronounced Betty's name as if she had never heard it. Nick's mouth felt dry as she repeated, with a rising inflection: "Mademoiselle Gaspard?" She riffled cards in a file, smiled and said: "How stupid of me! Madame Mauran herself brought her to us."

"Well, is she in Batavia?" Nick said anxiously.

"No," the woman said. "She is . . . well, she is with Madame Mauran. She may return here today, though. If not, then soon, certainly."

"All right. And if she doesn't come back, will you tell me where she is, so I can go to see her?"

"Have you a permit to travel in Java?"

"I haven't anything but my passport. I just got in here from Singapore. I'm a reporter."

"Oh, then you can get authorization from the Ministry of Information, the *Regeeringspublicietsdienst,"* she said and, seeing him gulp, added: "The RPD, you know."

"That's where I was going next," he said.

"Good," she said. "Come back afterward, and I shall know more."

At the RPD offices, the chief welcomed Nick.

"You do not need to introduce yourself," he said and Nick thought at once: Cogswell has already been here.

The chief continued: "The British censor." He shrugged his shoulders. "We think he was foolish to bar you. Still, I am sorry to have you come to Batavia."

"Why?"

"Because we do not wish to offend you."

"Okay, you needn't," said Nick.

"And we dare not offend the Singapore censorship. They might take it amiss if we permitted you to broadcast after they denied you."

"Good lord," said Nick. "Will I have to go all the way to New York just to make a news report?"

"Maybe the Australians would risk being more lenient," the chief said. "Members of the same family can sometimes afford to be more blunt with one another."

"Well, look, this can't be final," Nick said.

"I didn't say it was just." The Dutchman looked apologetic. "Naturally, we'll issue you a card so that you may move freely about in Java."

"That won't do UBC much good," Nick said cautiously. He did not want to introduce Cogswell's name. But he expected to hear it now.

"I'm sorry we are not free to act as we would ordinarily," the chief said. "As I suggested, it might be easier for you and for your home office in Sydney."

SO THEY don't know Cogswell is here, Nick thought. They don't—yet. He said absently: "Thanks. I'll be back. I'm going to try to wear you down."

Outside, he directed his cab driver to the American consulate. The consul general ought to be able to help me, he thought . . . if Cogswell hasn't already got to him.

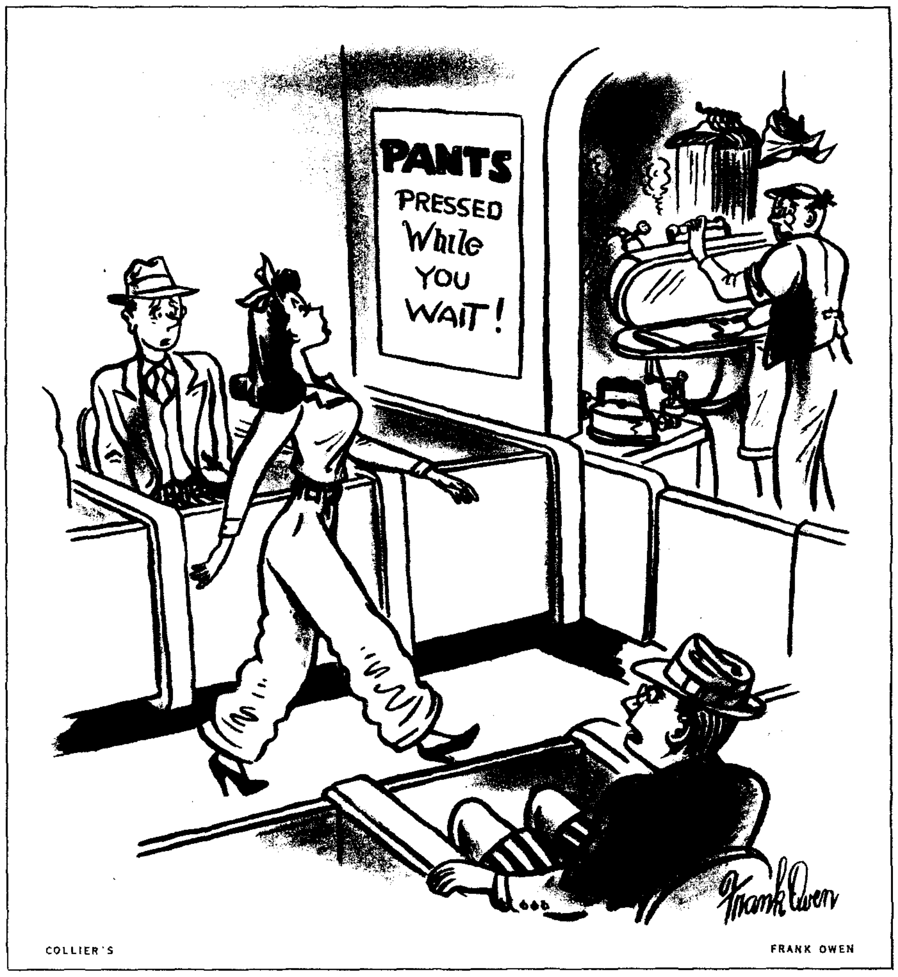
But as he walked up the porch steps of the homey, cool-looking consulate, he heard a familiar gracious voice. He halted. Through the broad windows opening onto the veranda, he could hear Cogswell, talking in his easy, confident fashion. Cogswell was describing his escape from the Japanese in the Philippines.

Now, what do I do? Nick asked himself. He's probably known the consul since the Year One.

Before he could decide on a retreat, a young man came out and he had no choice. He gave the clerk his card.

The young man disappeared and returned almost immediately. "You may come in," he said.

(To be concluded next week)



PANTS PRESSED While YOU WAIT!
Frank Owen

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

Propellers Roll Before They Fly

Thanks to the Skilled, Synchronized Organization Back of Trucks— War Materials Travel with Speed No Other Freight Transport Can Match

You're standing on the loading dock of a war plant. Let's listen-in:

PLATFORM SUPT.: Step on it, boys. There's 300 more props waitin' at the end of the assembly line.

LOADER: O.K., Sir. We're on our last crate.

PLATFORM SUPT.: Ready, Joe?

DRIVER: Sure. Don't worry, Chief. These props will be flyin' by six tonight.

PLATFORM SUPT.: (on phone) That you, Mac? We need 10 more trucks—but quick! Our platform'll be choked by noon.

DISPATCHER: You'll have 'em in 12 minutes, Chief. They just reported through the city limits.

PLATFORM SUPT.: How about our 6 A.M. shipment?

DISPATCHER: Pullin' into the plane plant now.

PLATFORM SUPT.: Joe tells me No. 40 had a flat.

DISPATCHER: Didn't hold us up much, Chief. The company service car had 40 movin' before the air was out.

PLATFORM SUPT.: Nice work, Mac...What's that? . . . Can't hear you. Those incoming trucks are makin' too much noise.

✓ ✓ ✓

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It responds with a flick of the switch—a twist of the telephone dial. You turn it north, south, east, or west—easy as *that!*

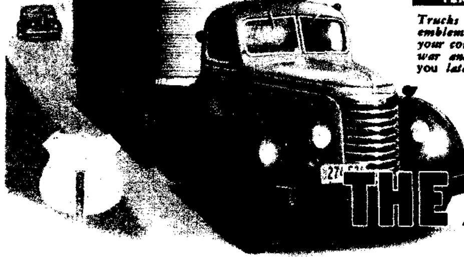
Because—trucks can load and roll—quick as you can pack a suitcase in your car. Each load's an individual unit. Completely independent. So—shipments *can't* bog down.

But more important still—is *timing*. Perfect organization. Training that's taken years to perfect.

With the nation's war plants so dependent on truckfreight flexibility . . . with war goods constituting 60% to 80% of all truck loads . . . America can't afford to let our marvelously organized system of motorfreight be disrupted now.

But it *will* break up—if we limit or cramp the normal, far-ranging motorfreight operation that's helping get America's Big Job done in time.

It's up to all of us to protect that system . . . to keep the crack organization behind it—as well as their trucks—carrying on at peak efficiency.



CARRYING TODAY
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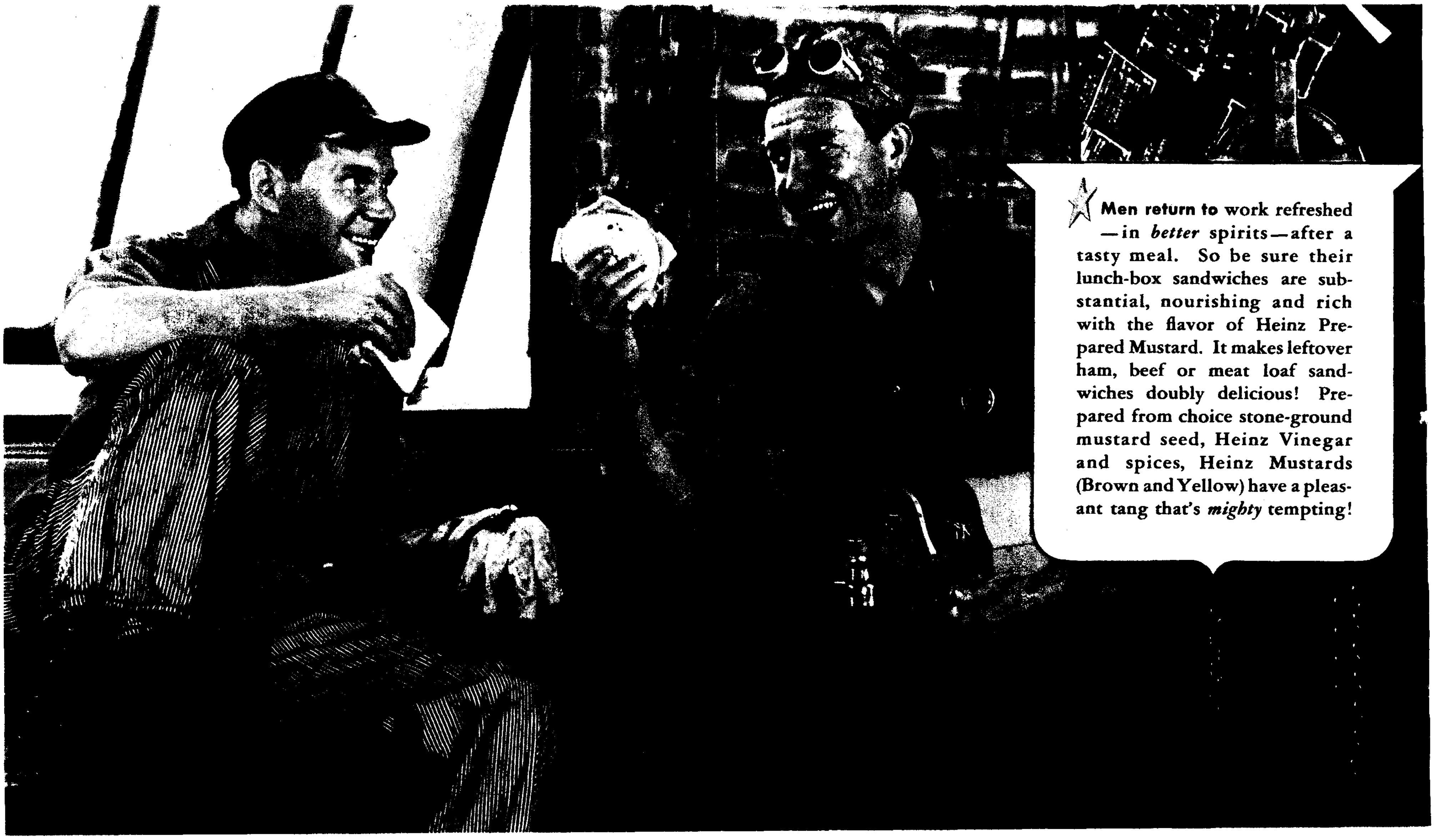
THINGS YOU USE TOMORROW

Trucks bearing this emblem are serving your country now in war and will serve you later in peace!

THE AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS — WASHINGTON, D. C.

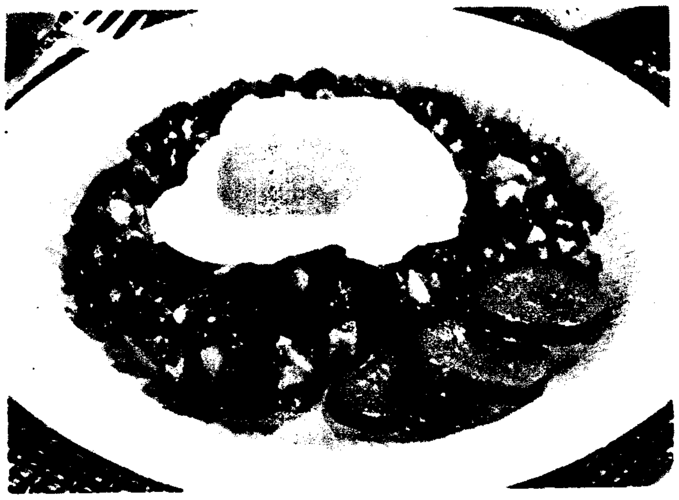


Men return to work refreshed—in *better* spirits—after a tasty meal. So be sure their lunch-box sandwiches are substantial, nourishing and rich with the flavor of Heinz Prepared Mustard. It makes leftover ham, beef or meat loaf sandwiches doubly delicious! Prepared from choice stone-ground mustard seed, Heinz Vinegar and spices, Heinz Mustards (Brown and Yellow) have a pleasant tang that's *mighty* tempting!

MORE than a Seasoning!

Heinz Prepared Mustard is a racy condiment that gives lively lift and added interest to sandwiches, cold cuts and economy foods. Blended from fresh mustard seed, Heinz Vinegar and rare spices, it's the genuine old-fashioned stone-ground kind!

For that extra touch of distinction good cooks strive for and everybody appreciates, complement your plate of cold cuts with Heinz Prepared Mustard. It's a simple, thrifty way to make ordinary foods really tasty and appealing!



Try something new with those low-cost, one-dish meals you're serving often these days of *conservation.* Take plain, everyday *hash,* for instance. Combine 1 tbs. Heinz Prepared Brown Mustard with 5 eggs—add to 12-oz. tin of corned beef hash—and cook.

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PREPARED
MUSTARD
BROWN
57 VARIETIES

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Prepared Mustard

2 KINDS—BROWN and YELLOW

Fiddler's Luck

Continued from page 31

which was then a great cultural and intellectual center. A letter of introduction got them an audience with Joseph Joachim, famous old fiddler, who had been the intimate friend of Brahms and other immortals. Joachim listened to Joska and predicted a great future.

Some days before his Berlin concert a pint-sized prodigy named Mischa Elman scored a tremendous hit, and young Szigeti was an also-ran. Again he was saved from being spoiled.

But Szigeti, father and son, had to eat. They accepted an offer which a kind gent wangled for them, to appear in Frankfort-on-Main in a music hall. Joseph appeared under a phony name, figuring that Szigeti meant artistic standing. The fee was terrific, 500 marks a week, if he lasted a week.

Little Joe was so good he was held over for a second week. Then he and his father went to Würzburg in Bavaria to fill another music-hall spot. This one was a cheap joint, with tables set in the middle of the theater and customers drinking beer.

With some money saved up they set out for London. Szigeti had some more good luck. Elman again, stealing the limelight. So young Szigeti roughed it some more. He trekked all over the British Isles as an added starter with famous artists—with Wilhelm Backhaus, the pianist, and with John McCormack, the great Irish tenor. Later he toured with Nellie Melba, the Australian prima donna, and with Busoni, the world-famous pianist. With McCormack he did as many as eight concerts a week.

Joseph was a prodigious worker. He played on tour, he appeared with orchestras under all the famous conductors. He returned to the Continent and traveled some more.

In the next two years Szigeti came into his own. He toured in every country of Europe, and at last was giving concerts by himself. There was even a nibble from America. At this point he became desperately ill—a blow that would have crushed any artist but a chap like Szigeti. For months he was laid up in a Swiss sanitarium. But his will to play was overwhelming. He badgered the doctor until the latter granted him permission to play the fiddle twenty minutes a day after lunch.

Practice Makes Perfect

Those twenty minutes became the be-all and end-all of life. All morning he would lay plans for the precious interval; all afternoon he would review the work he had done. He learned to concentrate a formidable amount of work into those twenty minutes. He learned how to rehearse a piece of music in his head, blocking out the tough spots and solving them in twenty minutes. Through those dark, interminable days, he kept his technique intact.

When Szigeti recovered his health, the first World War had arrived. He took a job as professor of master classes at the Geneva Conservatory, where he remained until 1924. By now he was married. His only child, a daughter, looked like the frail, blond-haired lad that he had been. The Szigeti home became here, and later in Paris, a hangout for eminent musicians, actors, painters, writers, economists, politicians. In Switzerland he met an American composer, Templeton Strong, who was a student of Liszt and who wrote a piece for Szigeti. In Strong's home, Szigeti had a strong foretaste of America—he encountered chewing gum and 10- and 25-cent Western stories in paper bindings.

Szigeti made his first appearance in America in December, 1924. The United States liked him, and he loved this country. He has learned to know it better than most natives. He is curious about everything. When he plays in a new town, he does not hide away in a hotel room until concert time. He goes out and gets acquainted with it.

He likes best of all our democratic way of life, which he found reflected even in so small a thing as the towns where a musician gives concerts. As a famous virtuoso in Europe, he had to stay on the top-price circuit. That meant the big cities—Paris, Berlin, Rome, London, Vienna, Warsaw. He was fond of the Polish town of Cracow, which had a venerable culture, but Szigeti's manager refused to book him there because it was on a lower-priced circuit. He was astonished to find that in the United States even the smallest towns considered themselves worthy of hearing the same musicians as any metropolis, and what was more, could afford to pay for them. Nor was it below any musician's dignity to play in any small town.

Has Large Repertory

Szigeti's repertory is enormous and he has made more recordings than any other famous fiddler. He is the friend of living composers and is constantly learning and introducing new works. If he believes in a composition, he'll make sacrifices for it. He gave the New York Philharmonic an appearance gratis last winter because he wanted the work of his old friend Busoni played at a concert.

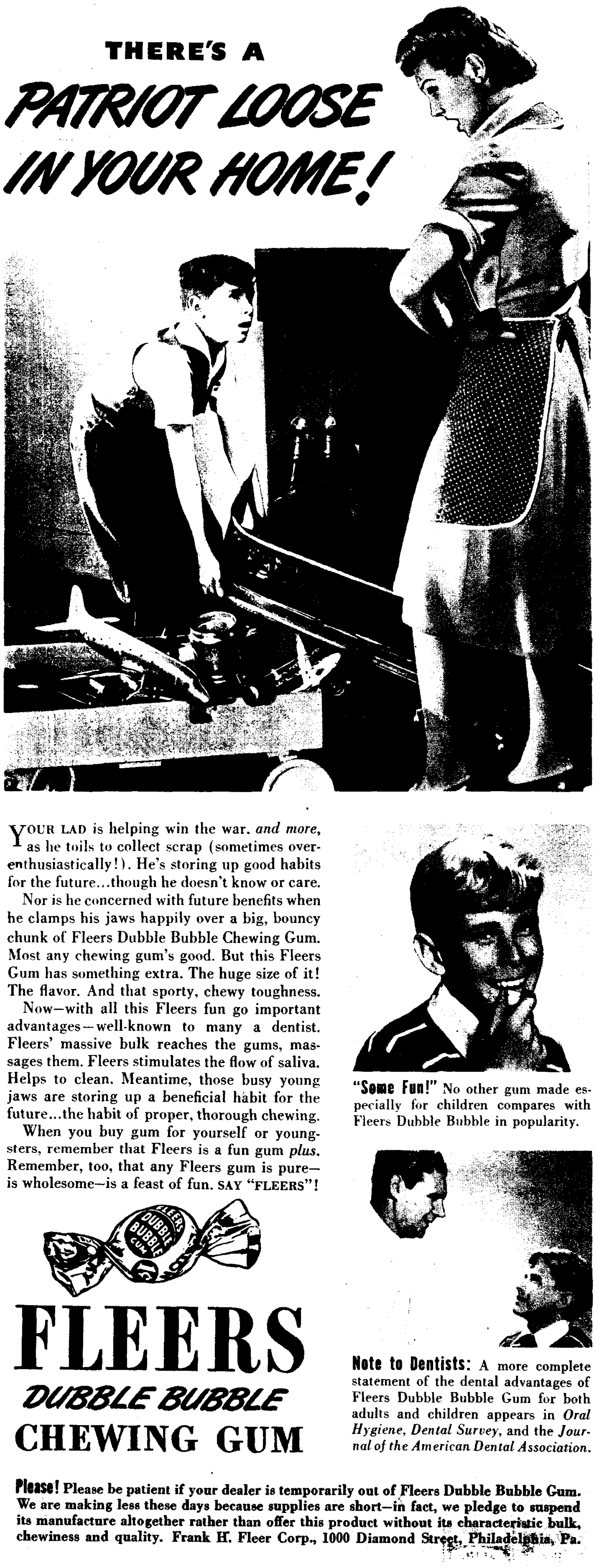
He is at the service of talented youngsters everywhere. He recently caught a plane right after a concert in Kansas City to serve on a jury in New York in a violin competition. When he appears with orchestras throughout the country, he finds time for young fiddlers who seek advice. He likes to discover good players in small orchestras, and recommend them for better jobs.

Szigeti's favorite exercises are walking and swimming. He spends nearly all his time doing both during his summer vacation, when he lays off the fiddle entirely for two or three weeks. At home his pride is a cocker spaniel called Frisco. In Szigeti's admittedly biased opinion, Frisco rates with My Own Brucie, blue ribbon winner extraordinary among cocker spaniels.

There seems to be a vast community of Szigeti fans. Fritz Kreisler sang his praises publicly years ago. An admirer in England named his country home Szigeti. Recently the violinist received a letter from a man in Evansville, Ind., who wrote to say that "there is quite a large group of local Szigeti worshipers who are particularly thrilled that you are finally coming to our city." The writer added proudly, "I claim to be the original local Szigeti fan. I have traveled several hundred miles to hear you play, twice to Chicago and once to Louisville. My friends say that I remained a bachelor until I found the girl (she's from Buffalo) who admires Szigeti as much as I do. Of course, she had the extra attractive quality of playing the violin in tune and she is pretty."

The admirer and his wife came backstage to salute Szigeti in Evansville. Oh, yes, she was pretty.

THE END



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LADY WITH ZIP

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Anne Baxter may be eccentric, but it all adds up to her being one of the best young actresses in Hollywood

Anne Baxter can be baffling, but don't be fooled. With her, it's strictly acting and she knows what she's doing

WHEN they were about to start a new picture at Twentieth Century-Fox in Hollywood, they found Anne Baxter wandering around the sound stage as if she had lost something.

"If I can do anything . . ." said the assistant director.

"I'm looking for a place to set up my easel," said Anne.

In due course the easel arrived and between scenes the lady would sit on a stool and make dabs at the canvas, meantime looking off into a corner of the huge stage as if she were seeing pixies. When the movie scenes were over, close observation of the canvas proved that Miss Baxter was just getting started on her opus.

"No north light," she said finally, in explanation.

There was also the other matter of her Russian conversations with a gnarled-looking stagehand. Anne would belabor the man with strange sounds and he would nod in a frightened way and say nothing in reply.

"What's she saying to you?" they asked him.

"Damn' if I know," said the bewildered helot, "but it ain't Russian."

This would seem to suggest that Miss Baxter goes through life playing games with herself, which is true. Dressed up for an interview in her most sophisticated gown, she looks like a little girl playing house. She has all the mannerisms of Madame Récamier and will stoutly maintain that she *is* Madame Récamier unless sternly repressed.

This may all come from the fact that she is the granddaughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, the famous and eccentric architect, or it may merely be the result of progressive education.

Starting in schools where she learned raffia work instead of mathematics, she gradually worked her way up to high school in Bronxville, New York, where she is remembered as the young lady who answered all questions as to historical dates by caroling:

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow . . ." which seems to be a quotation from Shakespeare.

By the time she was ten it became plain to the family that they had either a histrionic genius or a mental case on their hands. Since they declined to entertain the latter supposition, she was sent off to Theodora Ervine's School of Drama and later had three years with Madame Ouspenskaya, where she seems to have acquired the strange words which she confidentially employs as Russian.

Madame is Puzzled

She liked Ouspenskaya's training but on occasion chafed under a certain restraint. She felt that the American stage needed slightly more vigor than was often apparent in a Chekhov heroine.

"What we ought to have is a little zip," complained Anne.

The madame looked at her with a lifted brow.

"Wot's dot zeep?" she asked in pained bewilderment.

However, in improvisation classes, where students were urged to work out characterizations of their own, the little Baxter thing also confounded them. In one such impersonation Miss Baxter gave forth a feeling of such futility and anemia that Madame Ouspenskaya was worried.

"Vot's dot?" she asked with concern.

"Cleopatra in love with Anthony," explained Anne.

"Tsk, tsk," murmured the madame, "soch passion."

Her progress as an actress was so rapid that at the age of thirteen she was on Broadway with Frankie Thomas in Seen But Not Heard. She followed that with a part in There's Always a Breeze and then went up to Dennis on Cape Cod to play summer stock. When one expressed surprise at one so young in such fast company, Anne replied:

"I saw behind the veil."

In the fall of 1938 she appeared with Eva Le Gallienne in Madam Capet, a dolorous undertaking that should have cured them all of the stage but didn't. It was while she was back at Dennis again next summer that the Hollywood talent scouts began bothering her. Then came an astonishing development; it seemed that David Selznick wanted to test her for the leading role in Rebecca. She went out to Hollywood and faced the inquisitors. The camera people looked at her with some interest.

"The part calls for a young wife," they admitted, "but does it call for a child bride of the Ozarks?"

At this juncture of her career Miss Baxter looked all of eleven years old and

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Thoughts of war are frightening. Your older sisters and brothers are now working and fighting for our country. And you're too young to enlist as a WAVE or WAAC. You probably wish you were older so you could take a more active part. But you too, have a great responsibility.

There are plenty of older girls and boys to man our factories and armies to win this war. Today it is your privilege to help in civilian defense . . . But your schooling is your first patriotic duty . . . For tomorrow, when the war is over, the world will expect you to set the standard for better living. So be smart . . . plan for the future.

A wise man has said, "It always has stopped raining" . . . likewise wars have always ended . . . and scarcity always has been turned into abundance. By the time you grow up, normal happy living will have returned. The man you marry will not have to rush away to war. He will have wonderful new opportunities to prosper in business, and your dreams of a beautiful home may be realized.

Thank God, that you will be privileged to live a normal life. Go ahead and dream—dream about a wonderful home of your own. Think of all the beautiful things you will some day want in that charming home of tomorrow. And start now acquiring the precious, worth while, enduring, material as well as spiritual things you will treasure for a lifetime.

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Selznick watched her at work with the gaze of one who is seeing visions. It was plain that she could do the part but it was equally obvious that Laurence Olivier, as the husband, would have the appearance of one who had inadvertently married his granddaughter. In the diplomatic language of the films, it was subsequently announced that production plans were delayed, and prior commitments required Miss Baxter's return to Broadway.

However, the news of the Selznick episode managed to seep out, assisted by various press agents, columnists and public criers, and in time Darryl Zanuck saw tests of the infant and haled her forth peremptorily. She arrived in Hollywood accompanied by her mother; her father remained in New York to look after his affairs.

Her first role was opposite John Barrymore in The Great Profile and her big scene was one in a dressing room when she pleads with the great man to lay off the spirituous stuff. She throws out her arms to him beseechingly. When the scene was over, Barrymore had only one comment to make on her work.

"Will you ask the young one," he said to the director, "to kindly omit the Australian crawl movement?"

A Chance to Talk French

From this she went into Charley's Aunt with Jack Benny, which called for nothing but the ability to look like somebody out of another world, which she possessed in abundance. She was forthwith promoted to a role in Swamp Water, directed by Jean Renoir, the noted Frenchman. This was an experience for both of them because Anne immediately began discoursing with him in a foreign tongue.

"I don't know," admitted Renoir in bewilderment. "I don't think it was French and I'm pretty sure it wasn't German."

But if there was some doubt about the child linguistically, there was none about her as an actress. It was generally admitted that she had flair, personality and ability. Orson Welles saw Swamp Water and somehow managed to discern these qualities in a setting where nobody else could see anything but a bedraggled little girl wandering around in a bog. Welles invited her over to discuss a part in The Magnificent Ambersons but she got mixed up in the usual crowd in his waiting room and was ignored.

"I gave no indication that I was anybody of importance," says Miss Baxter.

Welles finally remembered her and came rushing out.

"Why, my dear Miss Baxter . . ." he began apologetically.

"It's nothing at all," she said, rising majestically like a princess who has been mistaken for the charwoman but is too cultured to complain.

She admired Mr. Welles both as an individual and as a director and particularly liked his manner of speaking in his natural voice in restaurants, which means that he can be heard anywhere within the county limits.

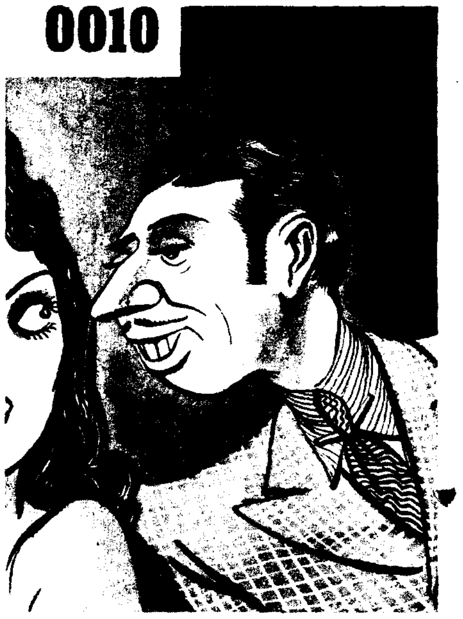
"Most people go through life whispering," says Miss Baxter philosophically.

She did well in The Magnificent Ambersons and came back to her own studio to do Pied Piper, in which she acted as a young lady of indeterminate age who herds various infants out of France at the behest of Monte Woolley.

"It was very difficult," sighs Miss Baxter. "Acting against children."

When she came east for the première of Pied Piper, she was prepared for the interviewers. She invariably wore a pair of long red gloves, her hat was tilted precariously on her head and she was much given to sitting on the edge of a table in an attitude of camaraderie. The interviewers found her charming and played out the game to the end. They took her as an aged thespian and made her very happy. They asked her weighty questions and hung on her answers. In essence, the interviewers found her to be an engaging child desperately eager to grow up. If she talked largely about Van Gogh and Debussy, it was because she knew something about them and didn't want people to ask her what she thought about Mickey Rooney, not that she thought anything. Hollywood considers her a real actress and people are generally very fond of her.

NOT WANTED for the Duration



4-F LOTHARIO

Draft-deferred wolf who rushes soldiers' lonely gal friends

She is a little pudgy-looking kid, weighing 112 and standing five feet four. She loves to eat and collects rare recipes which she gets somebody else to try out. The studio puts a warning finger to the lips at mention of her appetite and it is known that she fights temptation with vigor—but she still likes to throw down the vittles.

"I walk it off," she says, in explanation—but it doesn't completely explain that apple-dumpling figure.

In truth, her manner of walking has annoyed more than one director. She trips along in a stiff-legged style of her own, resembling somewhat a cowboy who has been grounded. But neither that nor anything else keeps her from her profession. Right now she thinks the movies are fine, but if it wasn't the cinema, it would be something else.

"An individual should express himself," she says sententiously.

Whether from age or intention, her name never appears in gossip columns connected with the usual Hollywood names. She takes her exercise out in swimming and horseback riding and keeps away from night clubs.

"I saw through all that years ago," she says with a weary air. This seems to prove that she may be acting for everybody else but she isn't fooling herself.

THE END

Black Bullets for Hitler

Continued from page 66

repeated. That's a big French word. We're all Americans, out here, and so far we've found our own language big enough. Call it what you like, we've got what it takes."

In addition to the usual difficulties of transforming citizens, Major General Charles P. Hall, commander of the Ninety-third, and Colonel Edwin N. Hardy, commanding officer of the fort, have the problem of handling thousands of Negroes in a thinly settled community of not too enthusiastic whites. These two officers, Southerners by birth and West Pointers by training, know better than anybody else that they are not going to "solve the race problem." But by their common-sense application of diplomacy and pressure, they are making it possible for the largest Negro fighting unit in the world to train with dignity and pride and with no more than the normal amount of friction with the civil population.

The USO Lends a Hand

Housing projects have been built or are being built for the families of officers and noncommissioned officers. Tucson, the desert metropolis, which had been officially reported as "being reluctant to rent quarters to Negro officers, permits Negroes to eat in restaurants or even to make purchases in the majority of the stores," now has its own Negro USO; has learned that its own Negro population can entertain Negro soldiers; and is catching some of the shekels that fun-hungry troops have to spend when on leave.

"I was making good money in a defense factory in Detroit," a Negro lieutenant told me. "But after Pearl Harbor, I joined the Army and now I'm a commissioned officer. Patriotism? Sure. It's my country and my war. But I didn't kid myself and I'm not kidding you. I figured it like this: Civilians same as soldiers are getting killed in this war. So I might as well have a gun and do some shooting myself. And now I've got more than a gun. I've got a platoon of machine gunners who can carve a '93' across the bellies of any bunch of Japanese so-and-so's that get within five hundred yards of them."

That appears to be the spirit of Fort Huachuca.

To begin at the beginning: You have to get off the train at a town called Hereford, which has a depot, a filling station, a store and a house. You take a combination freight and passenger bus at Hereford and bounce for thirty-five miles over low mountains and across sandy mesas to Fort Huachuca.

On the bus with me were five Negro soldiers and two Mexican women. We bumped along in silence for several miles before our soldier spoke. It developed he was from Evansville, Indiana. His voice had been hardened by an accumulation of alkali and sand on his larynx.

"Fellers," he announced, "I'm gorring to marry that Tucson gir-rl. Everythin's lined up and we're gorring to get married as soon as I get permission."

"Shee-ah," drawled a corporal. He was dark and lanky and played sliphorn in one of the regimental bands. He was a native of Decatur, Alabama, and had been in the Regular Army for eight years. "You go mo' sense den dat," he went on. "Or else how come dey let you in de Medical 'tachment? You s-posed to have sense to git in de Medical 'tachment. Gittin' ingaged is all okay, in a push, but gittin' ma'ied? You got too much sense."

There followed a general debate on the advantages and disadvantages of marriage. A private first-class who had kept silent during the argument finally broke down and confessed he had already been married one time.

"I loved her, but she plagued me crazy," he explained. "De mo' I loved her, de mo' she plagued me and de mo' she plagued me, de mo' I loved her. To finally, I went off and joined de Army and lef' her be." He looked fondly at the photograph of a young dark-skinned girl with a broad smile and a devilish twinkle. "She look jest like dat," the soldier said, passing the picture around. "She look like she jest jumped out f'm behime a blackberry bush."

For the remainder of the bus ride we bounced in our seats and the topic never varied from women.

As we drew near the reservation boundary, I saw a shabby group of automobile trailers parked near the road. These trailers were occupied by civilian workmen who were working on the job of transforming Fort Huachuca from a regimental to a divisional post. There were no professional camp followers within miles of the fort, I was informed. Occasionally, someone tries to "bring in a few girls," but what with desert surroundings and the military and civil authorities against them, they are soon gone to where pickings are better and operating obstacles fewer.

At the reservation gate is the small community of Fry. There is a moving picture theater, a general store where drinks may be bought during specified hours, a small restaurant or two, a few miscellaneous shops and a very handsome USO building, well equipped, intelligently managed and heavily attended by the enlisted men of the camp. The USO, naturally, provides the bulk of off-post recreation.

At Fort Huachuca one learns quickly the difference between recreation and fun. Recreation is some form of amusement that is planned for you. Fun is something you make for yourself. When the USO, in co-operation with a small military unit, arranged for a dance by bringing out from Tucson sixty young Negro girls for dancing partners—that was recreation.

By the way, the girls had pillows to sleep on that night—that was fun. The Ninety-third is still laughing.

Just Leave It to the Sergeant

The arrangements were made in the usual manner. An approved list of girls from the prosperous Tucson Negro colony was made out and the girls were brought in busses to the fort. Due to the great distance involved, the USO prepared to keep the girls overnight. Cots and bedding were borrowed from the Army.

The girls were chic and jolly, the boys were trim and manly, the band was perfect and sixty young soldiers had a time.

At midnight dancing stopped and the ballroom became a dormitory for the girls. Each soldier put up a cot, unrolled a mattress and tucked in sheets and blankets in proper military manner.

"Don't soldiers ever use pillows?" demanded one of the Tucson belles.

No pillows! The supply officer had sent everything the USO had asked for but the USO had failed to include pillows. Handling emergencies, however,

Good News

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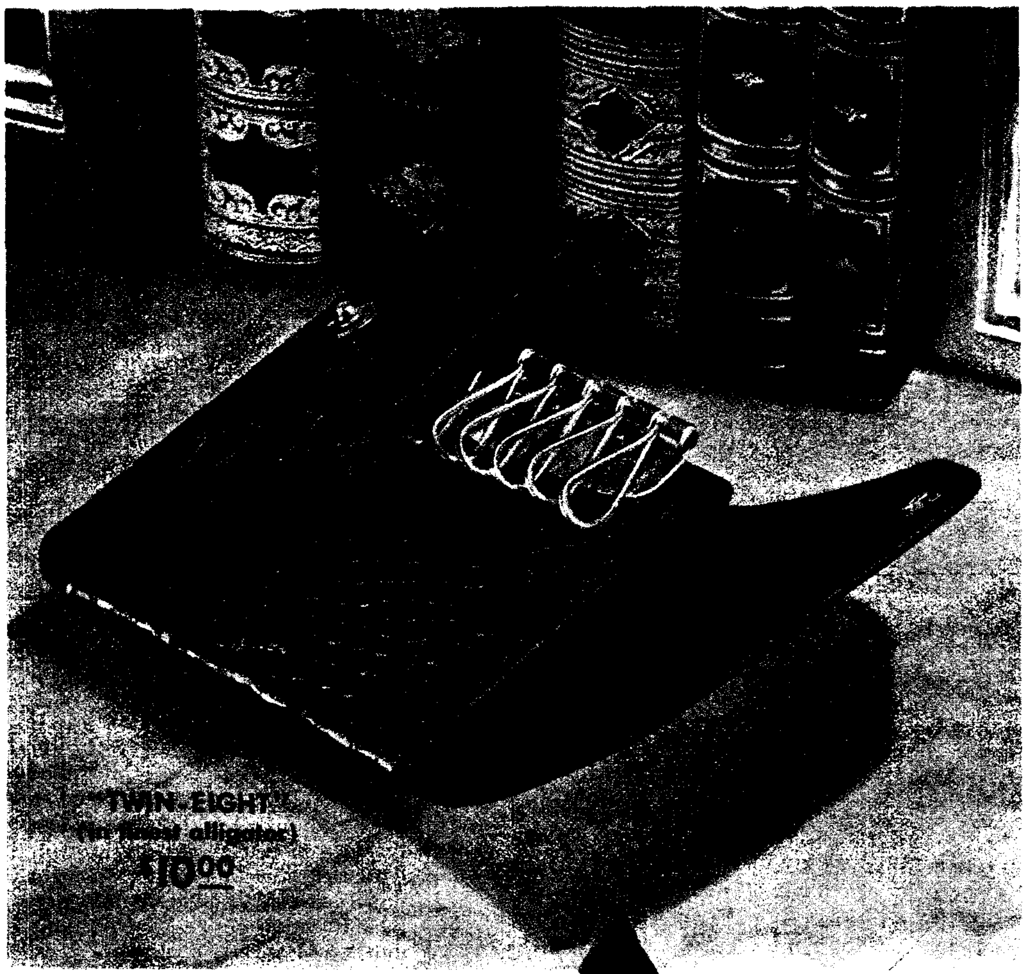

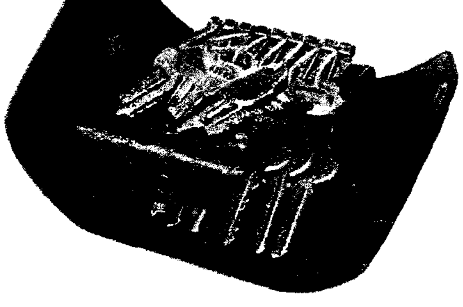

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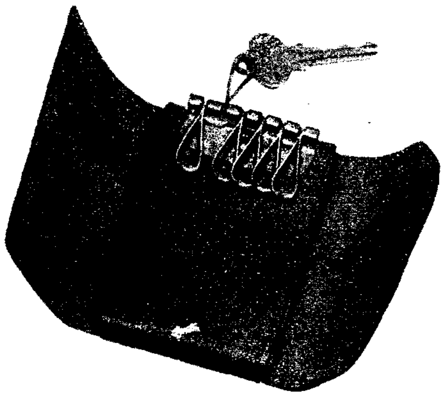

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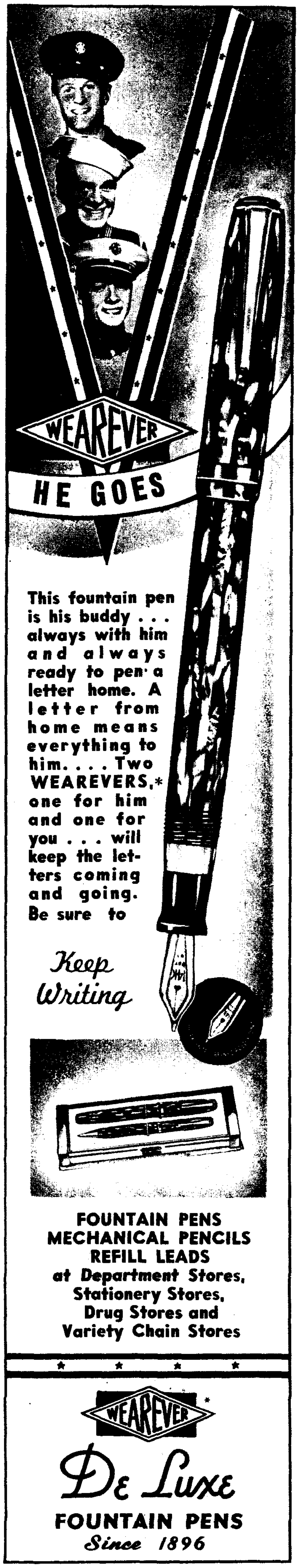

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is part of a sergeant's training. A snappy sergeant rose to the occasion.

"Get your automobile, Miss G.," the sergeant said.

Miss G. of the colored YWCA is on duty at Huachuca's USO. She and the sergeant drove past the M.P. at the gate and directly in front of one of the big old barracks buildings, deep up the canyon. Miss G. began to have qualms. "You don't mean to take the pillows from under the heads of those sleeping men, do you? They've been working all day and they're tired."

"As a matter of fact, they're going to hand me their pillows, gladly," the sergeant promised.

"That's just as bad," Miss G. said. "No private will argue with a sergeant."

"I'm not going to rush my rank on them, either. They won't even know I'm a sergeant."

The sergeant went into a squadron and woke up a soldier. "Be quiet, boy," he whispered. "I'm going to do you a big favor. If you say the word, I'll put a good-looking little brown-skin's head right on your pillow—tonight!"

The sleepy soldier wanted to know how come and the sergeant, removing the pillow, explained that the brown-skin's head would certainly rest on the pillow—at the USO building four miles away. The first victim thought the joke so good that he helped the sergeant collect sixty pillows by the same ruse.

There is a great deal more to the Ninety-third than fun, recreation and girls. A large percentage of the boys at Fort Huachuca are deeply religious and very studious. But that does not prevent them from getting a laugh out of their work. For instance—machine guns require a special knowledge. A quarter of a century ago gunners were required to become so familiar with their weapon that they could dismantle and reassemble it blindfolded. This requirement still exists in some units.

The Doctors Make a Hit

The pride and joy of the division, from a racial standpoint, is their medical staff. There are, of course, the usual facilities for caring for the health of the troops in training and in battle. The bulk of the doctors and nurses are Negroes. And a great many of the commissioned combat and administrative officers are Negroes, too, but medical officers appear to have the inside track in the pride of the soldiers at this stage of their training. They like their line officers and are proud of them, but in a discussion with an enlisted man about the officer situation, the talk veers to the medical staff. There is Dr. X, who had been a bone expert at Mayo's; Dr. Y made a name for himself at Johns Hopkins; Dr. Z gave up a big surgical practice in Detroit to become a first lieutenant in the Ninety-third.

I talked with an old sergeant about it. A veteran of nearly thirty years in the Regulars with several wars under his belt, this war is just one more for him.

"They're fine boys, all of them, sir," he told me. Naturally the doctors make a better showing to begin with. The doctors are already familiar with their tools and have got confidence in themselves.

"But you take a combat officer, now. He just came out of the classroom or maybe out of an office—a lawyer or something like that. He is put through a stiff course of schooling that teaches him how to do his work but the first few times he has to set up a machine gun defense, or discipline a rowdy soldier—well, he knows how it's done, all right, but he hasn't had the experience doing his work as the doctors have had in their business. But they'll get that experience right here, right now. It's a pleasure to see them come out."

A young lieutenant in a shiny new uniform passed. The old sergeant came to attention with dignity and ease and the lieutenant snapped a "figure four" back at the sergeant that might have disjointed a weaker elbow.

"See what I mean?" the sergeant said.

The officers are learning rapidly. Aside from their schooling and practice, which is a pretty strenuous schedule, they hold almost nightly bull sessions. Those who are married bring their wives to these meetings which are, in fact, intended to be relaxation from the day's work.

The wives are soon off in a corner alone and the young officers are attacking problems of war. Sometimes these are as local as the proper way to discipline an unruly soldier. Other problems embrace strategy of world-wide proportions. I attended one of these bull sessions which turned out to be a critique of the bombing of Japan by General Doolittle. A scrappy first lieutenant of infantry thought the emperor's palace should have been blown up. "They think Hirohito is God," he explained, "and if you kill a man's God, you've got that man whipped."

Immediately the arguments flew. Ethics, Army regulations, the Geneva Conventions and national psychology were used to demonstrate that bombing the emperor would not have been the right thing to do. "Maybe not," the lieutenant admitted, "but my business is killing Japs and Hirohito is not only a Jap but he's the head Jap. I'd have bombed him."

Southern Arizona is a spacious place and people are scarce. Tucson, seventy-five miles away, has about 35,000 people. Of this number, there is a small prosperous group of Negroes. Seventy-five miles to the south is the border town of Nogales, with a population of six thousand. Within a radius of fifty miles of the fort there are probably not a hundred civilians—men, women and children of any race. Tucson has a small colored unit of the USO, and in Nogales part of old Camp Little has been made into a recreation center which includes, of all things to find in the desert, a swimming pool. But Tucson's USO and the center in Nogales offer practically nothing but recreation. Fun is hard to find.

One way or another, soldiers of all races and nationalities have managed to have fun. Their chief fun, now as in the days of Caesar's legions, is looking for girls.

Just across the border from Nogales, Arizona, in Sonora, is Ciudad Nogales. This is a thriving importing-exporting metropolis of nearly thirty thousand people. It has, according to estimates of border officials, one of the best municipal governments along the boundary, and is efficiently policed both in matters of conduct and health. Moreover, a large number of Ciudad Nogales citizens form friendships on bases of character instead of color. A soldier may be convoyed from Fort Huachuca to Camp Little and get plenty of recreation. And after that, he can walk a mile and a half to Ciudad Nogales and have fun!

Spanish in One Easy Lesson

A great number of the young officers and the more studious enlisted men are attending classes in Spanish. A lot of the less intellectual soldiers are learning Spanish in the old-fashioned manner.

"I had me a buddy," a veteran Huachuca soldier told me, "dat could hablar de fool outn dat Spanish. Now, me? I never could hablar much, but I know enough to gig along."

I asked for details.

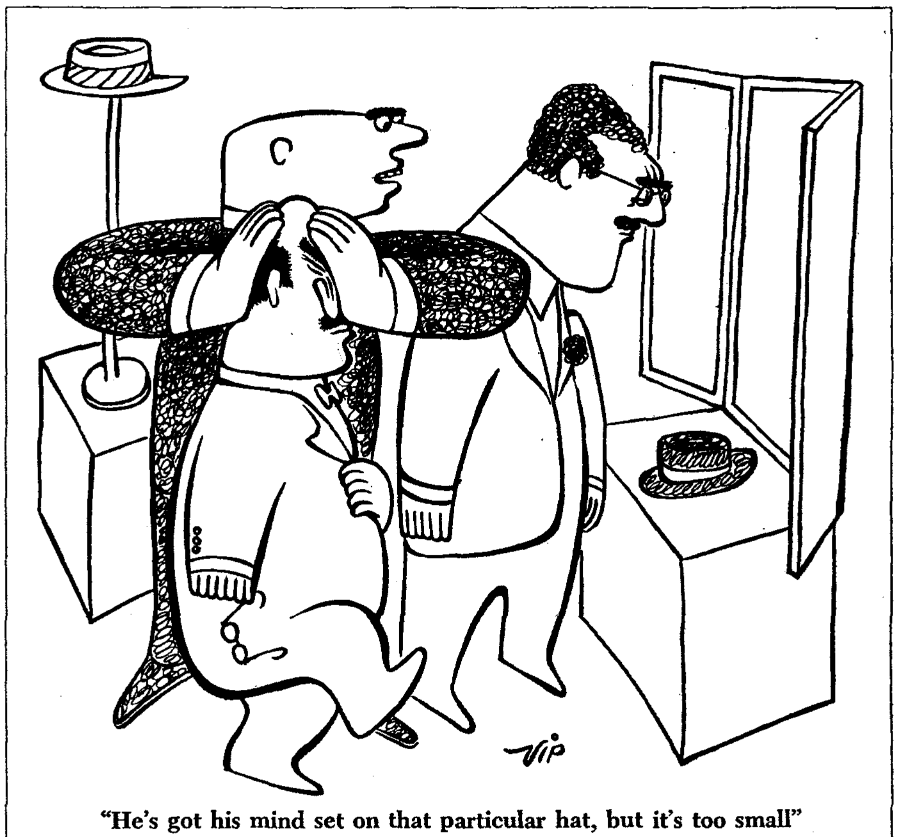
"Well, hit's like dis, suh," he said. "You goes into a cantina and you feels like risin' up a little hell. So you goes over to de boy in charge er de guit-tar players and you slips him a little piece er change. Two-bits, four-bits, much as you likes. Den you tell him like dis, you say: *'Mas musica, mas baile, Le's go!'* Dat means, 'Git dem hombres started whuppin' dem guit-tars.'

"Den, when de guit-tar playin' starts gittin' hot and you feels like you wants to step about a little, you walks up to a senorita and you say like dis: *'Baila con migo, Chiquita?'* Dat means, 'Le's I and you stomp dis fire out, baby.' "

"And what does the senorita say to that?" I asked.

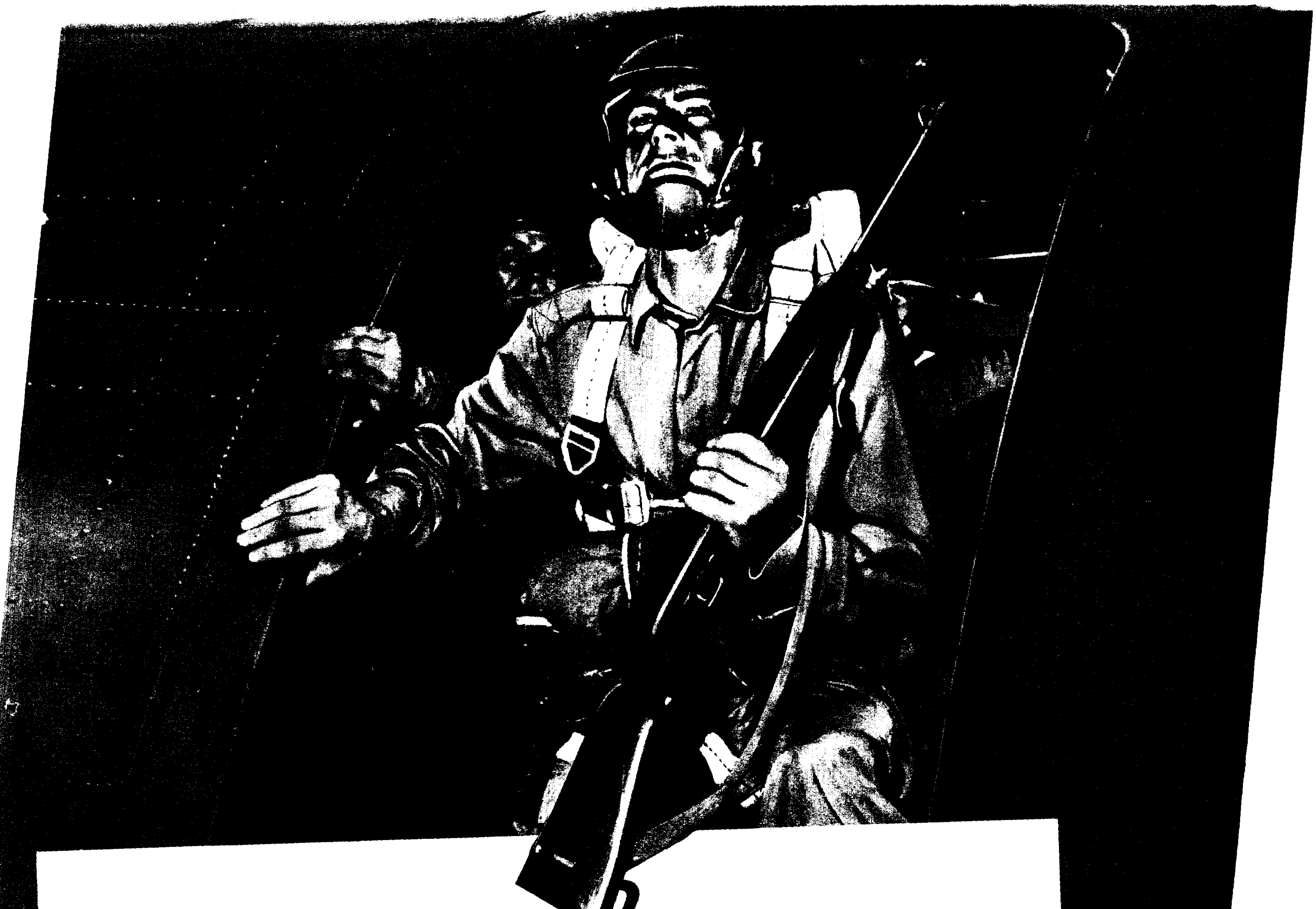
The soldier grinned. "She jest rolls dem great big ole eyes at you and say, 'Ho-kay, keed!' "

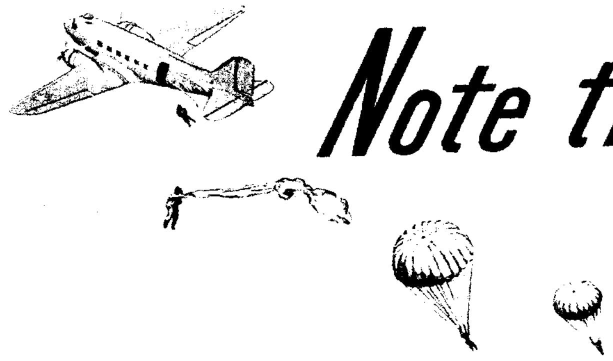
THE END



"He's got his mind set on that particular hat, but it's too small"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH





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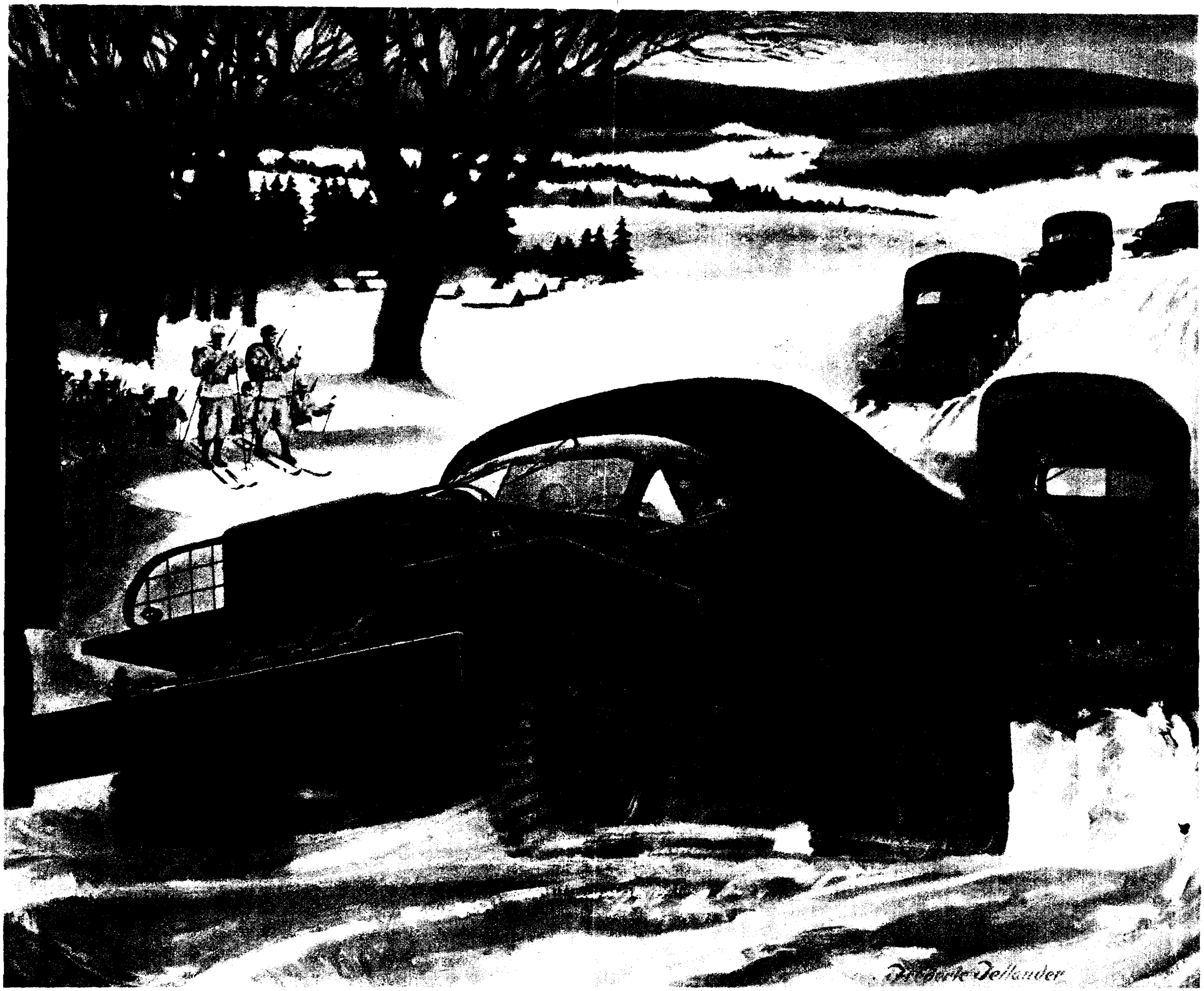

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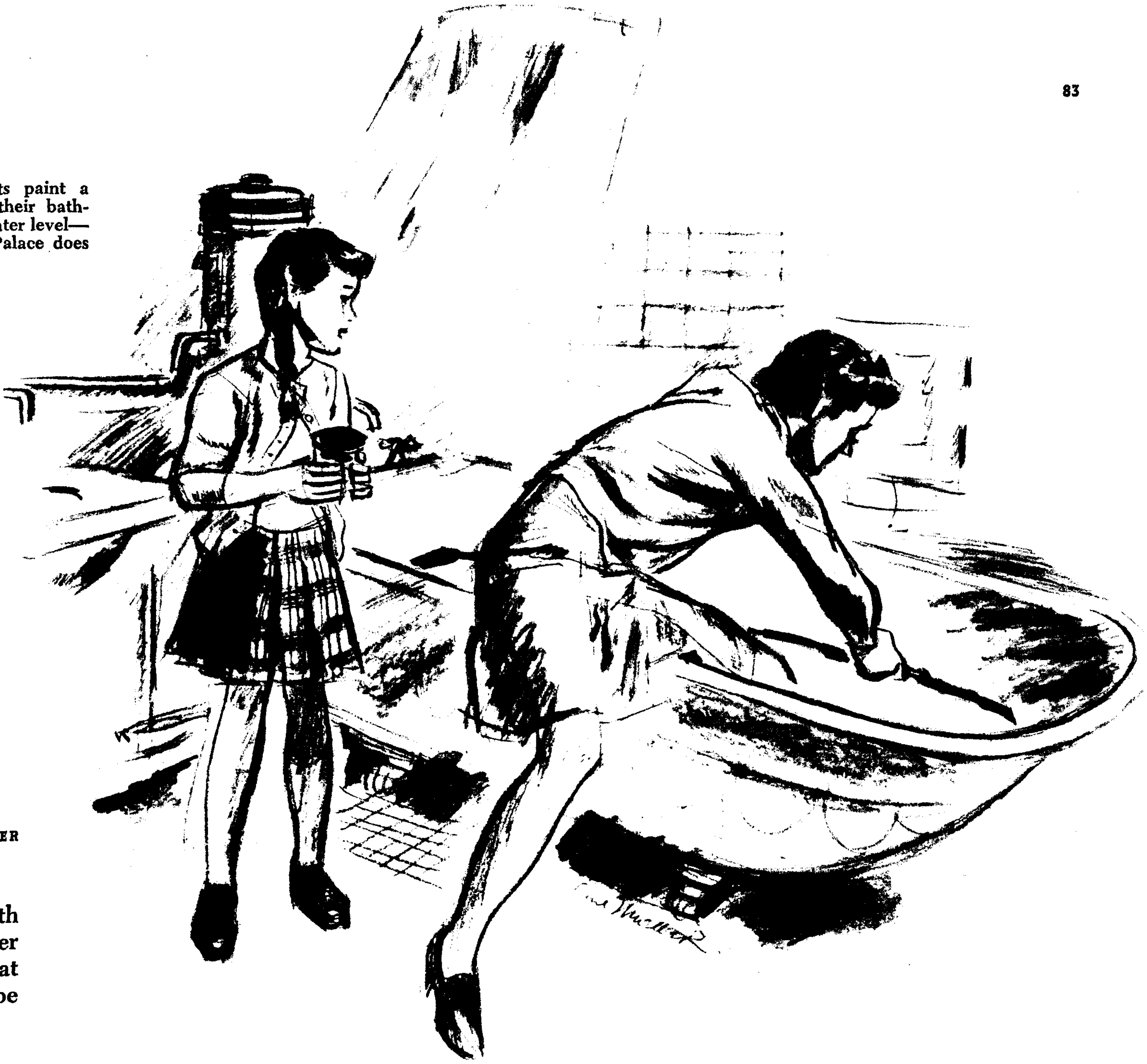

Loyal British subjects paint a red Plimsoll line in their bathtubs at the 5½-inch water level—just as Buckingham Palace does

Britain's Burning Question

By Mollie Panter-Downes

DRAWINGS BY CARL MUELLER

England is having her fourth winter of fuel problems. Her solutions are a lesson in what can be done when it has to be

In a current London revue there's an amusing song hit called Eating, Shopping, The Nine o'Clock News, which sums up what were, until recently, the three main topics of conversation around British firesides. Now, however, the English are not only talking about food, coupons and the way the war is going, but about the fireside itself. Fuel has become the No. 1 burning question of the hour. This winter, owing to the vast demands of war industry and the induction of young miners into the armed forces, the richest coal-producing country in Europe is, paradoxically, facing a serious fuel famine.

Rationing was considered but, for the time being, abandoned mainly because of the enormous and expensive administrative machinery necessary for handling the plan, and also because of the difficulty of thinking up some way of rationing the nonsolid fuels. At the moment, the government has put the country on a sort of voluntary rationing basis, whereby each household is left to work out its own salvation and decide whether to economize most on hot baths, cooking, open fires, or lights, or simply to give the whole thing up and go to bed for the winter. Lots of Britons, feeling the first nip in the air and mournfully noting the plentiful holly berries in the country (which are said to preface a hard winter), wish to goodness that they could adopt this last plan.

Last winter, coal was often scarce, and many of the poorer folk suffered considerable hardship. This year all classes and pockets are feeling the pinch. Not only are the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady sisters under their skins, but those skins are going to have the identical amount of goose flesh on them.

It is possible that owners of bigger houses are even coming off a good deal worse in the long run, since central heating is now out of the question for private householders. Though it's comparatively easy to think up ways of keeping a small home cozy, it's no joke to be faced with the problem of warming and lighting a stately home of England which has rooms like barracks, rambling staircases and fireplaces designed by men who obviously thought of kindling wood in terms of young trees.

The Fortunate Northerners

The size of rooms wasn't taken into account by the Fuel Ministry when fixing the fuel "target" that every household, according to its number of rooms and members, has been asked to stick to. The only discrimination which has been made is the different allowances fixed for people living in Scotland and northern England, the Midlands and the South, which all differ a good deal climatically. Northerners naturally get a higher percentage of fuel units credited to them than do householders in the Midlands, which Hilaire Belloc said were "soggy and unkind," but which nevertheless come off better again than the South, where disgruntled Britons imagine, from the slenderness of their allowance, that the Fuel Ministry visualizes them sitting around under their palm trees wreathed in hibiscus.

With these slight differences of allocation, Britain's target for tonight, and for all the other chilly nights until spring comes to thaw the chilblains is to the tune of fifteen personal fuel units a year, besides the house ration, which is based on the average of 80 units a year for a four-room house in the South of England. One fuel unit equals half a hundredweight of coal or coke, or 500 cubic feet of gas, or 50 units of electricity, or one gallon of kerosene. If you work this out, you'll see that, though England won't be as cold as other shivering European countries this winter, it will certainly be cold and unpleasant enough.

As usual, the main brunt of the new economy is being carried by the housewife, who has already tackled the job of feeding and clothing a family in wartime and must now dope out some way to keep them warm and cheerful too. Although fuel rationing is as yet only an ominous bogey in the offing, what is taking its place doesn't give backsliders very much room to dodge off the target line.

Every citizen has already completed and filed an official form giving details of his fuel habits for the last year. If information comes to the notice of the local fuel overseer that Mrs. Brown is not keeping within her allowance, there are enforcement officers who call around and find out what she's up to.

On the whole, however, the official handling of the situation has been tender in the extreme. It is a British trait to dig the toes well in and sit right back at a hint of compulsion from the authorities, but to co-operate magnificently if asked in the right way.

The officials at the fuel offices set up in every borough had the formidable job of wading through all these millions of forms, settling individual grievances, and seeing that every householder was registered with one particular coal dealer for supplies. The questionnaire had been carefully simplified to the minimum of factual information, but it wasn't simple enough for countless humble Britons to whom the filling up of an official buff form is about as alarming as an examination in Hindustani.

Often the fuel office wished that the public's letters could be simplified, such as this typical breathless missive, "I am sorry you ave been confused concerning fuel vouchers but there are 3 Mrs. Carters in this ouse—Mrs. E., Mrs. M., and Mrs. M.A.E. One is Senior Mrs. M.A.E. and Mrs. E. her daughter-in-law and Mrs. M. is Mrs. E.'s daughter-in-law and we ave only one card each oping it

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NEW! CHOCOLATE STUDDED "GINGIES"
Different! Delicious! 2 Minute Recipe!

Whole Pieces of Chocolate

in each delicious bite! Simply add water and bits of chocolate to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix, and bake 10 or 12 minutes (see package). *So easy!* Yet you couldn't *bake* a better cookie. Send some to the U. S. O. Men *love* them! Economical too. Package makes 60 cookies!

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...VE IT TONIGHT! FOR THE OVEN ...UTES
GRANNY, YOUR DEVIL'S FOOD IS BETTER THAN EVER!
SURE IS! I JUST LEARNED A NEW WAY TO MAKE IT!
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Rich, wholesome . . . and economical! Look for the famous yellow box.
DROMEDARY Devil's Food Mix

solves the puzzle yours truly Mrs. M. Carter."

Lots of Londoners, when asked to supply the number of rooms occupied by them personally in their house, went into long explanations which involved the fact that they were out of work, that auntie was living with them on account of being bombed out and her son in Libya, and that there was Mr. Smith lodging with them who was in the building business but might be gone by Christmas.

There were also individualists such as the lady who simply wrote the one word "Heat," opposite the query as to what type of fuel she used for her cooking; and the other seedy cockney who didn't have any difficulty answering the question "State exceptional domestic purposes for which fuel is used." He just wrote "Baths" and let it go at that.

Most of the bemused Britons who turned up in the fuel overseer's office were genuinely anxious to do their bit in economizing with the national fuel supply, but had been slightly panicked by the necessity of juggling with electrical units and cubic feet of gas. In an effort to show how easy it is to work out the family target, the Fuel Ministry has encouraged schoolteachers to set their pupils little posers, asking them to find the right target for, say, a family of five living in a six-room house in the Midlands. The teachers say that the children love it, and race home to show Mum and Dad, who may be less handy with figures and a bit of pencil than their better-educated offspring.

A good deal of education, one way and another, is needed to stop a nation overnight from its bad old habits of reaching for the light switch and the poker, and the fuel publicity campaign, under Commander Stephen King-Hall, put in plenty of work during the autumn months before the cold weather really set in. A ceaseless flood of hints and admonitions was poured into the public ear via the BBC and the press, which carried regular bulletins telling the housewife what to do in the "Battle for Fuel." In return, lots of housewives sat right down and wrote off to the Ministry, giving them fuel wrinkles which they had worked out for themselves.

Someone, for instance, suggested that when an oven is turned off, a pan of water should be popped in to warm for washing up and make use of the retained heat; that one went out on the air right away.

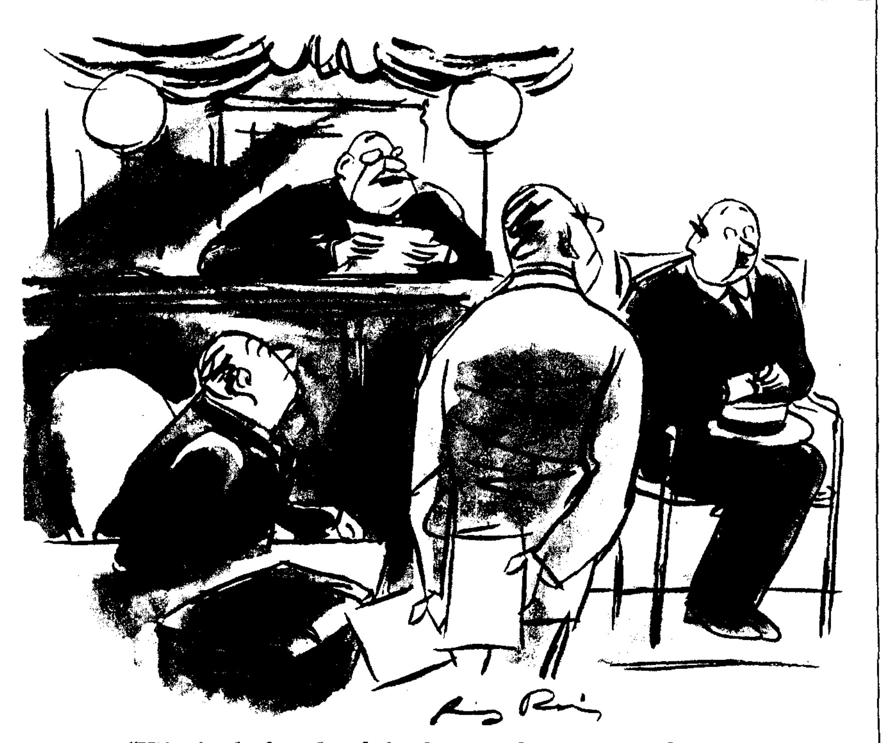
Organizations such as the Electrical Association for Women have also been busy trying to educate the public in new fuel-saving notions. The association tells its members that it's not a good idea for women to prowl around their homes substituting low-wattage lamps everywhere for the old bright ones, or removing lights altogether on stairways and corridors. It's pointed out that this may seriously damage eyesight, even if it doesn't result in a crop of broken legs.

Small but sensible reductions all along the line, which don't necessarily disorganize a family's comfort or health, result in savings which bulk staggeringly when totaled up. The British drink a nice cup of tea at all hours of the day on the slightest provocation, but housewives have learned to go slow on the kettle since it was publicized by the Fuel Ministry that if everyone took one cup of tea less every day, enough fuel would be saved in a month to make 75,000 250-pound armor-piercing shells.

Fuel-Saving Propaganda

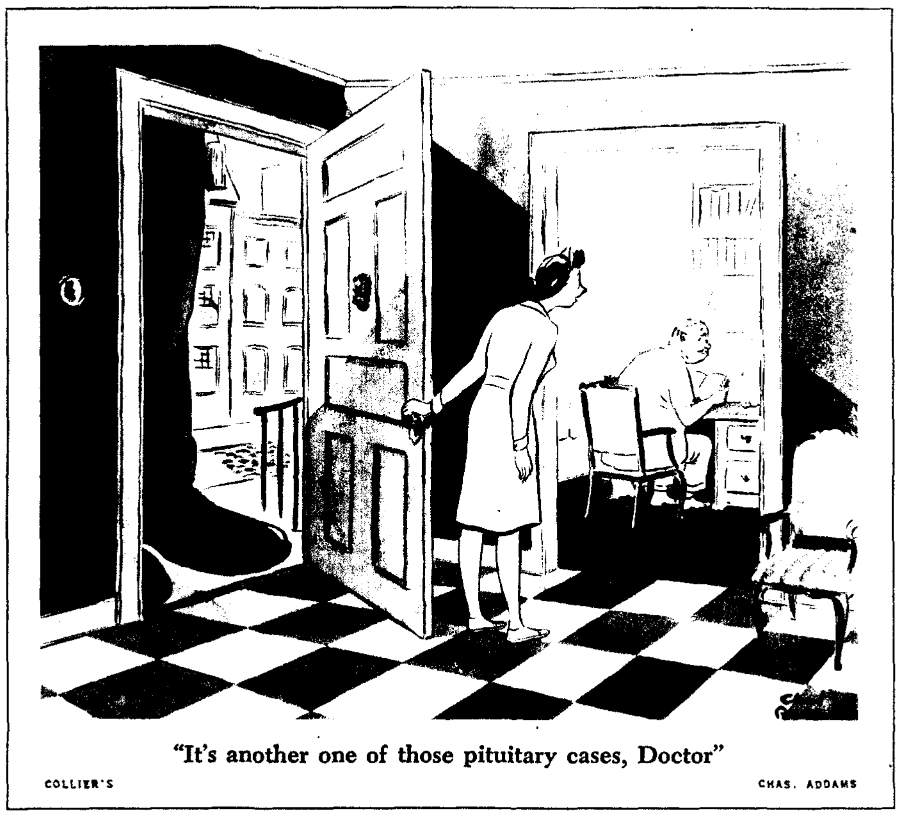
Dripping taps are also fuel wasters that weren't noticed in thousands of homes until a dramatic poster came out last April showing a leaking tap, and asking "Are you guilty?" Up to September, 55,000 abashed Londoners had decided that they were, and had called up the Metropolitan Water Board to come around and fit a new washer right away.

Heating rooms takes up the biggest percentage of fuel from a family's target, and a rearrangement of living habits is resulting which may easily have lasting social effects on Britain's re-lifted postwar face. Many owners of Chippendale mahogany breakfast tables are now bidding farewell to them for the duration, and taking their coffee and toast off oilcloth in the kitchen with the cook, if they are still lucky enough to have one. Today, in her W.V.S. uniform, the lady of the house probably cooks the breakfast herself, but anyway sits down comfortably to eat it with her family, the evacuees, the land girl, and any stray bits of staff which Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labor, may have left her.



"What's this? The defendant is charged with lowering checks to escape the higher income-tax bracket!"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR



"It's another one of those pituitary cases, Doctor"

COLLIER'S CHAS. ADDAMS

Another fuel-saving idea which is cracking what remains of the traditional English reserve is the new habit of spending alternate evenings with the people next door. Families are picking up their evening paper, mending and cat, and are going in to share the neighbors' fire, lights and radio. The authorities who first sponsored this idea point out anxiously that there's no need for hostesses to produce sandwiches and drinks for the guests, since this would create a situation which might be good for fuel but would be hard on shipping.

The community idea isn't only confined to the social side of life, either. British housewives have learned that it's unnecessary to have an oven going for a roast when Mrs. Jones across the street is also using her oven. It's simpler to slip across the way, pop the meat in the Jones oven, and call for it again at dinnertime. Whole districts also make use of hospitable bakers' ovens that can take care of a dozen families' baking days without knowing the difference.

The Fuel Ministry has recommended that every household should vote in one of its members for the unenviable job of fuel watcher—a sort of dictator of the poker, who must keep an eye on the electric meter, count the boiler nuts, see that the living-room fire is economically banked with tea leaves and sawdust, hide the vacuum cleaner, turn off the radio, and limit the family's bath nights.

The Saturday-night Problem

The official dictum that patriotic British should now take only a small tub two or three times a week created a good deal of stir among the kind of well-scrubbed Englishmen who, according to classic formula, always dress for dinner in the jungle, until the publicity department cunningly released the news that all the Buckingham Palace bathtubs were now painted with a thin red Plimsoll line indicating the allowed five and a half inches hot-water level. Faced with this example, loyal subjects felt that there was nothing for them to do but buy a can of red enamel.

There are die-hard bathers however who prefer to pool their ration into one glorious eleven-inch wallow, rather than eke it out in a couple of five-and-a-half-inch splashes.

Country folk in remote parts of England, far from gas and electric mains, possibly have the biggest headache since so many of them depend on kerosene for lighting, heating and cooking. Oil, being imported, has been given the high rating of a unit to a gallon, and cottage people, with old-fashioned lamps that burn nearly that amount in a week of long winter evenings, complain that this leaves them very few units for coal.

In country districts, however, people score by burning wood far more than townsfolk. Village "dumps" of logs are being organized, and parties of evacuee schoolchildren are roped in to collect baskets of twigs and pine cones, and to bundle up dried flower stalks, such as Michaelmas daisies, which have been found an excellent substitute in fire-lighting for the precious paper, which goes into cartridge cases and shell caps.

Though the new restrictions haven't yet been operating long enough for their full effect to be felt, and the worst patch of mean weather in England usually turns up around February, it's expected the national health will remain good.

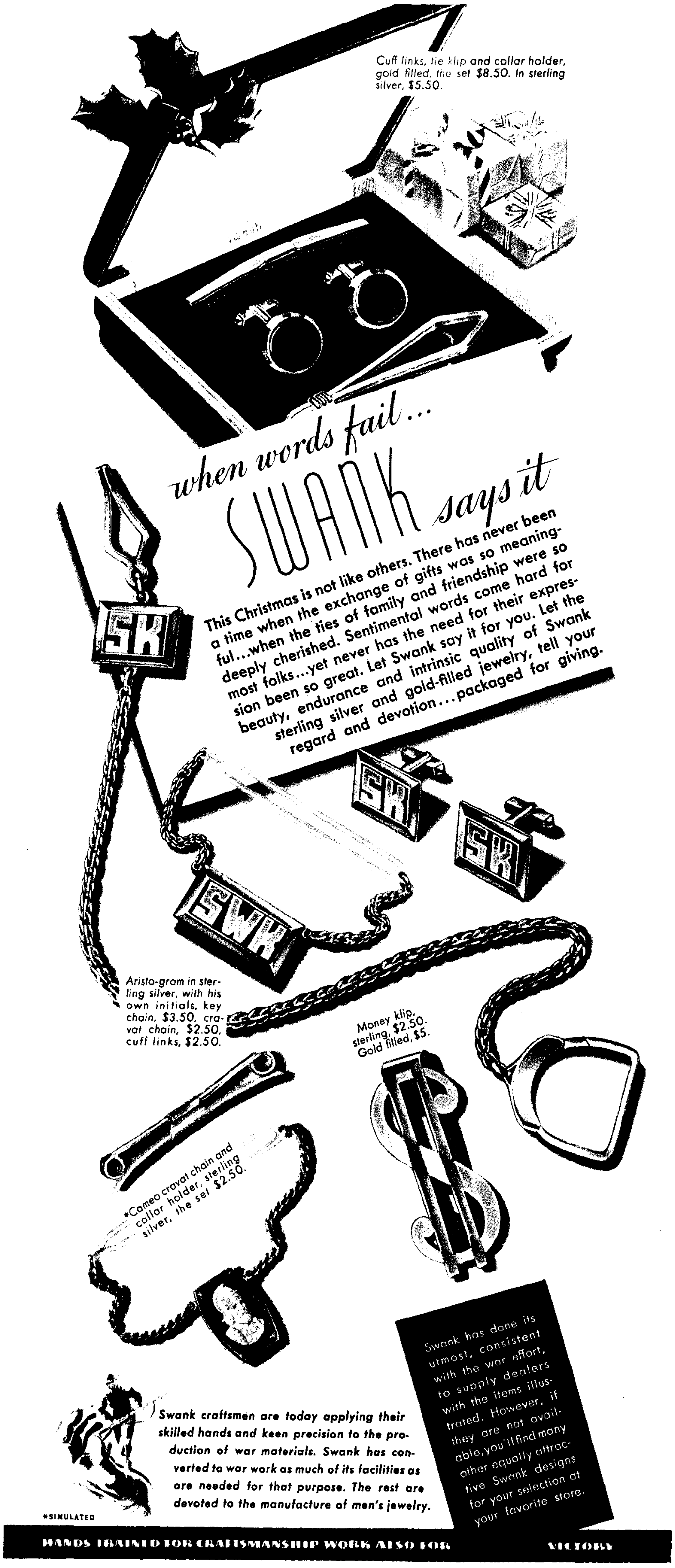
For one thing, people are walking as they've never walked before, and the new power-saving cuts on elevator running in business offices and apartment houses are going to make more and more sedentary Britons conscious of the fact that their legs are strictly business arrangements. Tenants have been asked not to call the elevator for short distances and to walk downstairs when they can.

Recently, a lady visiting friends on the second floor was taken up by the elevator attendant who suddenly stopped the car just short of the right landing, and observed, "Sorry, madam, I forgot. We're not allowed to take anyone up to the first and second floors now." Then he firmly reversed back to the lobby and made the lady patriotically walk up.

The British housewife may grumble this winter when the thermometer drops, but, somehow, she will make do, just as she has grumbled and made do over the blackout, the food shortages, the nights in Anderson shelters with hell breaking loose overhead, and other hardships of three tough years of wartime civilian existence.

The British home fires are going to be kept burning only just so high in this critical winter of 1942.

THE END



Cuff links, tie klip and collar holder, gold filled, the set $8.50. In sterling silver, $5.50.

when words fail... SWANK says it

This Christmas is not like others. There has never been a time when the exchange of gifts was so meaningful...when the ties of family and friendship were so deeply cherished. Sentimental words come hard for most folks...yet never has the need for their expression been so great. Let Swank say it for you. Let the beauty, endurance and intrinsic quality of Swank sterling silver and gold-filled jewelry, tell your regard and devotion...packaged for giving.

Aristo-gram in sterling silver, with his own initials, key chain, $3.50, cravat chain, $2.50, cuff links, $2.50.

Money klip, sterling, $2.50. Gold filled, $5.

*Cameo cravat chain and collar holder, sterling silver, the set $2.50.

Swank has done its utmost, consistent with the war effort, to supply dealers with the items illustrated. However, if they are not available, you'll find many other equally attractive Swank designs for your selection at your favorite store.

Swank craftsmen are today applying their skilled hands and keen precision to the production of war materials. Swank has converted to war work as much of its facilities as are needed for that purpose. The rest are devoted to the manufacture of men's jewelry.

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No. 48-2066. A conservative, modern waterfall design in Black Walnut with V-matched front panel. Has Lane Automatic Tray. And look at the price!
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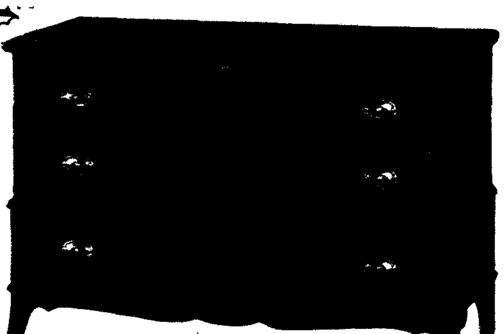

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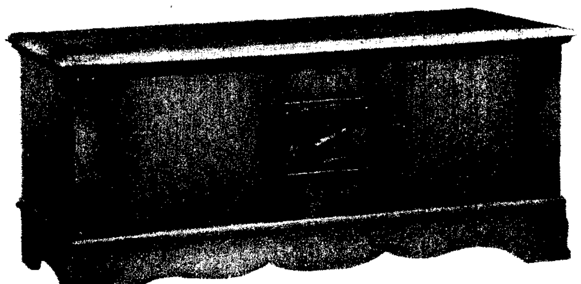


No. 48-2011. A colonial chest in antique Maple with the simple lines and chaste beauty found only in chests of authentic design. Has Lane Automatic Tray.

STYLES AND EXTERIORS TO SUIT EVERY TASTE

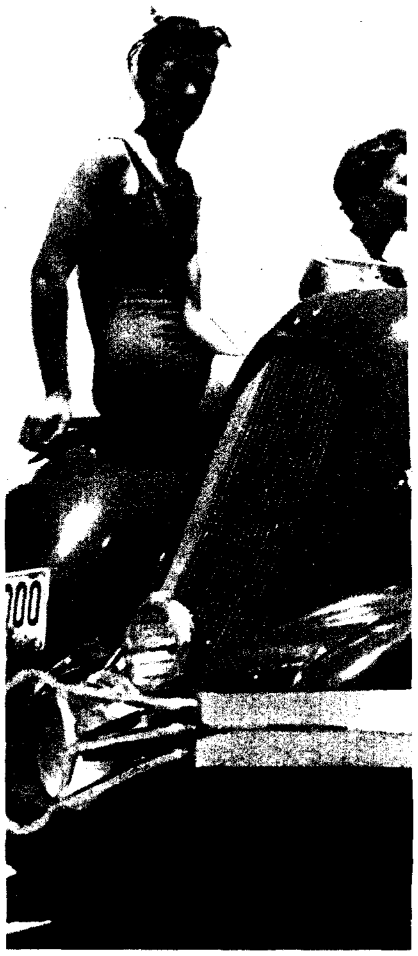
LANE *Cedar* HOPE CHEST

THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME

The Mormons Move Over

By Richard English

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD HALDEMAN



War has crowded in on the Mormons—who rise to meet it with a Bible in one hand and brass knuckles in the other

THERE are harsh feelings and harsher words swirling across the desert these days. Mormon metals are becoming guns, planes and tanks. Shells for troops in North Africa and parachutes for fliers in Australia are pouring forth like milk and honey. But the Latter-day Saints still don't like the influx of Gentiles and the way the joints are jumping.

Cruising down Second South, in Salt Lake City, you will observe some of the reasons for the church's concern. Within two blocks of Temple Square, the foundation stone of the church, the boys and girls are jiving with juleps. There are chop-suey palaces, shabby hotels, patriotic hock shops such as Uncle Sam's Loan Office, and enough beer to fill the Great Salt Lake.

With war industries mushrooming on the desert, Salt Lake City has gone all-out on entertainment. War workers jam the streets, and all of them come equipped with their own liquor permits and the dusty desire to use them among the neon-lighted glories of Second South. Most of the suds spots don't go in for Hollywood production, settling for large BEER signs. Those wishing to meet at a designated spot fall back on the Silver Dollar, the Mint Café, or Tony Germano's La Conga Barbeque.

Tony admits that even Chicago was never like this. "Bigga boom," he says, rolling his eyes. But he can't sell hard liquor himself, only mixers and 3.2 beer, a beverage which the state has absent-mindedly ruled nonintoxicating. If you want whisky you have to deal with the state of Utah.

State-operated liquor stores sell you a fifty-cent individual liquor permit, which allows you to purchase some of the state's stock. Only the headaches are for free. Through it's Liquor Control Commission, the religious state of Utah is one of the world's largest saloon-keepers, its stores having shown a neat $1,700,000 profit last year alone.

But over in the church offices, they have bigger worries than who is drinking what. President Heber J. Grant is afraid that in winning the war the brethren may lose the precious freedom that Brigham Young wrested from the des ninety-five years ago. Something li $414,000,000 invested in industry and c fense is transforming a desert state in the world's largest arsenal. At eight five, President Grant has headed t church for twenty-four years and gives the blunt answers of one who w answer only to Him.

"Because this is the Lord's war, shall win," he said, "but with so ma Gentiles flooding our state, and vi labor agitation everywhere, we fear t future." He smiled faintly. "We a the only church who call those of oth faiths Gentiles, regardless of their ra It is one of our ways and we retain o ways.

Seated in the handsome paneled of ces of the presidency, he looked at h veined hands, resting in his lap.

"The constitution," he said abruptl "is a divine instrument, and we propo to regard it as such. The church h always cared for its own, and we a not happy about these federal agenci which tempt the weaker brothers.

The church is particularly distress at defense-industry strikes and does want *it to* happen there. "Freedom they say, "is the essence of our fait and that means freedom in all things Both the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. ha been bluntly informed that while t church is all for labor it is strongly o posed to any version of the closed sho

Throughout Utah, the Saints make very plain that those pious pionee buried in that shade of the Wasat Mountains are not going to do a grave-turning while their descendan have any say. The Mormons live lo and vigorously, and with a Bibical r spect for their good right arms. Follo ing their Word of Wisdom, they absta from hot drinks, coffee, tea, stimulant tobacco, and the excessive use of mea

Right next door to the church office the carriage trade finds its flossy relax tion on the Star Lite Roof of the Hot Utah, one of the many church ente prises. Along with The Deseret New L.D.S. Business College, Utah Sta National Bank, Beneficial Life Insu ance and Z.C.M.I., the city's largest d

When Salt Lake's mayor, the honorable Ab Jenkins, drives his Mormon Meteor, the pick-up is terrific. Witness some of his prettier voters

partment store, the hotel is wholly owned by the church.

The Star Lite Roof offers you a handsome view where, with rumba music, you can gaze on the snowcapped mountains where federal troops once hesitated, fearing Brigham Young's wrath at their invasion of the State of Deseret. Or you might prefer the equally sweeping vista of ordnance plants, mines and smelters that stretches off in the desert's purple haze. You bring your bottle and you take your choice.

Salt Lake City's mayor, the Honorable Ab Jenkins, stands out amid all this silence. What Ab thinks, he says—loudly and at once. The world's champion racing driver, holder of more than 500 official records, Mr. Jenkins is a large party given to sports suits and flashy ties and a strong dislike for hush-hush routines. The local Flash Gordon, ice-cream-buying idol of the school kids who engineered his election, Ab is as open as the flats on which he made his famous runs in the Mormon Meteor—and just as salty, say politicians who don't like that "Press welcome" sign on his door.

Salt Lake City has not yet recovered from the shock of Ab's election. "The kids elected me," said Ab. "They kept pestering their folks to vote for Ab. They even used their school printing presses to get me in. I was running against Herbert Snow, a big businessman, and the kids passed around papers: 'We want Snow in the Wasatch Mountains but not in the city hall.' When the shouting was over, I eased in by some fifty votes."

Ab originally wasn't much interested in that mayor's job at $350 a month. He was winning as much as $38,000 a year by the simple means of risking life and limb on all kinds of tracks, and only a sucker would take such a cut. Then people began intimating that, while Ab Jenkins might be all right in a racing car,

(Continued on page 101)

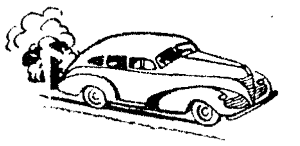
At Salt Lake's Palladium, Beth Miller, former Hollywood night-spot dancer, stops traffic as she gives out when somebody feeds juke box

WAR BONDS & STAMPS

HEY!
THE JOB'S ONLY
HALF
DONE

and a HALF DONE overhaul won't stop oil pumping—

REPLACE WORN ENGINE BEARINGS!

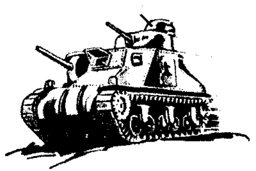


Smoky exhaust from your car means wasteful, motor-fouling oil pumping. Don't let oil pumping sabotage your efforts to get maximum mileage from every gallon of gas! Overhaul that engine *now,* for smooth, economical performance for the duration.

But do the job right. Remember that ordering replacement of piston rings is just HALF the job, won't stop oil pumping caused by worn connecting rod bearings. When worn bearings let too much oil flood the combustion chambers, it burns to carbon, coating the best of new rings, pistons, spark plugs and valves—and the oil pumping continues.

Tell your service man, when he has the engine opened up, to check the connecting rod bearings and, if worn, to replace in sets with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings, to restore power, pep and economy *for the long run!*

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICH.



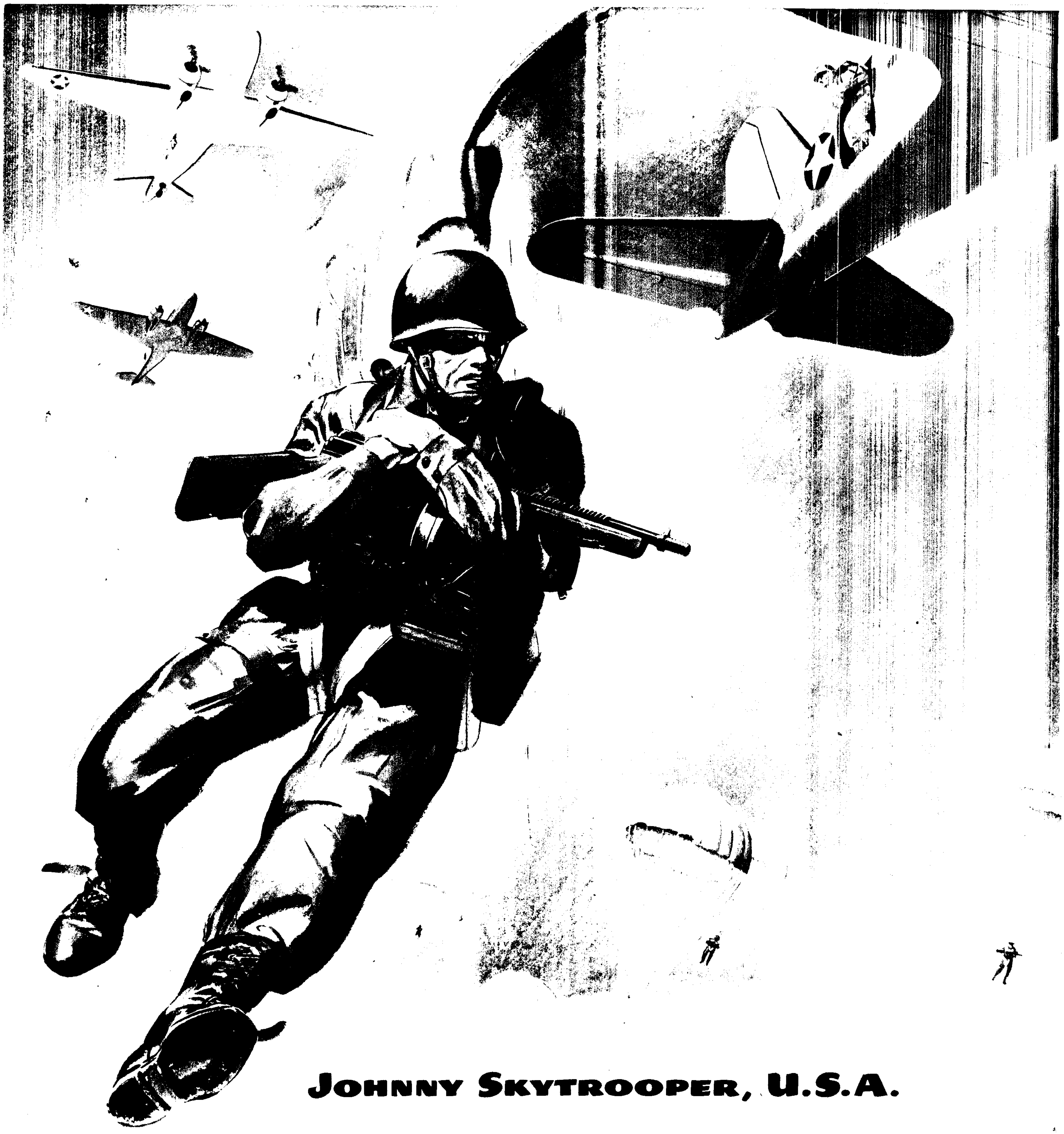
☆

FOR VICTORY!

Tanks, tructractors, are equipped with Federal-Mogul bearings and other precision parts, as are planes, guns, boats. Federal-Mogul factories are on 24-hour production of bearings and precision parts not only for military equipment but to service the millions of automobiles carrying war workers and materials to their jobs. We "keep 'em rolling"!

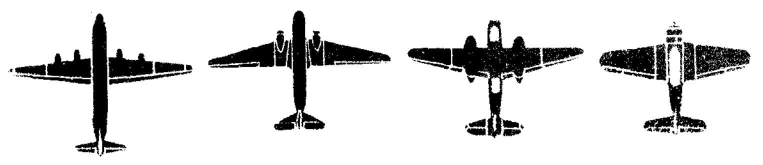
Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!

REPLACE WITH GENUINE
FEDERAL Mogul
OIL-CONTROL BEARINGS



JOHNNY SKYTROOPER, U.S.A.

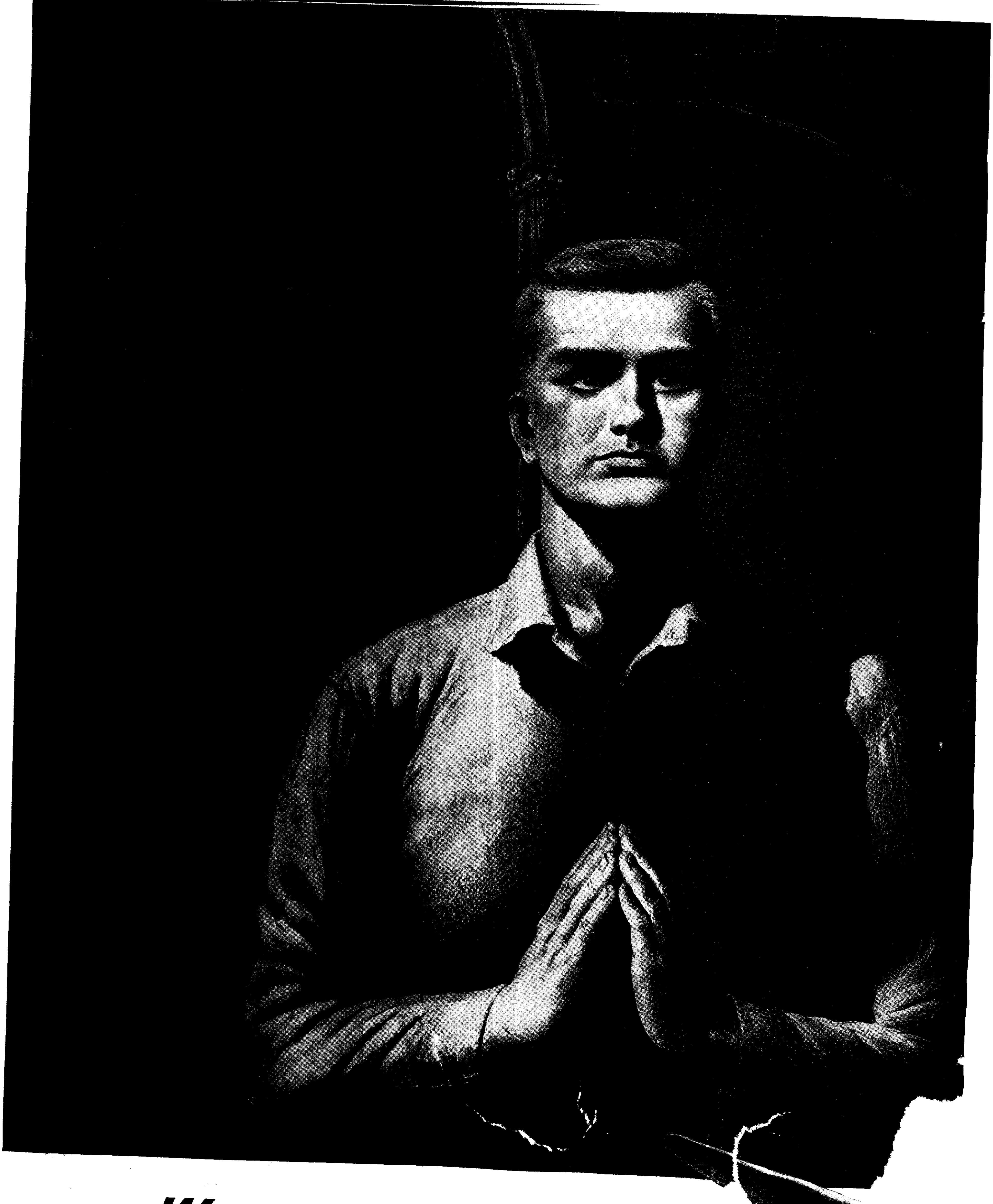
LOOK OUT BELOW! Johnny Skytrooper is rough, tough and nasty. Striking behind enemy lines he hits hardest where it hurts the most. Douglas C-53 "Skytrooper" transports carry him swiftly on his mission of destruction; Douglas C-47 "Skytrains" and C-54 "Skymasters" follow through with his supplies. Setting the pace for war transport production, Douglas is proud to provide the equipment for Johnny Skytrooper to "win with wings." Douglas Aircraft Co. Inc., Santa Monica, Calif.



Left to right **(1)** C-54 "Skymaster" **(2)** C-47 "Skytrain," C-53 "Skytrooper" **(3)** A-20 "Boston," A-20 "Havoc" **(4)** SBD "Dauntless," TBD "Devastator," A-24 "Banshee"

DOUGLAS

MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.



Wings over the WORLD

Washington's "Now" Man

Continued from page 11

engines and the erasers on the tops of our pencils. He has what he calls "vertical" powers. His department does not overlap any other department. He is the complete boss, which means—to quote him—that if he fails on the job, he and he alone will take the rap. This is not according to the best Washington tradition where smart executives usually have a fall guy in some other department at whom they can point an executive finger and say, "I got no co-operation. That guy was a bottleneck."

Jeffers was on the job just twenty-four hours when a lovely little problem was tossed on his desk. The problem was brought by an apologetic and unhappy representative of the Russian embassy. He had been brushed off so many times by executives in other departments that the shoulders of his blue serge suit were shiny. He began by saying that he hated to give the new director a tough problem on his second day in office but the need was urgent.

"Mr. Harriman and his commission which visited Moscow in 1941," the apologetic Russian said, "under the terms of Lend-Lease, promised to send a complete tire factory to my country. For months I have been trying to get some action from other departments but so far we haven't had any. I know it's difficult."

"What's difficult about it? It's a commitment, isn't it? We never back down on commitments. I'll find out what the score is and let you know." Jeffers showed the apologetic Russian out and then went to look up the score.

A Promise is Kept

The Russian was right. We had promised the complete machinery (molds, vats, etc.) needed to make tires for war vehicles. This obligation was recorded in the protocol. Jeff asked around to find out why nothing had been done.

"You don't quite understand," a suave career man explained. "We are not evading our obligation but, you see, our military needs are urgent, and then we have our domestic situation to take care of. We must consider the Army, the Navy and then—"

"But we promised to deliver this tire factory as soon as possible," Jeff interrupted.

"Oh, we will—in time," the Washington Warrior said, "but all of our own needs must be met first."

Jeffers looked at the man, a bit puzzled. As a businessman, he had a horror of breaking commitments or of evading obligations. He knew that this sort of policy was, in any long-term view, suicidal. The term "Washington bureaucracy" had, until then, been only a phrase to him. Now he was catching on. He dismissed the Washington Warrior and sent a dozen wires out to the heads of companies which might have a spare tire factory lying around. The first answer came by phone from Edsel Ford.

"We've got a model tire factory out
e, which we aren't using," Ford said.
absolutely complete, even equipped
anufacture oversize tires. We have
plans for it but if you can use it—"
vant to buy it and send it to Rus-
fers said.
urs," Ford answered, a the
he apologetic Russian the
amazed to get a not ing
tory was being di n-
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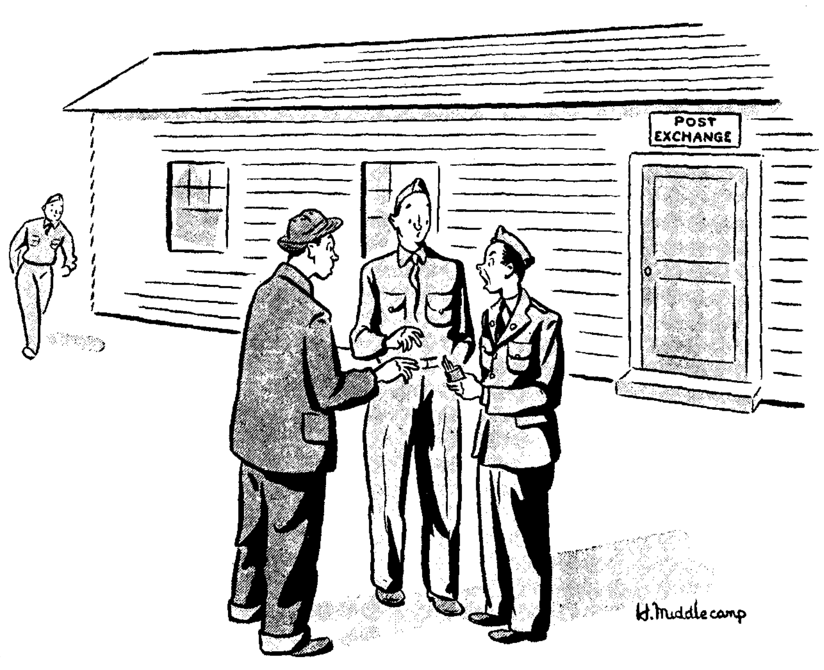

COLLIER'S "Oh, it's not that I mind handing out the butts. I just hate having a lot of matches left over!" H. MIDDLECAMP

"Nearly as I can figure out, that factory should be set up in Russia and actually producing tires in March," Jeffers says thoughtfully. "I don't know the rules down here. I've always cut across lots and I'll keep on doing it. If you deal directly with people like Ford or the man in the street who owns a ten-year-old automobile, you get the same results. Everyone is willing to co-operate, once you convince him that the country needs his co-operation. The quick action we got from Ford is typical of the co-operation I've been getting from what people once called Big Business. I'm getting the same co-operation from individual car owners all over the country too."

I made an appointment to see Jeffers on a Sunday afternoon. I knew that it was hard to grab a busy executive on a weekday when he was at his office. But I'd spend Sunday afternoon with him when he was maybe playing golf or sitting around relaxed after a hard week's work. Big shots let their hair down when they're relaxing. So I spent Sunday afternoon with Jeffers relaxing. If that Sunday afternoon was his idea of a relaxing day of rest, I don't want to follow him around on a busy day.

I stopped outside his hotel suite and heard loud voices raised in discussion. I brightened up at that. It sounded as though a poker game was on. But I was wrong. Jeffers was sitting around with several of his key men, and they were talking about rubber and alcohol and synthetic substitutes and things that had to be done tomorrow. He was sitting with Colonel Bradley Dewey and O. Kelley Anderson, a brilliant young specialist from the Harvard Business School, Consultant Bill Patterson and a couple of others.

So far, he's grabbed five important people from his own organization, but he chuckles and says, "Hell, the boys will run the railroad all right. They've been running it for years."

I sat down and listened in for a while, but the talk was too technical for me to follow. All I could make out of it was that Jeffers let his colleagues do most of the talking, tossing in only an occasional "Guess you're right," or "Why not try it this way?" But though his words and his voice were casual, you realized that this was how he did business.

Jeffers is what we in our profession call a "brain picker." He can listen to specialists and absorb everything they tell him and then fit his specialized knowledge into the picture as a whole. He had brought young Anderson down from Cambridge to work on "just this one small problem—it won't take very long."

When Anderson was leaving the room, he looked a bit suspiciously at Jeffers and said, "You know, Mr. Jeffers, you said you needed me just this once. I'll be through in a few days and I know you won't need me any more."

He left, and Jeffers looked at me and winked. My bet is that when Anderson finishes his one little job, somehow or other he'll find another one waiting for him and then, without knowing just how it happened, he will recall with a start that he hasn't been near Cambridge for a whole year.

"There's a picture on rubber conservation they want me to see," Jeffers said. "Let's take a look at it."

We went to a projection room to see a twenty-minute short made by Goodyear. It was a magnificent job. It showed an ordinary family and how fine they were in co-operating until it came to the family car.

They bought War Bonds and Stamps, they collected scrap metal, they had sent one son to the Navy, they were sparing in their use of sugar and coffee—but they still used the family bus. They used it because they just couldn't see how not using it helped to win the war. Then the picture explained graphically how important rubber was; it showed how tire length can be extended by thousands of miles.

"We are going to show this to all of our employees," the man in charge said, "and send it to other plants around the country."

"Not good enough," Jeffers snapped. "It's a great message. It's just what I've been trying to get across. It should be shown in every theater in the country. Show it as it is to factory workers and then, why not get together with your competitors and let them contribute something to the picture? Let it be the whole rubber industry which presents it. Come in and see me Tuesday. We'll work out the details."

"If you show it all over the country," the man in charge said, "the problem of distribution comes up."

"We'll straighten it out. The picture people are very co-operative. I know them. They'll help."

Jeffers, in the name of the country and the war effort, has no compunction about asking anyone to do anything. To date, he has drafted nearly three hundred men from industry. These are executives, specialists, economists, anyone whose experience or knowledge can be put to use. He drafts them the way the President drafted him.

"At first, they make excuses, just as I'd have done if the President had given me a chance," Jeffers chuckles. "But I say, 'Look. I wouldn't want you if I didn't need you. I'm in a spot and you gotta help.' Once they realize they can actually be of help, they get the next train down here. Don't tell me the American people aren't a hundred per cent co-operative."

Something New in Washington

Men like to work for Jeffers. One of them explained to me, "Jeff never looks over your shoulder. He gives you a job to do and then he forgets about it until you bring it to him all done. He doesn't bother you at all. Of course the job had better be done well—or else."

He is something brand-new in Washington. To begin with, he has an absolutely one-track mind. All he wants to do is to win the war. He doesn't care whose toe or ankle or face he steps on, if that form of mayhem can further the war effort. He doesn't like Washington as a place to live in, and politics bore him.

It was on October 13th last that a delighted citizenry got its first real slant on Mr. William Martin Jeffers. It was then that he was summoned by the Senate Agricultural Committee—a committee which is composed of a couple of statesmen and a lot of politicians. The politicians, of course, dominate the committee. And how they went to work on William Jeffers!

The word went out the day before. It hit the Press Club, and the Washington correspondents (who don't get many laughs anyhow) thought it would be a good idea to be there. There is no smarter or better informed group of men in the world than the Washington correspondents. They have their pipe lines into every government department, as good reporters will, and whispers in the Senate cloakroom are an hour later being shouted in the Press Club.

The senators were right in thinking that Jeffers looked like easy prey. He had never testified before a Senate committee before. Jeffers? He was a guy who dressed up in a Santa Claus uniform every Christmas at a Union Pacific party. They'd seen his picture in the paper dressed up like an Indian. That was when they made him a member of the Sioux tribe in 1939. Then they'd seen pictures of him dressed in satin knee breeches, leading the annual ball of Omaha's Ak-Sar-Ben Society.

And look at his upbringing and his record! He was nothing but a telegrapher who still carried his old union card with him and was prouder of that

"The FULL development of Individual Personality"

...a 6 point post-war program by THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

What kind of a world are we fighting to create?

Pan American has presented answers to this question by America's great philosopher, Dr. John Dewey, and by Dr. Hu Shih, recently Chinese Ambassador to the United States.

Herewith we present a statement written for Americans and people throughout the world by the Most Reverend William Temple (Cantuar), Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE STRUCTURE OF LIFE as we knew it before the war has already been profoundly modified. How far do we want to restore it if we can?

The task of the Church in face of social problems is to make good Christian men and women. That is by far its most important contribution.

But it is also part of the duty of a Christian to judge how far particular evils are symptoms of a disease deeper than the evils themselves.

Thus, in the economic field, goods are produced so that men can satisfy their needs by consuming them. If a system comes into being in which production is regulated more by profit than by the needs of the consumer, that system is symptomatic of something wrong.

There is nothing wrong about profits as such. It has always been recognized that both the producer and the trader are entitled to a profit which they have earned by their service to the community. But it is possible, nonetheless, for these two to get in the wrong order. Then the consumer is treated only as a *means* to success . . . whereas he ought to be considered the *whole end* of the process.

If that is true, it is the duty of Christians to become aware of it and to demand a remedy. I offer these suggestions as a goal to aim at immediately:

(1) Every child should find itself a member of a family housed with decency and dignity, so that it may grow up as a member of that basic community in a happy fellowship unspoiled by underfeeding—or over-crowding, by dirty and drab surroundings or by mechanical monotony of environment.

(2) Every child should have the opportunity of an education till years of maturity, so planned as to allow for his peculiar aptitudes and make possible their full development. This education should be inspired by faith in God and find its focus in worship.

(3) Every citizen should be secure in possession of such income as will enable him to maintain a home and bring up children in such conditions as are described in paragraph 1 above.

(4) Every citizen should have a voice in the conduct of the business or industry which is carried on by means of his labour, and the satisfaction of knowing that his labour is directed to the well-being of the community.

(5) After the war, every citizen should have sufficient daily leisure, with two days of rest in seven, and, if an employee, an annual holiday with pay, to enable him to enjoy a full personal life with such interests and activities as his tasks and talents may direct.

(6) Every citizen should have assured liberty in the forms of freedom of worship, of speech, of assembly, and of association for special purposes.

Utopian? Only in the sense that we cannot have it all tomorrow. But we can set ourselves steadily to advance towards that six-fold objective. It can all be summed up in a phrase: *the aim of a Christian social order is the fullest possible development of individual personality in the widest and deepest possible fellowship.*

* * *

I should give a false impression of my own convictions if I did not here add that there is no hope of establishing a more Christian social order except through the labour and sacrifice of those in whom the Spirit of Christ is active.

William Cantuar:

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

† † †

Never before in the world's history has the "brotherhood of man" been so close to reality as it is today.

For, the instant we win this war, all *geographical* barriers will disappear. The "foreigner" who used to be strange and different because he lived across an ocean, will become as familiar to you as the man in the next town. London and Paris will be ten hours from New York—Chungking, China, twenty hours from San Francisco.

And this travel will not be just for the well-to-do. Pan American's knowledge of technological improvements (based on more than 120,000,000 miles of overseas flight) indicates that air travel costs will be brought down within reach of the average man and woman.

Today, of course, Pan American's every transport facility is working overtime to help make possible the Victory on which all our plans for a better world must be built.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS SYSTEM

PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

"DOUBLED UP" WITH SORE MUSCLES?

PROMPT RELIEF!

Help Nature drive out Fatigue Acids

● When your muscles ache and feel stiff after unusual exercise, it's probably because of an accumulation of fatigue acids in them! Absorbine Jr. can be of real help! Its fast, stimulating action steps up the circulation in many sore muscles so fresh blood can carry these acids away from this area.

Prompt Relief! Douse those sore muscles with Absorbine Jr. You'll notice *how pain seems to drift away—how* swelling subsides! It's great relief! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 a bottle at your drug store. If free sample is desired, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201U Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

"Be of Good Cheer!"

Snake Eyes

NEW DICE & CARD GAME

Easy? You bet—just roll out the dice—turn down the cards—pick up the chips. A sure gloom chaser for friends or just the family. $1.00 edition for 2 to 6 players. $2.00 edition for 12. AT ALL DEALERS OR DIRECT.

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MAKE YOUR GRAVY *with*

GRAVY MASTER

HE'LL LIKE IT

MAKES THE MOST OF MEAT

Look for this bottle

Reveille to VICTORY

"Good morning, 7 o'clock" awakens you from a pep-restoring sleep on an inner-spring mattress in noise-proofed, comfortable room at . . .

HOTEL Mayfair ST. LOUIS

Over 50% of all rooms $3.50 or less single

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster—Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

than he was of the sign "President" painted on his office door. He'd come up through the ranks, they knew. Oh, well, they'd take care of him.

When Jeff sat in the chair reserved for witnesses, his appearance only confirmed what they thought. Pink-cheeked, sparse-haired, rather heavy set, blinking a little at the unaccustomed glare of the sharp lights, he looked the perfect prototype of the small-town American businessman. Such men are duck soup for the Congressional Commandos.

The questioning started in the routine manner, and then the Congressional Commandos began shouting questions so fast that the reporters couldn't get them all down on paper—which was bad because these questions were all designed for home consumption by the Senatorial Snipers.

Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina, Senator Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi, Senator Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, all of whom (by some strange coincidence) hail from cotton-growing states, shot question after question at Jeffers, and all their questions seemed designed to prove that he was employed by the rayon interests to kill the cotton business. This was after Jeffers said that he was having the Army heavy-duty tires made of rayon because the Army had discovered that tires made of rayon did not overheat as much as those made of cotton.

"Whose bread I eat, his song I sing," Cotton Ed quoted piously with reference to Jeffers, and if you can find any implication there other than the one that Jeffers is a crook, I will eat Blackstone's Commentaries and the various statutes enacted by all states to protect the civil rights of citizens and any other statutes that involve the law of libel and slander.

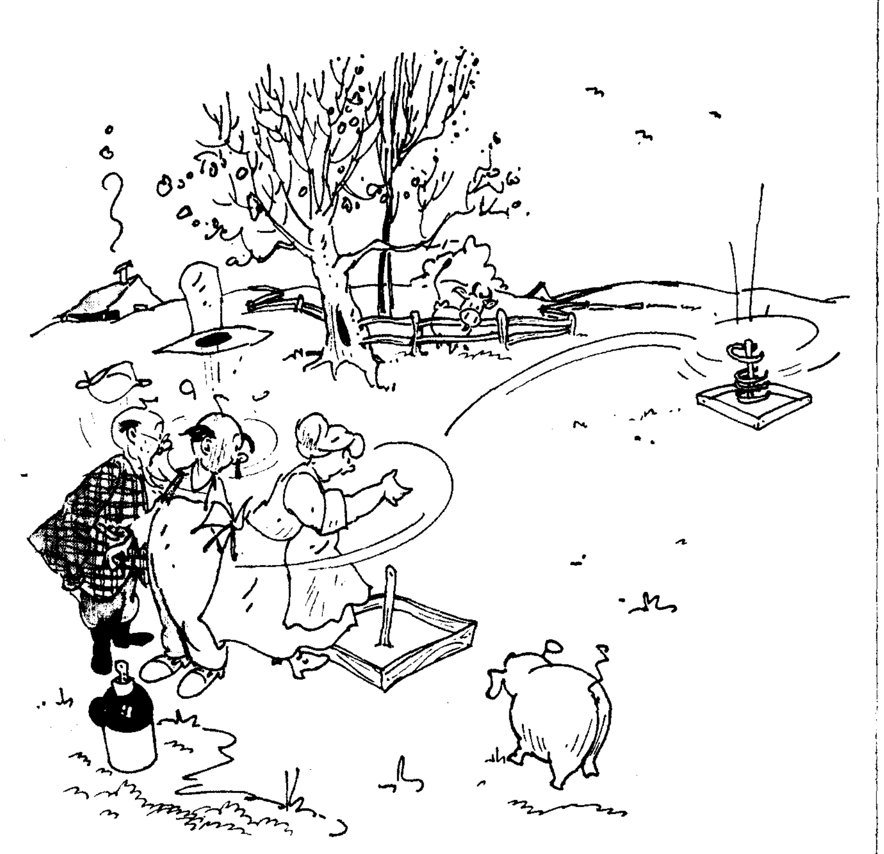
The Politicians Are Routed

The Senatorial Sappers who had blown up so many other witnesses were completely nonplused, mortified and thrown into confusion when Jeffers, still looking cherubic although the pink cheeks were now a bit white, said, "The trouble with this whole situation is that it has been a muddle of men who were afraid that some congressional committee or pressure group wouldn't like their decisions. I am going to make my own decisions and stand by them." Then he added sharply, "During a war I am assuming that America can trust Americans. If the Army says rayon is better, they'll get rayon. If cotton can be made as good as rayon, then cotton will have a place in the picture."

The country had some lovely reading matter with its October 13th breakfast. Jeff had completely routed the political patriots. I have read some hundred or so editorials on that Senate committee display of October 13th, and everyone of them lauded Jeffers and said in effect, "Thank God, we've got somebody in Washington who doesn't give a damn *about politicians.*"

The attack by Cotton Ed and the others was a beautiful caricature of the Senate at its worst. No satirist could have written a more damning indictment of a group of men who so obviously were putting the financial interest of the boys back home ahead of the welfare and furtherance of the war effort.

Not at all startling was the response which came to Jeffers the next day in the mail and via wires. Within three days his small suite was cluttered up with 2,200 letters and wires, and not one of these was unfavorable. Forty per cent of these letters and wires were from the South, *from cotton-growing states.* I read dozens of them, and the ears of the duly elected representatives from these cotton-growing states by then must have been burned to a crisp.



"How many times do I have to tell you, Kennesaw, when you're through playin' to put the shoes back in a neat pile like this?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

"My husband owns a cotton mill," one woman from the South wrote, "but we loved the way you got after those senators. Do anything you think best to win the war. We'll help you. My husband and I don't have to be reminded that this is our war, too. One look at the empty bed in our son's room tells us that every night."

There were other letters like it. Maybe Senators Smith & Co. are not yet acquainted with the fact that the people of the South care a lot more about winning the war than they do about any increase in the price or consumption of cotton. A glance at enlistment figures, a glance at the casualty lists from the Far East and from Britain, a glance at the Treasury Department's figures of bonds purchased should show the gentlemen that the South does not follow but leads in furthering the war effort.

"Maybe these fellows are a bit behind their constituents," Jeffers says mildly and a trifle puzzled. "Can't understand it. Hell, I phone anyone I want in the cotton industry, and all they say is, 'How can we help?' Then there's another thing: These fellows forget that rayon is composed of between 65 and 70 per cent cotton."

Jeffers, even *in private,* refuses to criticize the senators who tried to murder him with their favorite weapon—words. He still thinks they meant well but is puzzled because they tried to smear him and, in effect, brand him as a man who was just shilling for the rayon industry. In fact, he is quite puzzled, in a disinterested sort of way, by the whole game of politics and is amazed to find that it still has a place in the war program.

"You know, when this war is over," he said, "around seven *million* men are coming home. Well, now, these fellows have made real sacrifices. They are going to look around and say, 'What have you folks at home been doing while I was out there getting fifty bucks a *month?'* The rest of us will have to answer that question. If we haven't got the right answer, they're quite rightly going to say, 'Oh, yeah?' and roll up their sleeves and raise hell with the rest of us.

"Now, my job," he added, "and the job of any civilian who has been called on to help down here is, first of all, to see that the Armed Forces get everything in the way of equipment they need. With me, it's rubber. The only way we can give them all they need is to cut down civilian use to the bone. Only essential driving should be permitted. By essential driving, I mean the transportation of workers to plants and the delivery of essential material. The people are getting to realize this and they're co-operating. They don't need any orders and regimentation.

Helping the Little Man

"We've got another job too. That is to disrupt domestic economy as little as possible." He smiled. "That sounds like the voice of Big Business speaking. Well, I don't quite know what Big Business is. I know that we people have to pay for the war. We can't pay for it if our business is all shot. The little man running the small bakery or hardware store or butcher shop is the one we have to take care of. He's doing his part and, as far as the use of rubber is concerned and is vital to him, we've got to help him. We're *trying to do it* by educating him as to how the rubber he has now can be made to go further.

"If people co-operate (and so far, they have) we've got nothing really serious to worry about. A year from now, we'll have plenty of synthetic rubber—good Buna-S and Buna-N. That will ease the situation as far as direct war needs are concerned. No, there won't be much surplus for civilian use—but I don't think any civilians will squawk. Matter of fact, there aren't any civilians any more, are there? Anyone who isn't doing his part to win the war isn't a civilian. He's a rat."

Well, that's William Martin Jeffers. Take him or leave him. He's strong medicine, but maybe that's just what the doctor ordered.

THE END

The Newcomers

Continued from page 14

"What you after?" Tucker said.

"Hello, Wyatt. Just wanted to tell you to get those bow numbers repainted. They got to be eighteen inches high for this boat."

"How come they got to be so big?"

"Easier to see. Eighteen inches is what a forty-one-foot boat takes."

"How come all boats ain't got the same size numbers?" Tucker demanded.

The Coast Guard officer said, "I don't make the rules. I just enforce them. And I intend to do a good job of that." His eyes roved about the Lulubel. "Good sound boat. With her shallow draft, we could put in a new motor and have a fine craft for inshore patrolling."

"I been thinking the next move would be to start taking our boats," Tucker said, his eyes narrow.

"Nothing like that," the officer said, mildly, stepping to the dock. "I was just admiring the boat."

Tucker thought, *I ain't sure I even want him doing that. . . .*

The night was dark and the water was slick, which meant that the trout would be on the banks. Tucker had anchored inside the river mouth, according to regulations, until the last glow of light faded from the west, and the sky turned black, and then Eli had hoisted the anchor and without lights they ran on out into the bay.

Reaching the edge of South Bank, a vast sand shelf sometimes awash at low tide, they dropped the anchor. For a while they waited and listened.

The first strikes with their gill nets brought many trout and bluefish. Tucker had just thrown his net staff out again, and the net was paying off the stern, when Eli, a shadow in his skiff, hissed, "Listen!"

They listened, and drifting in slight overtones across the water was the sound of a slowly moving boat.

"That's them," Tucker said.

They hastily gathered the nets back in and turned the bows of the skiffs in the direction of the Lulubel. Rowing swiftly, they now could hear the boat plainly and knew that it was coming in their direction. The shadowed bulk of the Lulubel materialized ahead, and they quickly made the skiffs fast and got aboard.

"Get the anchor in, and don't let it hit the boat," Tucker said. Eli went forward, and there was a rattle of the anchor chain as he jerked the hook aboard. Then, suddenly, a burst of light illumined the water, and the beam stabbed here and there.

Tucker started the motor, and swung the boat to port, and when the light found them, it shone only on the stern. Eli groaned, but Tucker jabbed the throttle open.

"You cain't outrun that boat," Eli said. "And if you try to cut across the bank we'll go aground sure."

Tucker looked back. The boat with the searchlight was pursuing and coming fast. "Somebody's going aground, right enough, but it'll be newcomers, not us."

The Lulubel's keel bumped slightly on the hard sand, and ran free.

Tucker kept looking back, and presently he cut the motor and listened. The boat pursuing them had stopped—aground—and the sound of its futilely racing motor overtook them.

NEXT morning at the dock, Lieutenant Brinson saw Tucker and on this day there was no mildness in his eye. He said, "Wyatt, you sold some bluefish this morning."

"A few. Mostly trout."

"Bluefish don't hang around the shore much."

"Sometimes you can get a few." Tucker shrugged.

"You listen to me, Wyatt. Don't let me catch you outside after dark."

"I don't aim to."

But Tucker knew that the next time he tried to run he might be shot, and so when he saw John Dorais hobbling into the general store he remembered their conversation. He waited outside the store for the Greek.

"I recollect what you said about that lead boat," Tucker said.

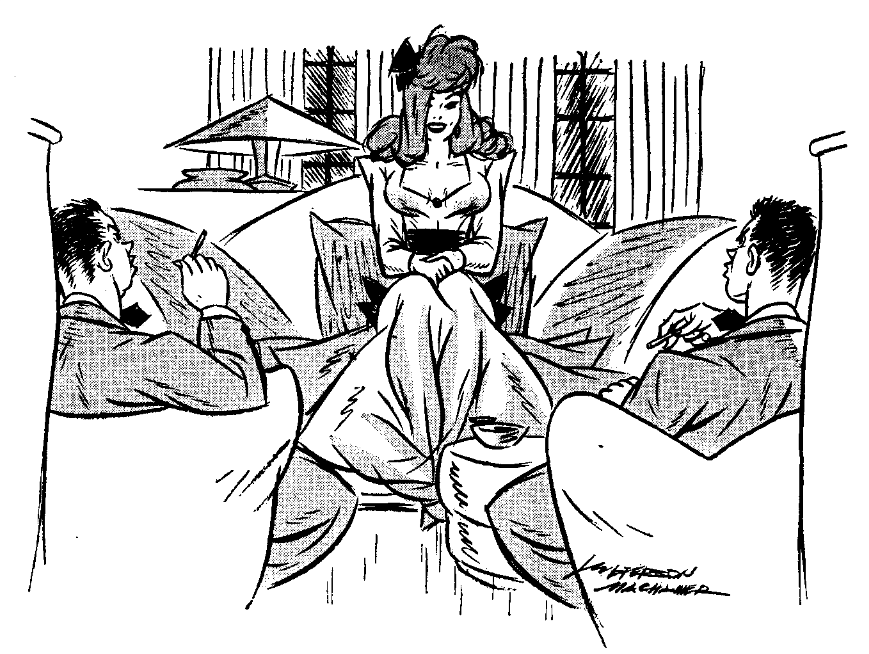
"We go any time—today, tomorrow, any time," Dorais said.

"By day we can do the diving. At night I aim to fish off Talsee Shoal."

John Dorais shook his head. "You get us into much trouble."

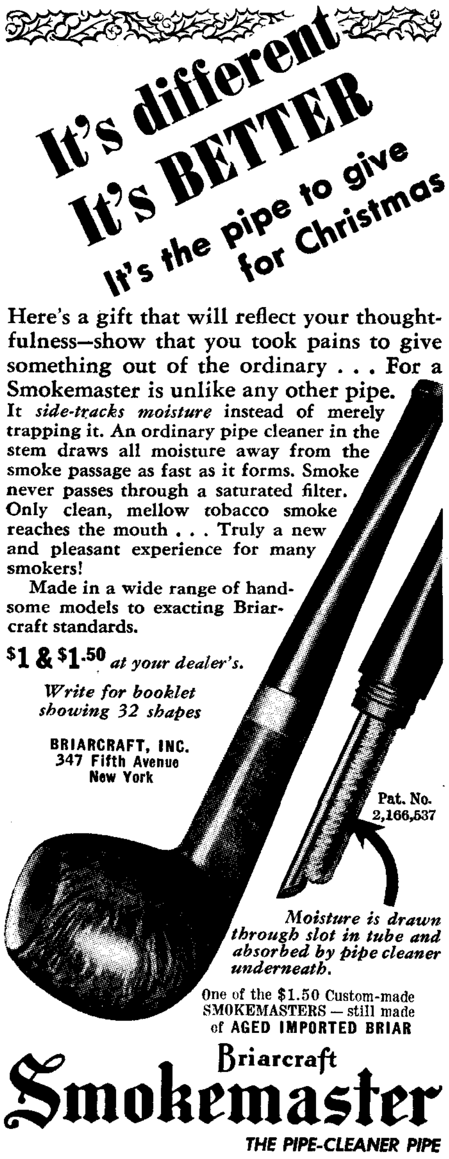
"New Island's forty miles from here. Ain't likely nobody'll be down there looking." . . .

Talsee Shoals, a treacherous area of lime rock and constantly changing sand,



"To settle who takes me out, why don't you boys flip a lot of coin?"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER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lay on the edge of water that quickly dropped off to ten and twenty fathoms. At the point of the shoal a small island rose a few feet above the water, growing a tiny patch of juncus grass and three or four dwarfed salt-water bushes, and carrying the name of New Island.

Tucker anchored the Lulubel beyond the island. They spent their first day setting up the small motor and air pump, and fashioning a wire-net shield around the boat's propeller so that it wouldn't cut the air hose while following the underwater course of John Dorais.

That evening, Eli said, "Ain't you too tired to fish tonight, Tucker? How come we don't run on into shore like we're s'posed to?"

"I come to fish."

"I don't like it some little bit," the Greek complained. "We find this lead and then you don't need to fish."

"We ain't found the lead yet. Then'll be time enough to talk about quitting fishing."

"If they catch us out here, they liable to think we're hauling stuff to submarines," Eli said.

"I was born on this coast, and my daddy before me, and they ought to know I ain't got nothing on my mind but feeding my young'uns."

So by night they gill-netted, and by day John Dorais plodded back and forth across the bright-colored floor of the gulf. He had started diving just off New Island, and day by day he moved farther out. After the water deepened to over ten fathoms, he could not stay down for extended periods. During one of the rests, Tucker said:

"I don't see how come that fellow never used New Island for one of the range points, if she went down anywhere around here."

JOHN DORAIS smoked in silence. Far out on the horizon moved a freight ship; down the shore several miles the sails of two hooker sponge boats showed. "Ah, maybe she not here no more. I think she bust up on the shoals, then she suppose to slide off down to the bottom right close by. But she not there."

"Maybe there wasn't no boat at all. I don't remember nothing about no ship of lead."

"*Long* time ago," Dorais reminded.

Eli was quick to accept Tucker's conjecture. "Wasn't never no boat down here," he said. "We might as well go home."

"We got to go tomorrow, anyway," Tucker said, "the ice is getting down low."

"But we come back soon," Dorais insisted.

Since they were leaving early in the morning and the water was calm, they didn't bother to run back to the lee of New Island. They ate and were ready for their bunks by dark, in order to have no lights showing to the patrol planes that occasionally droned high overhead.

During the night the wind rose a little, and the Lulubel swung once into a trough, and the rocking woke Tucker. At the next moment, there was an explosion, somewhere, a dull upheaval close enough to jar the bones of them, and to shatter dishes, and to shudder the Lulubel to her very keel. Eli found himself on the floor, and John Dorais grunted in pain as he tried to ease himself out of the bunk.

"What was that?" Eli shouted in fright.

"It come from down around New Island," Tucker said.

They stood in the cockpit and stared across the water. A half-moon illumined the gulf.

Suddenly, this time from seaward, there was a flare of light, and then a deep explosion.

"Somebody's shooting at something!" Eli said.

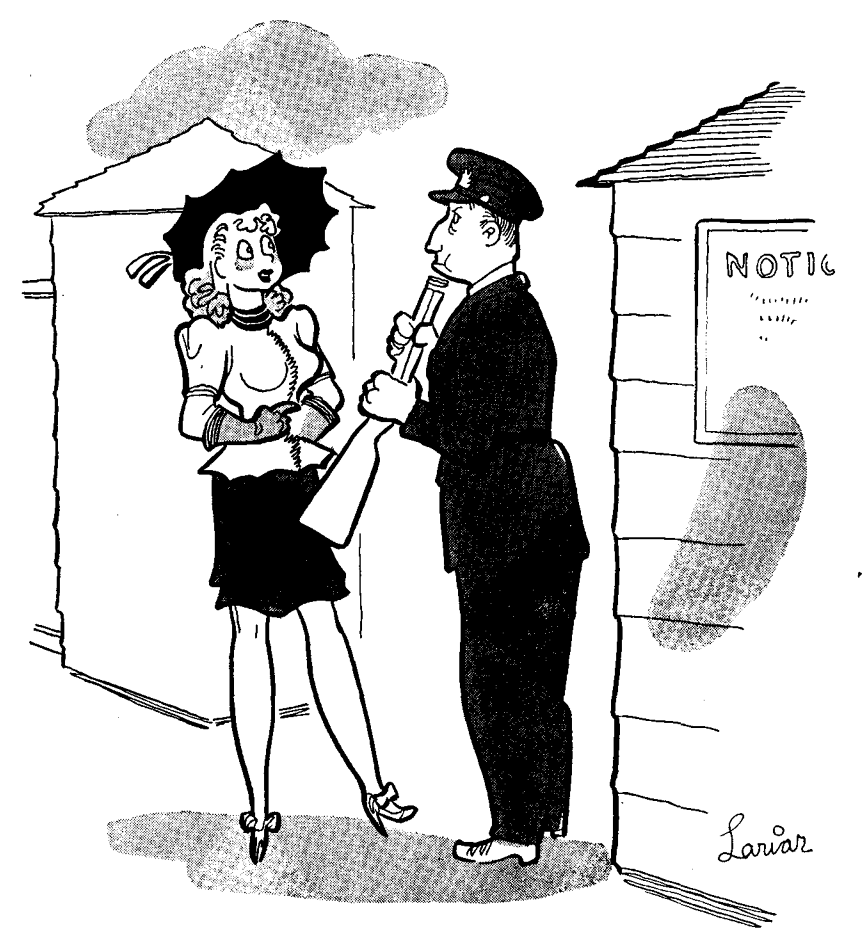
An abrupt flame appeared, and with it they could make out a vast bulk two or three miles away.

"Look!" Dorais shouted. "They torpedo a freight boat! See her burn up!"

Tucker stared. Then he wheeled to Eli. "Get the anchor!" he ordered, and pushed the starter.

ELI hauled the anchor in and returned to the cockpit, and then he saw that the Lulubel's bow was not pointing shoreward.

"Where you going?" he asked suddenly.



"Couldn't you let me in and then stop me from coming out?"

COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR

"There's men in need of help," Tucker said.

"Yeah, Tucker, but there's a *submarine* out yonder!"

Tucker opened the throttle of the boat and said nothing. His eyes stayed on the glowing bulk ahead. Dorais supported himself against the starboard rail, his rock-carved face expressionless; Eli stared with open mouth.

Tucker shouted, "Git out them ring buoys and life preservers, and fix up two or three lines with knots in the end."

The ship was listing heavily and the flames that had been at the stern were now also amidships and creeping still forward. There were no further flashes from the bow of the ship; once they thought they could see tiny figures dropping overside. The Lulubel's bow shoved into the spreading slick of oil.

"Look!" said Eli, and pointed to something that looked like a seal swimming in the water—only it was not a seal, but a man. Tucker reversed, and kicked the stern to starboard, and Eli and Dorais grabbed at the weakly swimming man. At first they seized his arm but it was greasy and he slid loose and went under. Eli started to go overside after him when he appeared again, and this time they got their fingers into his clothes and hauled him in. For a moment he lay on the floor, then stirred and said in a queer, adolescent voice, "T'anks, mytes . . ."

"English," Dorais said.

"Why, he ain't nothing but a child," Eli panted. "Fifteen or sixteen."

Tucker motioned to Dorais. "You take the wheel"—so that there would be two able-bodied men to pull in the next swimmer.

Two lifeboats, with men's faces showing in the red glare, moved about close to the ship, picking up men. The heat was like blasts from a converter. Ahead Tucker saw another form. When they hauled this second seaman in, he said, "Take a try for my bud, hey, myte? Stuck yonder forward—too damn' big a chap."

Dorais headed the boat in close, and the heat came in blowtorch waves. The great bulk of the sinking ship loomed, and one of the portholes was not glowing yellow, but was blacked out, and they saw that a human being was hung in it, halfway in and halfway out. The rescued seaman was saying, "I come through 'er all roight, bein' so bloody small, but Ludie yonder . . ." They could see the boy named Ludie struggling, while the fire in the room behind him grew. With the list of the ship, the porthole was only five or six feet above the water.

"Work her in close, and jam it right against the ship!" Tucker shouted to Dorais.

THE boy in the porthole, desperately writhing, had not seen them, and when he did he shouted, "Hey, how about a bit of a yank?"

Tucker and Eli seized his arms, and bracing their feet against the gunwales, they pulled, and the veins colored in the boy's sweating face. The fingers gripping Tucker's shoulder dug in like claws of steel. The second seaman squeezed in between them and got hold, his head against the contorted face of his friend, and they pulled, but the boy's hips were too big to come through. Tucker's hand touched the steel of the ship and it was hot, and the roaring of the flames was a constant rumble in their ears. He knew that the boy's legs must be almost roasting.

Again they braced and pulled; the sweat of their hot arms and hands was like grease. The boy in the porthole said, hardly able to make himself heard in the noise, "Aye, she's no bloody good! Leave me be, or you'll cook your own self!"

"No, don't leave 'im!" the friend said. "Give another one—better to pull him in two than leave 'im!"

Tucker said, "All right, brace your feet and don't be easy with him!"

They set their feet against the hot plates of the ship—even Dorais and the sick seaman gave a hand—and they pulled, and this time they felt the boy heave forward a little.

"He's out a bit!" the seaman said, and then Ludie's muscles went lax as he fainted.

Finally they pulled him through. As Dorais drove the boat away, they saw what the fire had done to Ludie's legs, and they saw how their pulling had taken the flesh off Ludie's hips. "Aye, that's no bother," said Ludie's friend, holding him, "he had too domn' big a one anyhow."

They got away from the ship, and Dorais put the Lulubel in a circle as they watched for men in the water. The motor began to cough, although it kept running. The lifeboats were not in sight now; but Tucker knew they were not far away, and presently he would find them and tow them in.

Eli said suddenly, "Look! Yonder it is!"

The submarine was a blackness upon the moonlit water several hundred yards away, and they saw that it was moving, submerging. Dorais cut off the motor. No one spoke. The two young seamen who were conscious stared at the undersea monster expressionlessly.

In a few seconds it was gone. Tucker said, in soft and bitter anger, "They got no right in here!"

ELI found Tucker at the ways, where the Lulubel stood, securely blocked, getting a coat of grayish-blue paint.

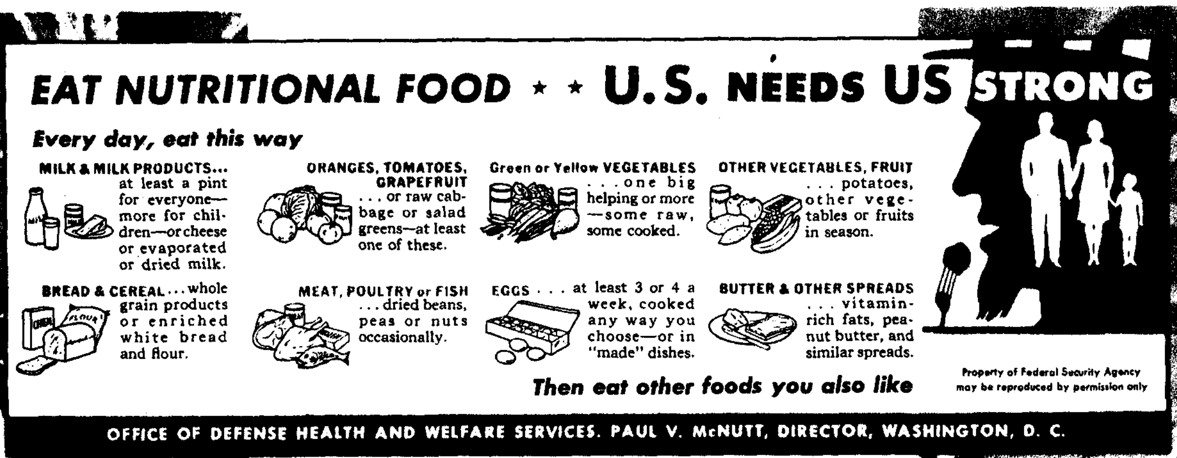
"You know what I just found out, Tucker?" he asked excitedly. "That first big noise we heard the other night was one of them torpedoes. The sub missed first time, and the torpedo kept on going until it busted against New Island and damn' near blew it to nothing. And you know what? Next day Jud Brown and his fishermen was out there looking around and they seen an old piece of mast, and it was that lead ship. They done hired 'em a diver to help git the lead out. What happened was, the sand kept building up on that old wreck until it was plumb covered up, and that's what made New Island, and the reason it wasn't used as no range point is cause it wasn't there. Now ain't that a hell of a come-off?"

Tucker dipped his brush into the paint, and for a few moments let it drip into the bucket as he digested this information. Then he said, "It shore is that," and resumed his painting.

"And there—" Eli broke off. "Say, that's Coast Guard paint you're a-putting on that boat."

"Me and the Lulubel," Tucker said, "are going to work for the Coast Guard. Before long the lieutenant is going to slap a new motor in her, and then"—the pale eyes narrowed ominously—"I aim to try to help make it hard on them newcomers we seen out yonder with that black submarine boat."

THE END



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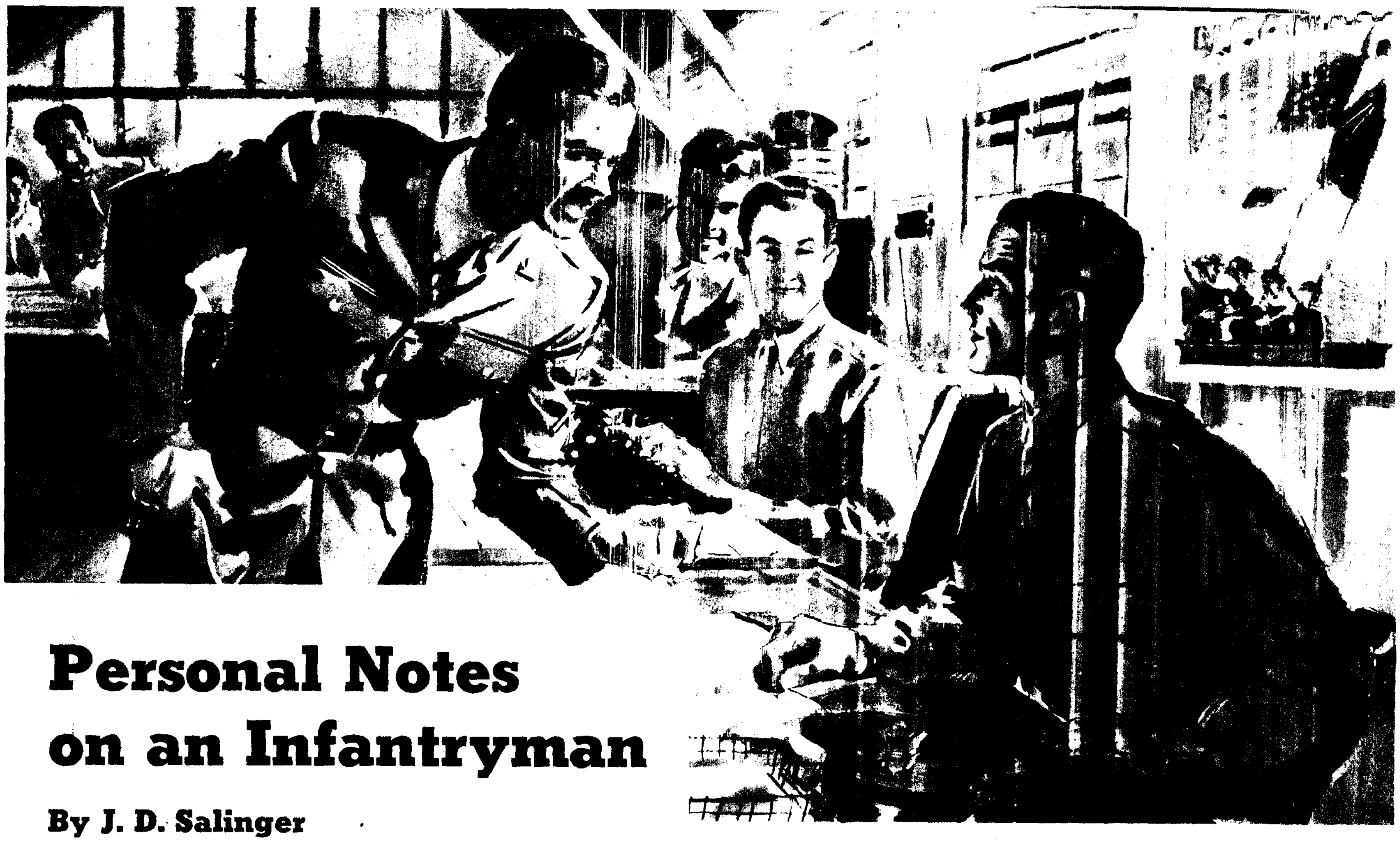


Lawlor said something that sent a terrific thrill up my back. He leaned across my desk. "I want action. Can't you understand that? I want action"

Personal Notes on an Infantryman

By J. D. Salinger

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HE CAME into my Orderly Room wearing a gabardine suit. He was several years past the age—is it about forty?—when American men make living-room announcements to their wives that they're going to start going to gym twice a week—to which their wives reply: "That's nice, dear—will you *please* use the ash tray? That's what it's for." His coat was open and you could see a fine set of carefully trained beer muscles. His shirt collar was wringing wet. He was out of breath.

He came up to me with all his papers in his hand, and laid them down on my desk. "Will you look these over?" he said.

I told him I wasn't the recruiting officer. He said, "Oh," and started to pick up his papers, but I took them from him and looked them over.

"This isn't an Induction Station, you know," I said.

"I know. I understand enlistments are taken here now, though."

I nodded. "You realize that if you enlist at this post you'll probably take your basic training here. This is Infantry. We're a little out of fashion. We walk. How are your feet?"

"They're all right."

"You're out of breath," I said.

"But my feet are all right. I can get my wind back. I've quit smoking."

I turned the pages of his application papers. My first sergeant swung his chair around, the better to watch.

"You're a technical foreman in a key war industry," I pointed out to this man, Lawlor. "Have you stopped to consider that a man your age might be of greatest service to his country if he just stuck to his job?"

"I've found a bright young man with a 1-A mind and a 4-F body to take over my job," Lawlor said.

"I should think," I said, lighting a cigarette, "that the man taking your place would require years of training and experience."

"I used to think so myself," Lawlor said.

My first sergeant looked at me, raising one hoary eyebrow.

"You're married and have two sons," I said to Lawlor. "How does your wife feel about your going to war?"

"She's delighted. Didn't you know? All wives are anxious to see their husbands go to war," Lawlor said, smiling peculiarly. "Yes, I have two sons. One in the Army, one in the Navy—till he lost an arm at Pearl Harbor. Do you mind if I don't take up any more of your time? Sergeant, do you mind telling me where the recruiting officer is?"

Sergeant Olmstead didn't answer him. I flipped Lawlor's papers across the desk. He picked them up, and waited.

"Down the company street," I said. "Turn left. First building on the right."

"Thanks. Sorry to have bothered you," Lawlor said sarcastically. He left the Orderly Room, mopping the back of his neck with a handkerchief.

I don't think he was out of the Orderly Room five minutes before the phone rang. It was his wife. I explained to her that I was not the recruiting officer and that there was nothing I could do. If he wanted to join the Army and was mentally, physically, and morally fit—then there wasn't anything the recruiting officer could do either, except swear him in. I said there was always the possibility that he wouldn't pass the physical exam.

I talked to Mrs. Lawlor for quite a while, even though it wasn't a strictly G. I. phone call. She has the sweetest voice I know. She sounds as though she'd spent most of her life telling little boys where to find the cookies.

I wanted to tell her not to phone me any more. But I couldn't be unkind to that voice. I never could.

I had to hang up finally. My first sergeant was ready with a short lecture on the importance of getting tough with dames.

I kept an eye on Lawlor all through his basic training. There wasn't any one call-it-by-a-name phase of Army life that knocked him out or even down. He pulled K. P. for a solid week, too, and he was as good a sink admiral as the next one. Nor did he have trouble learning to march, or learning to make up his bunk properly, or learning to sweep out his barrack.

He was a darned good soldier, and I wanted to see him get on the ball.

AFTER his basic, Lawlor was transferred to "F" Company of the First Battalion, commanded by George Eddy, a darn' good man. That was late last spring. Early in summer Eddy's outfit got orders to go across. At the last minute, Eddy dropped Lawlor's name from the shipping list.

Lawlor came to see me about it. He was hurt and just a little bit insubordinate. Twice I had to cut him short.

"Why tell me about it?" I said. "I'm not your C. O."

"You probably had something to do with it. You didn't want me to join up in the first place."

"I had nothing to do with it," I said. And I hadn't. I had never said a word to George Eddy, either pro or con.

Then Lawlor said something to me that sent a terrific thrill up my back. He bent over slightly and leaned across my desk. "I want action," he said. "Can't you understand that? *I want action.*"

I had to avoid his eyes. I don't know quite why. He stood up straight again.

He asked me if his wife had telephoned me again.

I said she hadn't.

"She probably phoned Captain Eddy," Lawlor said bitterly.

"I don't think so," I said.

Lawlor nodded vaguely. Then he saluted me, faced about, and left the Orderly Room. I watched him. He was beginning to wear his uniform. He had dropped about fifteen pounds and his shoulders were back and his stomach, what was left of it, was sucked in. He didn't look bad. He didn't look bad at all.

Lawlor was transferred again, to Company "L" of the Second Battalion. He made corporal in August, got his buck sergeant stripes early in October. Bud Ginnes was his C. O. and Bud said Lawlor was the best man in his company.

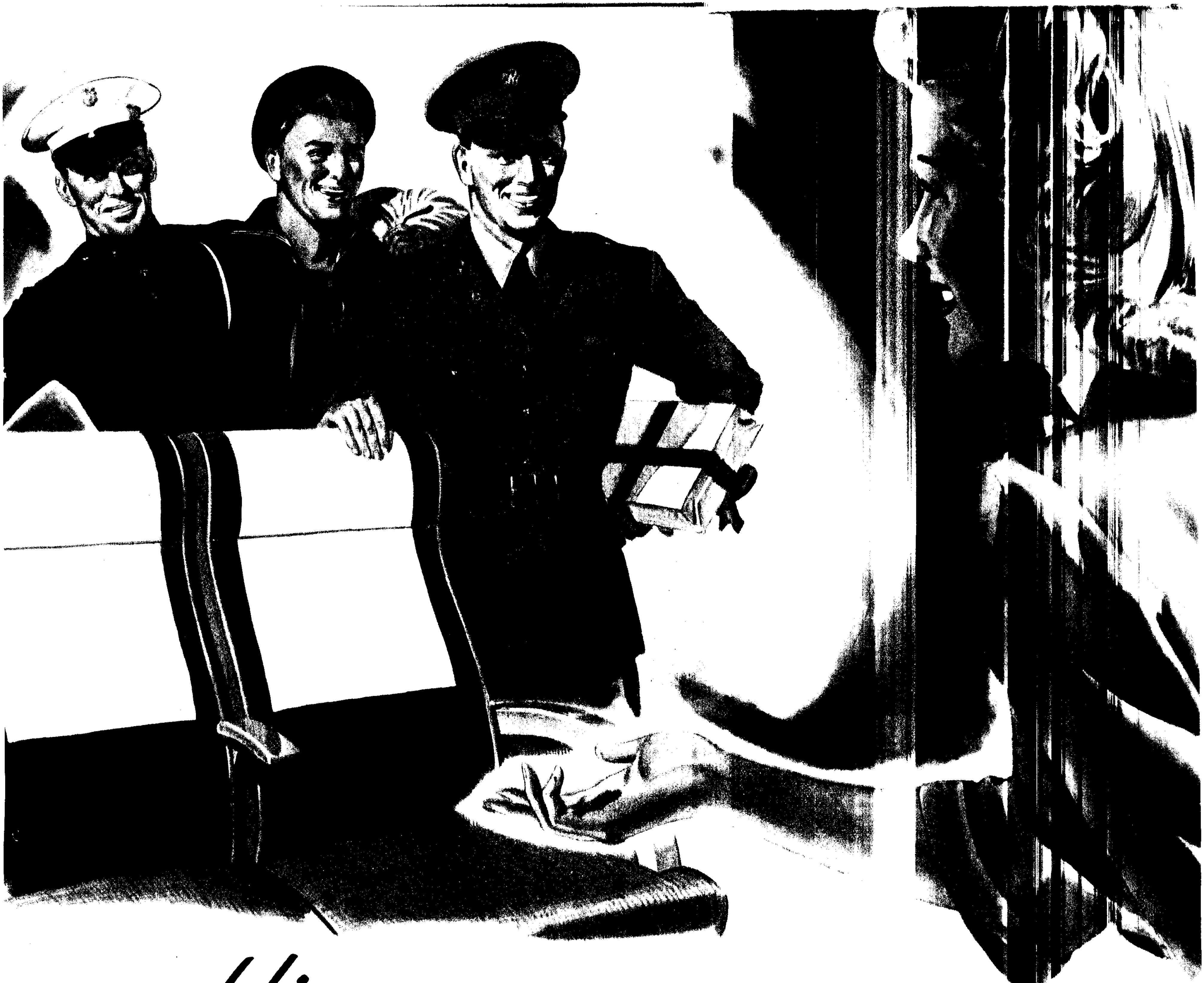
Late in winter, just about the time I was ordered to take over the basic training school, the Second Battalion was shipped across. I wasn't able to phone Mrs. Lawlor for several days after Lawlor was shipped. Not until his outfit had officially landed abroad. Then I long-distanced her.

She didn't cry. Her voice got very low, though, and I could hardly hear her. I wanted to say just the right thing to her I wanted to bring her wonderful voice up to normal. I thought of alluding to Lawlor as being one of our gallant boys now. But she knew he was gallant. Anybody knew that. And he wasn't a boy. And, in the first place, the allusion was labored and phony. I thought of a few other phrases, but they were all on the long-haired side, too.

Then I knew that I couldn't bring her voice up to normal—at least not on such short order. But I could make her happy. I knew that I could make her happy.

"I sent for Pete," I said. "And he was able to go to the boat. Dad started to salute us, but we kissed him goodby. He looked good. He really looked good, Ma."

Pete's my brother. He was an ensign in the Navy.



GIVE *Him* YOUR CHRISTMAS TRIP!

Help a fighting man enjoy his precious leave or furlough

You'd hardly expect a lady to jump up and offer a bus seat to a healthy, husky young man—even a man in uniform. It would thoroughly embarrass any soldier, sailor or marine, you can be sure!

When we suggest that you "Give him your Christmas trip," we mean simply this:

If possible, postpone your usual year-end trip by Greyhound, so that there will be more seat-space for men in uniform—at a time when leaves or furloughs spent with friends and loved ones mean so much to them.

Around Christmas and New Year's every kind of public transportation will be crowded to capacity—because America, of all the fighting nations, can still travel with amazing freedom. So, let's go out of our way to assure travel-room for our men in uniform and for war workers *in the American way!* That means gladly, voluntarily—by planning necessary trips several days *before* or *after* the year-end holidays.

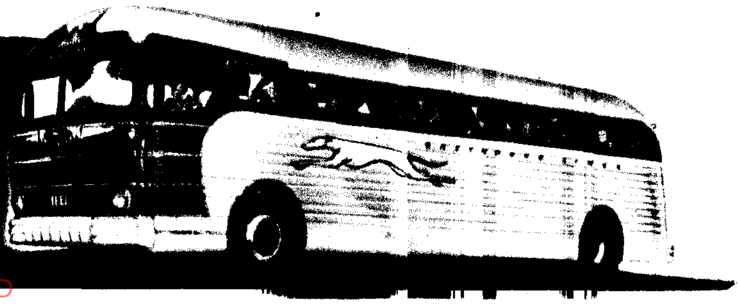
Greyhound hopes and expects to keep America's millions on the move—*first,* to serve essential war work and military requirements, *second,* to meet urgent civilian needs—and intends to do this gigantic job with all the comfort and efficiency that wartime restrictions will permit. But Greyhound—and all public transportation—needs your loyal, friendly cooperation.

Little things? They add up to big help for America-at-war!

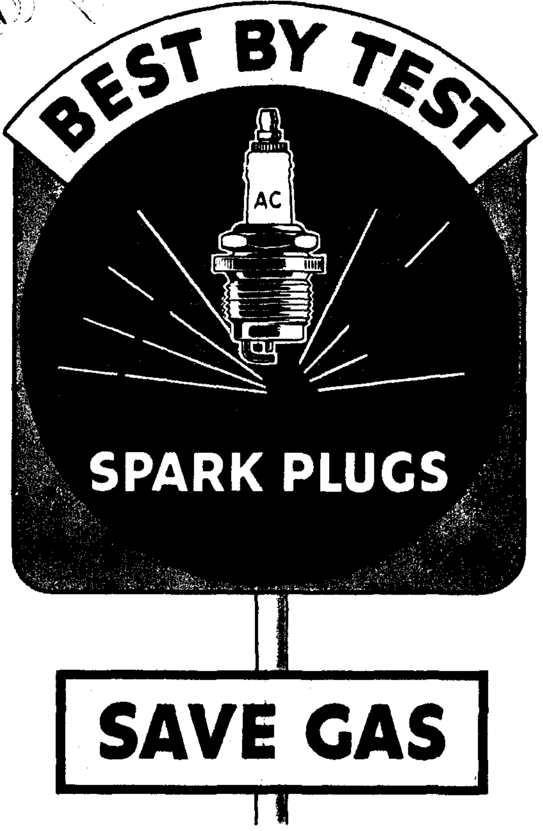
If every American will follow these voluntary, patriotic rules, there should be no breakdown of wartime transportation:

1. Don't take unnecessary trips.
2. Avoid travel during all holidays and rush periods.
3. Take necessary trips on mid-week days, instead of on crowded week-ends.
4. Take as little baggage as possible.
5. Be at terminal or bus stop early.
6. Get trip information from your Greyhound agent well in advance.

GREYHOUND



One way
TO CONSERVE
GASOLINE



You will get *more driving* from every gallon of gasoline if you do these two things—faithfully:

1 **Have your spark plugs checked, cleaned, and adjusted every 4,000 miles.**

2 **Replace badly worn plugs promptly.**

Dirty and worn spark plugs waste as much gasoline as one gallon in every ten you buy.

GET PLUGS CLEANED
where you see this sign →

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED THE AC METHOD
REGISTERED AC
SPARK PLUG CLEANING STATION

ARMY E NAVY

Look Out! Those Guns Are Loaded!

Continued from page 13

There doesn't seem to be much room to move around, and when you go across to the big main room where a fire is roaring in the huge fireplace you start to stumble over hunters and mattresses. These hunters are the ones who couldn't get rooms. The proprietor just put mattresses on the floor and the hunters are trying to get some sleep. They can't, because of persons like you stumbling and falling over them, so they get up and join the general confusion around the bar.

This, remember, is the night before opening morning. You have to get up early, have breakfast and travel to where you are going to hunt, before daybreak—and you can't go to sleep. You decide, for the tenth year, to get a room with some quiet private family next season—and, of course, you won't because there is something exhilarating about all the excitement, and things quiet down enough so you can get two hours of sound, refreshing sleep. You aren't even tired when other hunters, walking across your bed to get out of the room, awaken you in the morning.

A hasty breakfast and your party is off into the dark that seems so black just before dawn. You are driving six miles to a spot where you are certain there will be deer. On the road you meet cars driving just as certainly from the spot where you are going to the spot you just left. It's one of the rules—never hunt right at your cabin.

Rifles are loaded in the dim light with a metallic clicking that sounds loud in the cold air. The leader of your group starts back into the woods and, since you are "going on stand," he posts you and your companions at vantage points along the way. There you are to stand until you see a deer, are shot or fall from exhaustion.

At last you are alone in the woods—alone, that is, except for half a hundred other hunters in shooting distance; but you don't see them because they, too, are crouching against some tree trunk as you are, chilled and miserable, trying to keep quiet. Your own companions are to the right and left of you. Occasionally one coughs or moves a bit and you look suspiciously toward the sound.

How to Get Mistaken for Deer

If you really wanted to shoot a hunter, it's awfully easy. All you do is fire first and make certain later. If you hear a rustling in the brush and spot a movement, take a shot at it. You might get an old buck with gray hair, spectacles and rheumatism who has been floundering in the brush. Or if you see a flash of white in the woods, fire at it. The white-tailed deer gets its name from the bobbing flag it carries on its rump, and the white flash you see might be a deer—or it might be a hunter using a white handkerchief. Another easy way to kill a hunter is to shoot at a deer when only the head is visible moving through the woods—some fool hunters carry dead deer on their shoulders when toting them out.

Finally someone really starts a deer. You know it's a deer because the firing opens far up the ridge and comes toward you as each man on stand takes a wild shot at the fleeting buck. The gunfire rolls down the valley—boom, boom, boom!—and someone shouts: "There he goes!" You don't get a sight of him, however; he's a ridge runner and he's taking the opposite ridge. The firing dies away in the distance. Experts to the contrary, it's hard to hit a deer running in front of such a barrage.

About noon you start to look up other members of your party to have lunch. You pass two and agree to meet them after you have found the fellow at the end of the line. You meet strangers walking in the woods. You see men huddled over campfires. You hear them calling: "George, you, George! Where are you?"

You stop one of them. "Did you see a fellow in a red and black wool outfit with black engineer's boots, carrying a Savage .300 rifle? He wore a red hat," you describe your partner.

The stranger scratches his chin. "No, no; I didn't see him," he answers and then asks a question of his own: "Did you notice a short, fat guy in a brown outfit with a red cape over his shoulders, carrying a Winchester .30-30?"

No, you hadn't seen him. You part, but meet many others like him. You ask the same question and they ask questions. Finally, you find your party, have lunch and finish out opening day. Next morning you may hunt in a different way. There are two kinds of hunting, stand-and-drive and still-hunting.

The Perils of Still-hunting

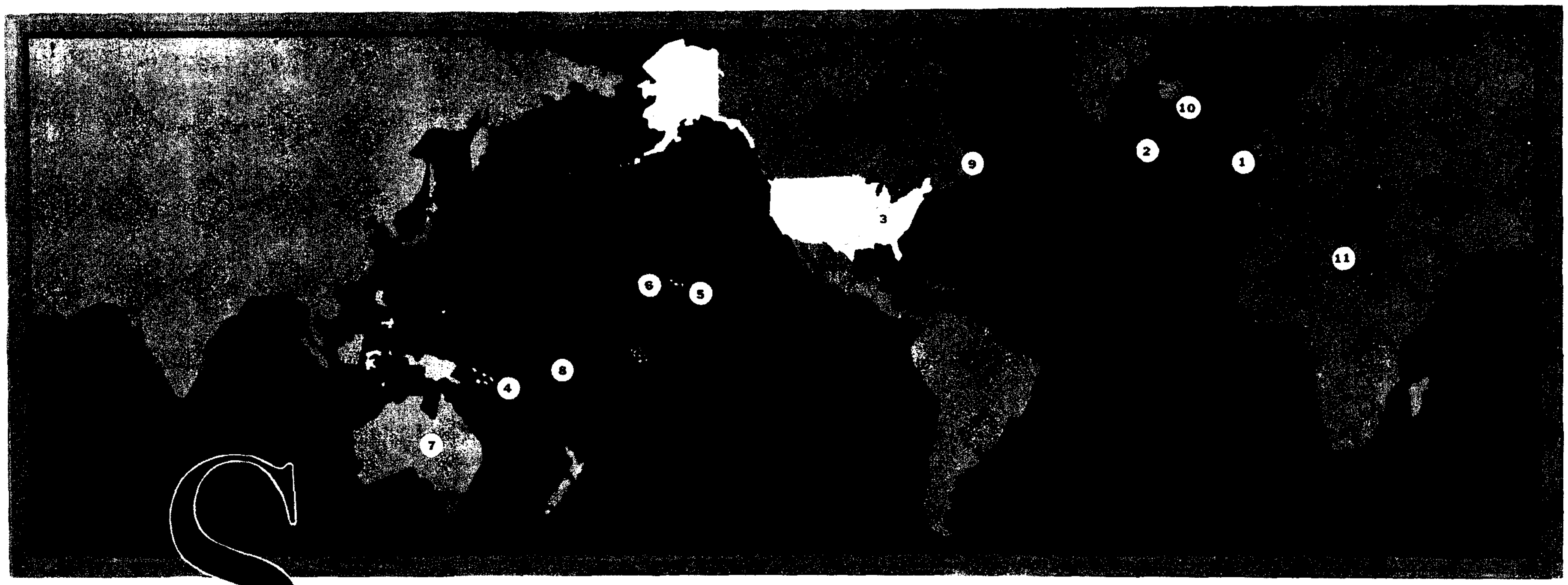
In driving, half your party goes on stand and the other half starts at some distant point and drives toward the standers, shouting and yodeling if they wish. The theory is that the drivers chase the deer toward the standers.

In still-hunting (the only interesting way and also the most dangerous in heavily hunted country) the hunter goes out by himself into the woods and tries to use his wits and woods skill in finding a deer by tracking it in snow or by searching out the buck in the swamps or other cover. It is dangerous because the still-hunter necessarily must move quietly, concealing himself at all times, and another gunner is quite likely to take a shot at him. Common procedure in such case is to fire back just as a hint that you aren't a deer.

The matter of the right deer rifle provides material for endless argument. In the mountainous states high-powered rifles are the safest guns to use because trees and short ranges between the hills quickly stop the bullet. In flat states such as New Jersey, where only shotguns loaded with buckshot are legal, and in some southern swamplands, high-powered rifles are dangerous. More deer are probably killed with .30-30s than with any other gun, but this doesn't necessarily mean that it is the best deer rifle. It only means that more persons use the .30-30 lever action than any other gun because it was one of the first good magazine weapons to use the then new smokeless powder. This Winchester, and a similar Marlin model in carbine size, are the most popular deer guns in brush country. One expert picks, as the best big game guns, the following rifles: bolt action—the Winchester Model 70 in the heavier calibers, the Springfield sporter model, and the Remington Model 30S; lever action—the Winchester Model 71, the Winchester Model 64, and the Savage Model 99-RS; slide action, the Remington Model 141.

Excessive power doesn't always mean a good deer gun in brush country. A heavy bullet, such as the old .38-55, the .405 or the .45-70, moving at comparatively low speed, will bull its way through brush better than a bullet from a high-powered cartridge. The latter is apt to shatter on a twig or to be deflected by it.

THE END



SOMEWHERE ON THIS PAGE IS A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY WHERE YOUR BOY MAY BE ON CHRISTMAS DAY

1. See map **"Whoops!" from Ireland.** "Just received a cable from my son in Ireland which ended: DARLINGS, GOT DIGEST. WHOOPS. This brought home to me again what The Reader's Digest means to these lads so far away from home, when one of them uses some of the precious words in a limited cable to express his joy over getting it."
Mrs. T. A. G., *Ohio*

2. See map **"Solid Chunk of Real Knowledge."** "Right now, while in a convoy bound North; I am enjoying old issues of Reader's Digest. The average seaman will, if provided enough time, read anything from the best way to diaper the baby to how to make vanilla snaps. From this you can imagine the pleasure we have when a good solid chunk of real knowledge is thrown our way. Keep up the good work."
3rd Asst. Engineer L. R. G., *On convoy duty, North Atlantic*

3. See map **Short Road to Promotion.** "My last issue came okay and I put it in my Orderly Desk in the Captain's Office. Later it was gone. I began to rave like an Indian. About that time my Captain came in and asked what was the matter. When I told him, he smiled and pulled a Reader's Digest out of his pocket, and said, "Is this it?" Then he asked if he could use it to read an article to the Company. P. S. I'm a sergeant now."
Sergeant J. H., *Ohio*

4. See map **Marine at Guadalcanal.** "I have just received the new issue and as usual it is a rare treat. The paper I am writing on is captured Jap paper—just to let the world know that the Marines are doing their part here and doing it well."
Corporal L. A. H., *Guadalcanal*

5. See map **"Requirement for a Sailor."** "The Reader's Digest has become about the only unofficial requirement for a sailor's full bag of necessities. Our ship's store sells The Reader's Digest as though each copy had a dollar bill in it for a bookmark."
Machinist's Mate 1/c W. L. G., *U. S. Navy*

6. See map **Remember Pearl Harbor.** "We casualties here at Tripler General Hospital want to sing the praises of The Reader's Digest. This mighty little magazine has been wonderful for passing long days of convalescence. Our copies get well worn, soiled and dog-eared, as we hand them from bed to bed."
Corporal M. J. C., *Territory of Hawaii*

7. See map **"Next best to a Letter from Home"** "My parents and also some unknown friend subscribe for me. The extra copy is treasured here in Australia. Next to a letter from home, I enjoy receiving the Digest more than anything else."
Sergeant A. E. R., *Australia*

EVERY AMERICAN who is worth his salt has this determined thought—to give our boys the best of everything while they are away; and to have a better country waiting for them when they come home.

These boys hunger for knowledge of what we think and do, for insight into the issues involved in this world crusade, for glimpses of the kind of country we are trying to fashion for their return.

"While this army," says an officer, "is the readingest army the world has ever known, it suffers from an appalling shortage of good reading matter." This is confirmed by all who write from our many fighting fronts. The Reader's Digest selects the most vital and timely articles from leading periodicals and books, and condenses them for pleasant, profitable reading. Wherever your boy may be this Christmas, he's sure to appreciate the gift of this most widely enjoyed and personally helpful of magazines—The Reader's Digest.

8. See map **"Worth its Weight in Gold."** "Your magazine is my only reading matter away out here in the Pacific. It's worth its weight in gold. It is getting so I must stand guard over it so I can read it myself."
Captain J. D. N., *Southwest Pacific*

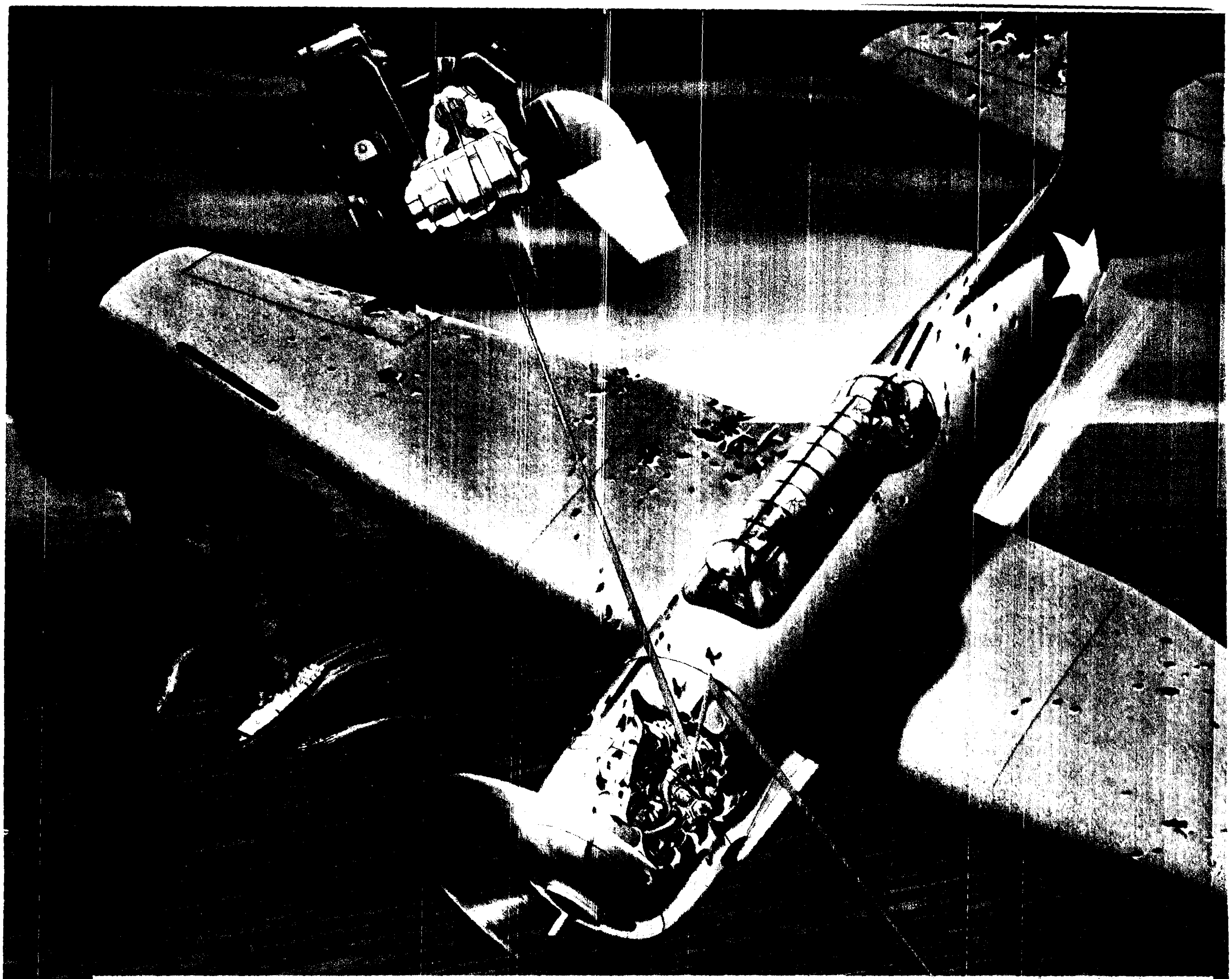
9. See map **"A Comfort in Separation."** "My wife and I have been whole-hearted appreciators of The Reader's Digest for a number of years, and one of the comforts in our wartime separation is the knowledge that each still enjoys the fine material which we used to share together so often by reading aloud. It is a great boon on an isolated station."
Lieutenant W. H. P., *Newfoundland*

10. See map **Welcome in Iceland.** "Your cross section of American life is extremely welcome to us, the occupying forces in this rocky, little-known island."
Lieutenant W. B. U., *Iceland*

11. See map **Reading Under Fire in Libya.** "Diving into a trench beside their truck in Libya when waves of Stuka bombers roared over, my two sons lay for five and a half hours listening to the incessant whine of bullets and shell-splinters passing overhead. After the first half hour, the elder son pulled an issue of The Reader's Digest from his pocket and the two took turns reading the articles aloud. They say that The Reader's Digest saved them from the mental collapse that so frequently accompanies a blitz like this."
Mr. H. E. G., *Transvaal, Africa*

ANNOUNCEMENTS have been sent to subscribers suggesting The Reader's Digest as an ideal gift for this wartime Christmas. In the December issue, now on all newsstands, is a form which readers may use to send the Digest to friends in this country at reduced Christmas rates; or—at half price—to any number of men in our armed forces anywhere in the world.

The Reader's Digest
Pleasantville, N. Y.



STOUT-HEARTED

shot to hell ... but heading home

IT TAKES A STOUT HEART to aim your plane and torpedo into the close-up of hell that blazes from a Jap carrier...to take it on the chin and come back.

Yes, America's Invincible Crews are writing epics in the skies over the Pacific, over Europe over Egypt and all fighting points on the globe. And with them into combat rides ***The Invisible Crew*** . . . a Bendix crew of precision equipment. The stout heart of that crew is the "BENDIX-SCINTILLA" Aircraft Magneto. From its battle station behind the spinning propeller and roaring engine it generates constant electrical life.

Unfaltering, these magnetos deliver over 40,000 timed sparks a minute to each engine. Supercharged, they meet combat problems in the sub-stratosphere. Bendix engineered, they deliver a sparking power that exceeds the extreme operating demands of all modern aircraft in arid deserts, over steaming swamps, and ice-bound wastelands.

The "BENDIX-SCINTILLA" Aircraft Magneto is only one member of ***The Invisible Crew*** performing vital functions on land, sea and in the air. The Bendix engineering mind and tens of thousands of skilled Bendix workers have put precision tools for Victory into mass production to hasten our inevitable triumph.

SCINTILLA MAGNETO DIVISION

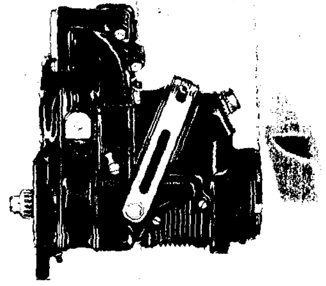
Join America's Invincible Crew! Fly to Victory with the U. S. Army, Navy or Marine Corps. If you are between 18 and 26 apply for pilot training to your nearest Recruiting Station.

THE INVISIBLE CREW

PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY Bendix

AVIATION CORPORATION

From Coast to Coast, 25 Bendix Plants Are Speeding "The Invisible Crew" to World Battle Fronts



THE STOUT HEART OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

The "BENDIX-SCINTILLA" Aircraft Magneto has solved many ignition problems of all-altitude flight with new developments:

Supercharging to control sparks in the sub-stratosphere. Exclusive cam and breaker point design to insure even firing and maximum power. Corona-resistant with improved terminal and distributor point design. The "BENDIX-SCINTILLA" Ignition System incorporates a special cast-sealed ignition harness and unique high performance spark plugs. Together, the magneto, harness and plugs create a uniform, balanced system.

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The Mormons Move Over

Continued from page 87

he was hardly the man for the city hall.

"So I'm a sucker," said Ab. "I got to be mayor then. I didn't go looking for this job, but once I was started I wasn't going to have any lousy politicians saying I wasn't good enough."

He's been mayor three years now, and Salt Lake City is still quite numbed by it all. His Honor has provided them with more excitement than a second coming of Brigham Young.

Once a week, strictly ad lib, Ab takes to the air on The Mayor Reports program. Armed with honest indignation, rocking back and forth on his heels and chewing gum, Ab tells all. Friends finally made him hire a rapid-fire stenographer to take down his speech just in case of a tie. Ab has a little habit of calling his crooks as he sees them giving their names, addresses and phone numbers.

Ab's tenure has been one long series of excursions and alarms. He discovered that the police and fire department equipment might well have crossed the plains in the Mormon trek. This brought such outraged bellows from one who had always designed his own streamlined cars that today the civic equipment is Salt Lake City's particular pride and joy.

Having torn the city's equipment apart, Ab next descended on the police personnel. He didn't rest until Reed E. Vetterli, a local boy who had made good with the F.B.I, was installed as chief. Mr. Vetterli shook and he shook, and a lot of strange apples immediately fell out of the city.

"The one thing I don't go for," Ab says grimly, "is politicians. They always jump the way the votes are, and you can't do that, mister. A lot of the time the public wants things that you know darned well can't work out. You got to get up on your hind legs then and tell them so. Maybe it don't get you re-elected but you sure sleep better."

Girls to Spare

Utah has one of the country's largest birth rates. There are still two girls to every male in Utah, and the soldiers and defense workers are very happy about the whole thing. The "fishing spots" where boy meets girl range from a big ballroom, Camp Coconut Grove on South Main, to Camp Coke, a big chain drugstore farther up the street. There are three or four pretty girls in each booth. Soldiers work their way down the booths one by one, trying to squeeze in beside the girls, and when they can get away with it, the romance is on.

There are other spots, too, where the boys can have a big time for four bits. The Playdium features recording machines, kiss-o-meters, clay pigeons, marble games, and the chance to operate electrical machine guns that mow down Jap planes and Nazi submarines. The boss, Miss Charlotte Nelson, divides her time between keeping things strictly under control and singing in the Tabernacle choir. The mistress of the juke box, Miss Beth Miller, is another popular Playdium personality. Formerly a hula dancer in a Hollywood café, Beth still can't refrain from taking a few bumps for the boys. When Beth's on the floor, giving her all to She Was a Washout in a Blackout, the arcade plays to standing room only.

While much of the excitement centers in Salt Lake City, the whole state, ready or no, is undergoing a social revolution. Quiet Provo, until last year famed only for Brigham Young University and one of the nation's finest fruit valleys, is still thunderstruck at the $120,000,000 steel plant that has miraculously risen in its midst. And, with booming pay rolls, there are more and more backsliders in the church; those Mormons who slip up to Salt Lake City to whoop it up, far from the eyes of the local bishops.

Tooele County, boom spot of western Utah, a land of vast and sandy wastes, has seen its population triple this past year. Ogden, second city of the state, is more than blossoming on the strength of an ordnance depot. Wafer-thin hamburgers on Washington Street, worth a nickel in any town, cost twenty-five cents.

Down on the Weber River that runs through the city, a hundred defense workers' families are living in shacks and lean-tos that would frighten the wits out of a Boy Scout. Facilities are forgotten; cleanliness is impossible. With rents tilted over 60%, exorbitant prices are asked for any shelter. If you are lucky you can share a cozy basement room with four other people for a modest twenty-five dollars a month. And housing is almost as bad in Salt Lake City, where the priorities can't possibly meet the demand.

SURPRISE PACKAGES

IF YOU have a son with the A.E.F. and you get a Christmas gift from him marked R. H. Macy, New York, or Marshall Field, Chicago, don't let false hopes get the better of you. He hasn't been returned to the States; it's just the workings of the Army Exchange Service. The Service compiled a gigantic Christmas catalogue which it sent to all overseas outfits. Men in these organizations checked the gifts they wanted and paid the dough to their own exchange officers. These gents in turn sent it along to the Purchasing Division of the Army Exchange Service in New York City, which ordered the presents from various manufacturers. A lot of soldiers were partial to expensive orchids, so if you hear your secretary exclaim, the day after Christmas, "Look at the beautiful corsage I got from my boy friend in India!" you'll know she isn't nuts.

Only in the sugar-beet country is there no housing problem; there they are plagued with lack of field hands. From Hooper, Utah, to Preston, Idaho, those shorthanded faithful who have not been lured by defense salaries work sixteen hours a day raising their "freedom food"—tomatoes, dairy products, sugar beets, grain and potatoes. Nor is the lack of labor all that troubles them.

The good Mormon town of Logan, nestling in beautiful mountains, has seen the Utah State Agricultural College become a radio-training school for sailors and Marines. And while the Aggies are still in business, the folks can't get used to all those strange uniforms, and there are worried faces at the Cache Stake Tabernacle. They're still tending their farms and reading The Book, but there is a fretful acknowledgment of the war in their wagons.

Practical folk, they have decided the odds are against using their trucks much longer and so they build farm wagons on their chassis. "Way I figure," said one elderly brother, surveying his rubber-tired wagon with deep satisfaction, "we might as well ride the fields in comfort. On wagons, these tires are going to last a lot longer than Hitler."

One thing about the war struck him as mighty peculiar. A daughter took a job in an ordnance plant and during a recent illness her co-workers sent her flowers with the hearty message, "Get well soon —Bullet Department."

The "freedom food" that northern Utah so abundantly provides is also the backbone of the Church Welfare Plan. Harold B. Lee, youngest of the Twelve Apostles, last year spent $1,682,000 as managing director of a plan that is the envy and despair of other welfare groups.

Under the Mormon plan, the Western states are divided into regions, stakes and wards. A general committee appointed by the Apostles decides what surplus each region shall grow. The Provo region guarantees a fruit surplus; Idaho, a surplus of wheat and potatoes; California, a surplus of citrus fruits; Oregon and Washington agree to can more fish than they can use. The land used is either Mormon-owned or leased from Gentiles.

Knowing what surplus is expected of them, the regions assign a quota to each stake. That quota is in turn divided among the wards, which is where the faithful come in; each member volunteering so much labor as his church work. The late afternoon sun finds professional men and office workers going into the fields to join those brethren who have been working since dawn.

Those dependent upon church relief receive work receipts for their time in the fields. A record of each man's work then goes to his bishop that he may better judge the amount of relief to which that man's family is entitled. Simple bookkeeping, and effective, too.

Once the surpluses are achieved they are distributed in storehouses scattered throughout the 142 stakes and 1,100 wards. Regions exchange their surpluses, and the church, operating on cash secured from fast offerings, supervises canning, distribution and transportation. The Salt Lake City storehouse has the stock of a large wholesale grocer, not to mention its own butcher shop, grain elevator, cannery and root cellar. Upstairs, the ladies of the church are using power-driven sewing machines, turning out overalls, levis, dresses and slacks, all for free. The storehouse buys only shaving cream and tooth paste—and they are working on those items, too.

"Right now," says Mr. Lee, tightening his jaws, "we're preparing to aid our needy after the war. It is the church's place and duty to do so. If our people become dependent upon strangers' aid they slip away from the faith." (Not to mention the voting polls.)

Part of Utah's postwar worries is caused by the tough sledding confronting its mining industry. Until last year 47% of the state income was traceable to mining, but the bonanza days are long since over. Utah Copper's tremendous strip mine at Bingham still turns out its 700 tons of copper a day, but only at the cost of first bringing up almost 200,000 tons of ore and waste. With depletion of stocks, a state that once boasted an overwhelming abundance of copper, silver, zinc, lead and gold, is now using plastic sales-tax tokens. Lower-grade ores, lessened deposits and rising labor costs have already sent mining men scurrying to Washington.

You'll find one gentleman, though, who is staying right at home minding the Mormons' business. Orval Adams, fiscal adviser to the church, heads the Utah State National Bank. Ruddy and bluff as a small-town banker, he leans back, glasses in hand, arms cocked behind his head.

"What we fear most," he says, "is industrialized society. We have always had to be aloof. Our great danger is in losing the individualism on which Mormonism is built. Maybe our fears are partially those of all parents. Nowadays we are disturbed at our children mixing with Gentiles, being thrown into the temptations of smoking and drinking because the Joneses do. We will know more how things stand when our young men return from the war."

The Boys Are Safe, Now

Encouraged by the church, few Mormon young men wait to be drafted. There is a Mormon platoon of Marines recruited from Salt Lake City alone, following the tradition of that first Mormon battalion which answered the call in the Mexican War and, five hundred strong, made the longest recorded march of any foot company, from the plains of Council Bluffs to the sandy shores of San Diego.

The parents of boys in the Armed Forces are glad they are in service for more than one reason. With the days of "Mormon moonshine," nee fruit punch, so rapidly disappearing, they wouldn't want them exposed to those clambakes in the cafés out on the state highway. The after-hour spots, where you can get anything from a pickup to a broken skull, are going all the way on entertainment. Just be sure to bring your own muscles.

This admirable fiesta spirit is noticeable in state circles too. No love is lost between old-line Mormons and Governor Herbert B. Maw, who is a great believer in federal funds and subsidies. The governor was so unfortunate as to have been a professor of political economy prior to his election, and with such a New Deal background, there is much feuding in the Wasatch. State officials point out that despite all the talk of self-help, Utah has one of the highest old-age pension rates in the country. The brethren, they tell you, are very practical souls, who have no hesitancy about getting theirs from the government, using church relief only as supplemental help.

With so much confusion, about the only advice we could give a certain private from Brooklyn was to remember that even Abraham Lincoln had his troubles solving what went on with Utah. When asked what he intended to do about the Mormons, Mr. Lincoln sighed a great sigh. "I propose to let them alone," he said. "Utah is like a green hemlock on a frontier farm—too heavy to move, too knotty to split, too wet to burn—but it can be plowed around."

We hope the private from Flatbush will remember Mr. Lincoln's sage counsel. When we last saw him at the Playdium the private was with ulcers.

"Whatta country!" he moaned. "More pretty dolls than Coney Island even. But do they make with any sense? All the time they're calling me a Gentile yet!"

THE END

what will you be doing

Sun Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri Sat
ONE YEAR FROM TODAY?

SURE, victory in this war is uppermost in all our minds! And this nation's victory — like the individual's victory — depends upon training.

Listen. Some of the biggest men in this country were in your shoes once. But they knew one thing! They knew that it takes training — TRAINING — to win in this world! And they got that training through the I. C. S.!

There are 100,000 ambitious men enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools right now. They're getting sound, essential TRAINING by a method based on up-to-date textbooks, personal instruction, and sound vocational guidance. Here's the same I. C. S. coupon they mailed!

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3 times as many

Look what you get in this popular Enders Speed Kit:

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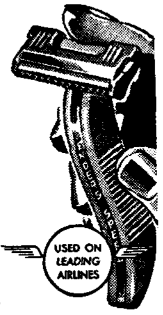

ENDERS SPEED SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

Purely Physical

Continued from page 18

"They're Aviation Volunteer Probationers," Trevor hastily told Mary. "A picked group of men slated for a sixty-day course of training to qualify for non-flying commissions like mine."

"Yes, like yours," the commander said grimly. "In two months they get stripes we work for all our lives. At least, Trevor, you reserves have *some* preliminary training."

"I often tell Father you regular Navy men will have to get over that old-school-tie attitude," Mary observed. "Of course I don't mean *you,* Commander. But to hear some of the *other* officers talk around here, you'd think they were fighting this war with their Annapolis numbers!"

AT THIS juncture Jenny Rogers fortunately appeared with the highball tray. The commander seized it from her and proceeded to make the drinks, with considerable slamming of ice and bottles. Jenny, a decorative blonde, took her glass to a corner and sat looking remote. Trevor took the one shoved at him and gulped down a stiff shot while Mary refused hers.

"I want to keep my brain clear," she explained tactfully. "I came over to tell you about a plan for Lieutenant Magruder. Has Jenny told you, Commander, about this poor Lieutenant Magruder we met this afternoon?"

"Where were you meeting lieutenants this afternoon?" the commander demanded of Jenny. "I thought I told you—"

"Oh, for gosh sake," Jenny said. "We went down to the Restricted Area to see those models of small advance bases, and Magruder was detailed as our officer escort. Want to make something of it?"

Mary got a firm hold here to tell all about poor Magruder and his fellow officers. Her plan, she said, was going to improve their morale. It was a question of establishing a liaison between B.O.Q. and the station, which in turn must have a liaison with the town.

"Jenny will represent the station," she hurled blithely against the commander's ominous silence. "There'll be a notice on the B.O.Q. bulletin board for everyone in search of congeniality to report to Mrs. Rogers; Jenny will register names, ages and social preferences, and turn them over to Edith Baker. Edith is a friend of mine from college who lives in the town and knows everybody. I have telephoned her already."

The commander put his glass down heavily. "Mary," he said, "it is a tradition of the Navy that we expect officers to look after their own damn' morale, and if they can't they're no damn' good."

"Tradition!" Mary cried. "England has had to get rid of her old-school-tie attitude and break with tradition! And so will we, if we want to win this war!"

"We will not win the war by pampering Magruders," the commander said. "I have no sympathy with this scheme, and neither has Jenny."

"Speak for yourself, dear," Jenny cooed. "Me, I'd *love* to be a liaison for lonely officers. We'll have to change that bulletin wording a little, though, Mary. A notice for all officers in search of congeniality to apply to Mrs. Rogers sounds a little—well, *bald,* don't you think?"

"Jenny," Mary said, in aghast discovery, "you aren't taking this seriously."

"The only thing I can take seriously right now is an important battle I'm having with my husband," Jenny said, zestfully renewing her glare at the commander. "Run along, child. . . . We'll talk this over tomorrow. . . ."

"I thought she was like the girls at college," Mary said when they were outside. "And she is just another female."

"You might think of my side of the matter," Trevor said. "Now every time Commander Rogers looks at me he will see the liaison between his wife and B.O.Q."

Through Trevor's gloom he had supposed the uniform on Mary's steps to be her father until they came near enough to see the whites of two coal-rimmed Irish blue eyes. Mary met his look with a suddenly stricken one.

"It's Magruder," she whispered. "I kept meaning to tell you I said he could come with us tonight if he paid for his own dinner, but somehow there never was a right moment!"

Not only was the fellow tall and handsome, if you liked that black Irish type, but he was also a Senior Grade. Mary went through the introductions and vanished into the house with the stammered intention of speaking to her mother before they left. Trevor sat down and took the cigarette Magruder offered because he could not trust his voice sufficiently to decline. But Magruder was obviously not a fellow to notice if nobody else talked.

"Lovely evening, isn't it, Lieutenant?" he opened. "I was wondering what we could do tonight after we dine at this Tulips Inn Miss Thurston mentioned. Dancing, movies, the dog races, anything's okay with Magruder. Bowling now, there's a nice little bowling alley in the town where I and a group of friends meet every week—"

"I thought you didn't have any friends around these parts," Trevor said.

"They're only empty acquaintances," Magruder said with hasty mournfulness, "to whom I give the courtesy term. You know how it is. You wouldn't say, 'There's a nice little bowling alley where I meet a group of empty acquaintances,' now would you?"

"Personally," Trevor said, "I meet my empty acquaintances in bars.

"WELL, anyway," Magruder said, "maybe we're not in the mood for bowling tonight. Right now the big noise for a moonlight night is to get out on the lawn and play stickknife. I was at a dinner party the other evening in one of those big Newport houses—"

"Newport, huh?" Trevor said. "Some more empty acquaintances?"

"Not empty," Magruder said judicially; "just hollow. That's all that Newport social crowd is to me, Lieutenant. Hollow. Well, maybe we're not in the mood for stickknife, either. But it's sweeping the country just like gin rummy did. The other night I was at the Friendly Tavern and I bet the girl with me I could get every bum in that bar to stop drinking and come out and play stickknife in the tavern back yard, and let me tell you it cut the bar take so heavy it was lucky I'm pretty well known there or they'd have thrown me out!"

"The Friendly Tavern, huh?" Trevor said. "They certainly weren't empty or hollow there, were they?"

"No," Magruder said with a sigh, "just futile. That's all bar camaraderie has ever been for me, Lieutenant. Fu—"

"I'm sorry I took so long," Mary panted, reappearing. "If we hurry we can still catch the seven o'clock bus."

"It didn't seem long," Trevor assured her. "Lieutenant Magruder and I have been having a most interesting talk."

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She stared at him with dropped jaw. Magruder said rather hastily that they'd better get under way and they started off at a brisk clip.

"My delay was really on your account," Mary told Magruder. "I've been arranging for you to be properly entertained. You're already booked every night for a week."

Magruder smirked fatuously at her. "You mean—places *you're* going to take me?"

"Oh, no; you see, you've met *me*," Mary explained. "Mother cheered me all up about my plan, Trevor. She said she thought it would be better to have some reserve officer's wife who doesn't live on the station to handle Jenny's job. So I called Diana Yates whose husband is in Assembly and Repair, and Diana and Edith are getting right to work on you, Lieutenant!"

AT SIGHT of the bus, Magruder, obviously a fellow who lived in the present, lost his look of having been bitten by a fabulous sea monster. When they were started on the magic route to town he resumed his one-arm debate upon evening possibilities.

"But naturally," he said, "it depends on where we'll be. On what side of town is this Tulips Inn?"

"If you don't mind, Magruder," Trevor said gently, "I'd rather we didn't go there tonight. You see, Mary and I had our first date there and, uh, I'd sort of rather we went somewhere else."

Again Mary stared at him with dropped jaw. But Magruder was not a fellow to recognize his own rhythms. "It's all the same to me, old man," he assured Trevor soothingly. "Wherever you say, that's okay with Magruder!"

"Thanks, old man," Trevor said gratefully. "I'd like to see this Friendly Tavern you mentioned. It's one of those dumps so near the station you always pass it by," he told Mary while Magruder's mouth opened and closed without sound. "I've been intending to stop sometime and look it over. Oh, there it is now right ahead, isn't it, Magruder?"

To hear Magruder's silence as they descended from the bus was like listening to Niagara Falls after some wanton tamperer with great natural forces had turned it off. The front door of the Friendly Tavern opened into the bar. Magruder led the way with the idea, Trevor figured, that he could travel through more speedily. It gave Mary and Trevor a better view of the pretty girl on a stool at the bar who seized Magruder's sleeve as he attempted to pass.

"Darling," she cried, "I haven't seen you for so *long;* and we used to look so *well* together!"

Mary walked rapidly through to the restaurant and Trevor followed. They found a stall where Magruder joined them, looking rather hot. Mary regarded him in dignified question.

"You don't seem to have been very lonely *here*," she observed.

"One is most lonely in the midst of madding crowds," Magruder said. "And hollow acquaintances."

"The Friendly Tavern word was 'futile,'" Trevor reminded him. "Remember, Magruder. Your Newport acquaintances were the 'hollow' ones and your weekly bowling group was 'empty.'"

"Newport!" Mary said. "Bowling group!"

Another pretty girl had appeared at the edge of their stall. "So this is that station duty you broke our date for," she hurled at Magruder. "Too bad I happened to drop in and spoil it. You may rest assured, Lieutenant Magruder, I will never spoil it again!"

She flounced off. After a tense silence Magruder looked at Trevor. "Well, brother," he said, "I guess you make Tulips Inn tonight after all. . . ."

The next day Trevor had the duty, which was complicated by the arrival of Commander Rogers' AVPs. He was at the telephone when Mary walked into the duty office looking abnormally meek.

"Can't you see I'm busy?" he snapped. "—I beg your pardon, Commander. I wasn't talking to you. Yes, sir. . . . Yes, sir. . . !"

He hung up and looked crossly at her. "He's been bad all day and now he's worse. We certainly fixed things up with our social call about poor Magruder!"

Mary's lip trembled. "Oh, Trevor. I called Diana this morning to tell her not to put up that notice in B.O.Q. And can you imagine how awful? Her husband was going down to the station last night and took it along. She said she's had quite a few calls already and there was no reason to suppose everybody's like Magruder. When I told her, from what I saw last night, this town is already paying plenty of attention to officers she just wouldn't listen!"

"You are thinking about yourself, as usual," Trevor said. "All I am thinking about is that if there is any worse job around here than matériel, I'll get it."

"Oh, Trevor," she moaned. "I'm so sorry. I don't see how you can love anybody so egotistical and blind and self-willed. So—"

"Neither do I." Trevor brought himself back into the picture. "I suppose it's just physical, the way you said. So when you don't even let me kiss you good night it leaves me very little to go on."

Her lip trembled again. "I t-told you —I didn't think I *deserved* being kissed—after I'd been such a fool!"

"If I can only kiss you when you haven't been a fool," Trevor said, "for all the rest of our lives, it doesn't seem much of a prospect."

She stalked to the door. "I take it our engagement is broken?"

"It was just an affair," he reminded her. "You said so."

FOR two days the AVP invasion kept Trevor so busy that for minutes at a time he was able to refrain from thinking of how angry he was at Mary. However, Saturday morning found him making a trip to the Supply Building on an errand that could have been done by telephone.

"I came to deliver this memo to your father," he told Mary coldly before she could speak. "It's some supply detail they're trying to push off on me. Since I decided not to let you push me around any more I have become a lot more resolute character!"

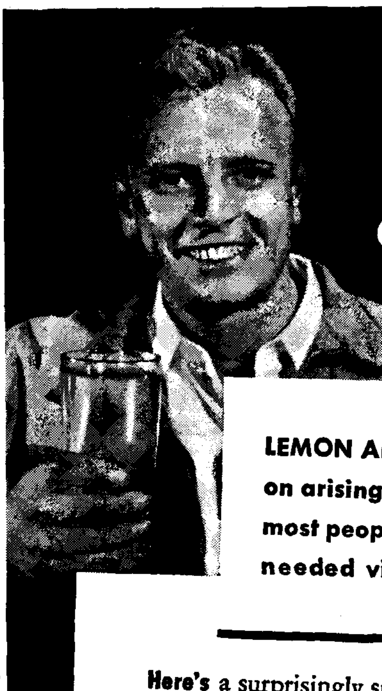
She ignored the slip he laid on her desk as the ruse it was and looked at him dolefully.

"I always thought you *were* a resolute character," she said. "You see how right I was that we had no real knowledge of each other's true selves!"

"The trouble with you is that you are always right," he told her. "In theory. In a straight line. With none of the curves one has to take when dealing with human nature!"

"Yes," she said in a small voice. "I guess there was a lot left to do on me when you stopped being my adviser and became my fiancé. Now we have reverted to our original status, I'll need you to continue your advice, if only for the sake of the poor man who finally does get me!"

"I am not interested in being con-



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structive," Trevor said. "And no appeal to my better nature will help, either."

"From the point of view of sheer self-interest then," she said, "maybe you'd like to hear that Jenny called this morning. She feels very bad that she was too busy the other day to be casual and social. She invited us to dine with them tonight at the Officers' Club and said the commander was particularly anxious to have you."

"You shouldn't have thrown in that last bit," Trevor said. "I believed it till then."

"It was the only false touch," Mary admitted. "I guess he is not particularly anxious but he did say he could stand it if you could."

Trevor hesitated briefly. "All right," he said with, he hoped, a suitable reluctance. "What time?"

They met Jenny and the commander around seven at the Officers' Club bar. The commander was restrainedly polite and Jenny, cordial. The only cloud in the sky was the congestion of AVPs.

The difficulty with these AVPs lay in the fact that they were, as Trevor had told Mary, a picked group: men from twenty-eight to forty-two selected because of outstanding ability in whatever business or profession had been theirs before they volunteered for this branch of the service which was destined in ever greater numbers to relieve all possible pilot material from the various ground posts essential to Air Forces duty. With such successful backgrounds it would perhaps have been impossible for them to be as suitably retiring as the freshmen at school that they now virtually were. But it had to be admitted that they showed no signs of trying.

Among their outstanding qualities, most of them possessed an easy social charm that manifested itself on this, their first Saturday night in uniform, by graciously putting the Navy at ease. If an officer sat in a corner he was at once befriended by several of these egregious fellows who seemed anxious to give the Navy the benefit of their broader lives. When the commander's face started to go from red to beet, Trevor suggested they anticipate the dining-room rush. Mary surprised him by actually getting his idea and seconding it, and throughout dinner showed the same startling tendency toward human consideration, not mentioning the old school tie once, although the commander gave her several openings.

WHEN they came out into the lounge Trevor's spirits sank a little to see that the AVPs had not gone home to study as had been hoped. But Mary again pleasantly surprised him by proposing that they go downstairs where there was a new game room. It was only afterward that Trevor remembered she had spoken rather loudly, so that any of the masses of AVPs around them could have heard. In the game room there were a few station officers and wives who, as they, had crept for cover from the crowd. The commander challenged Trevor to a bowling match. Jenny became absorbed in a pinball machine, and Mary watched Trevor let the commander outscore him with appropriate squeals of admiration. And then the AVPs came down like the locusts in Egypt.

All at once everyone knew one another and they were all playing games together, because, of course, as Trevor heard Mary remarking to one of the AVPs, a game room was an introduction whereas a lounge and bar were not. The commander was stuck with his bowling match, discovering that he and Trevor had become captains of opposing teams which were obviously shock troops intended to keep them deployed while the attack closed around Jenny and Mary.

Jenny found herself surrounded by enthusiastic backers for her pinball game while Mary in no time at all had confided to several AVPs that she just loved singing old college songs in parts. She and the AVPs rushed to the upright piano at the end of the game room and began to harmonize to excellent four-hand improvisations that were rendered by herself and one of the youngest and best-looking AVPs.

Mary had a clear soprano which, Trevor learned later, had been developed in her college glee club days; at the moment he did not care. The commander's face was purple, the other station officers registering varying degrees of sourness as an array of reinforcements, hearing the noise from above, presently jammed the room; more AVPs came to co-operate, and more regular Navy to preside with quenching looks over the situation that was rapidly approaching a carnival with Mary's buoyant harmonizers as its focal point.

TREVOR finally walked over to the piano and managed to mutter in Mary's ear, "It's getting much too riotous! The commander!"

"All right," Mary cried; "then we'll sing hymns! Hymns are the most fun harmonizing of all!"

As one voice she and the AVPs modulated into Rock of Ages. It was all the commander needed to take steps. He was in any case the official terminator of Saturday night revelry at the Officers' Club. The captain had given him the unpopular job of seeing that everyone was out and the club dark by midnight. It was true that it was now only eleven-thirty. But, as he pointed out in a loud voice on the way home, when things got in a state like that, you needed some time to calm them down.

"What sort of state do you mean?" Mary cried. "Did you ever hear Rock of Ages sung better?"

"That isn't the point," snapped the commander. "The point is you girls were encouraging those fellows to conduct unbecoming their rank! I mean their lack of rank! I told four of those pip-squeaks to report to me Monday morning. They'll learn a little more about the behavior expected of them then! This is your door, Mary. I'm sorry I can't say it's been a pleasant evening."

"See you tomorrow, Mary," Jenny said.

"We're going to have a talk about that," the commander said. "I think you girls do better when you're apart!"

For once in a stunned silence, Jenny moved off with the commander. Mary sank down on her doorstep.

"There goes my last girl friend here," she wept. "I'm not speaking to Edith and Diana because they won't stop doing the Magruder plan. And now the commander won't let me speak to Jenny!"

"Never mind," Trevor said dreamily. "I'll fix him."

"Oh—Trevor," Mary wept afresh. "Here I am being egotistical again. Thinking only about myself, and not how awful it is for you to be in wrong again with the commander!"

"I guess I don't mind any more about your being egotistical," Trevor said. "It was the way you laughed and switched to hymns when I said it was too riotous. It made me stop being sore. I guess it means I like you the way you are. Egotistical and all."

"Trevor—" she faltered. "The other night I wouldn't let you kiss me because I'd been a fool. Tonight I've been one all over again, but—I don't really feel the same way about it . . .”

“I am not going to kiss you until tomorrow,” Trevor said. “When I will have proved our love is a constructive thing by fixing the commander about Jenny and those AVPs. Will you go to church with me in the morning?”

“Of course,” she cried; “but why? And how are you going to fix the commander?”

“The bishop of the state is spending the day here tomorrow,” Trevor said. “The captain is very high church. . . . Good night. I have to start fixing.”

After church the next day Trevor took pains to reach the door with Mary at the same time Jenny and the commander approached the bishop, who, flanked by the captain, was greeting his flock. The captain held out his hand to Trevor with an accolade-bestowing smile.

“Excellent job, that choir, Trevor,” he said, and turned to the bishop. “This is the lad responsible for the music we had this morning, sir.”

This bishop's gentle old face beamed. “I was just telling the commander I have seldom heard better singing by a professional choir,” he said. “It has been truly an inspiration.”

“It was rather an inspiration with Lieutenant Trevor, I believe,” the captain said. “As I understand it he heard them singing at a party last night and went to their quarters after the party was over and got the whole thing together there.”

“May you have more of such parties,” said the bishop. “And what magnificent church attendance. It is easy to see there is no morale problem in this station. On which you, Commander, as personnel officer, are to be felicitated!”

While the commander tried to smile at the bitter recollection of those swarms of AVPs who had no more reticence about going to church than going anywhere else, the bishop continued with relentless good will:

“And speaking of morale, Captain, allow me to congratulate you on this new system you have provided for your officers to meet congenial families in the town. Already the response of your B.O.Q. has made the town feel quite ashamed not to have realized before, that officers miss home and friends and community life quite as much as girls and good times.”

“Mary organized that,” Trevor poured into a sudden void. “It's called the Magruder Plan. . . .”

“Two enterprising young people,” the bishop glowed. “We must depend on our young people more and more, mustn't we, Commander?”

That line, together with the commander's utter inability to respond, was the immortal trifle that Mary and Trevor dwelt upon afterward as they took a brief constitutional around the quadrangle before reporting at Mary's for Sunday dinner.

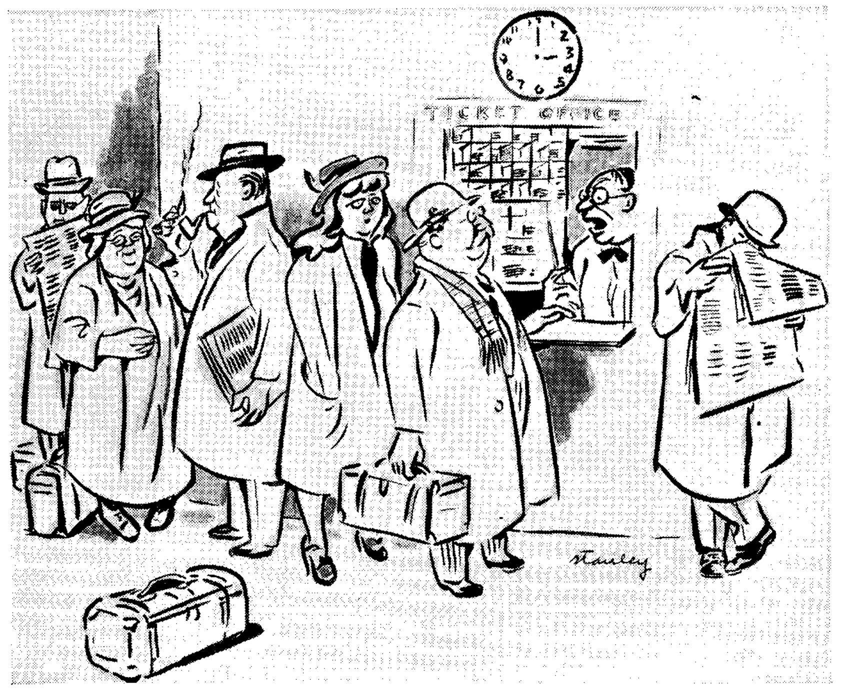
“Everything has come out just like a story, hasn't it?” Mary said. “Although I may not see much of Jenny in the future, even if the commander does let me, because I have been thinking she really is rather flighty. No. From now on, outside office hours I shall be too busy with my morale work to have time for Jenny.”

Sternly she glared across the quadrangle. “Do you see that house,” she asked, “with all the front blinds down? A new officer moved in there last week whose wife used to be a movie star and nobody's met her yet. It has all the women wild. They've called when they know she's in and she just won't answer. It is creating a great deal of poor morale on the station, which if it keeps up will be bad for his Navy career. So I shall have to attend to that next.”

FOR the first time Trevor saw sense in the assignment that had been handed him yesterday morning before he had gone to the supply department to see Mary. He had not spoken of it to her and she had, as usual, forgotten. But that, as he had told her, was something he no longer minded. For Trevor knew now, as he had not known in his first rosy haze, that he was irrevocably in love with Mary no matter how slowly she improved along those paths that he intended to continue to lay out for her.

Since this was so, and since he possessed more awareness than she, it was up to him to help her as much as possible when she made things too difficult for herself, which he was afraid was going to be rather often. So in contemplating the house of the caged movie star as Mary's next morale project he could perhaps be thankful, for the first time, that his new station assignment was officer of camouflage and chemical warfare.

THE END



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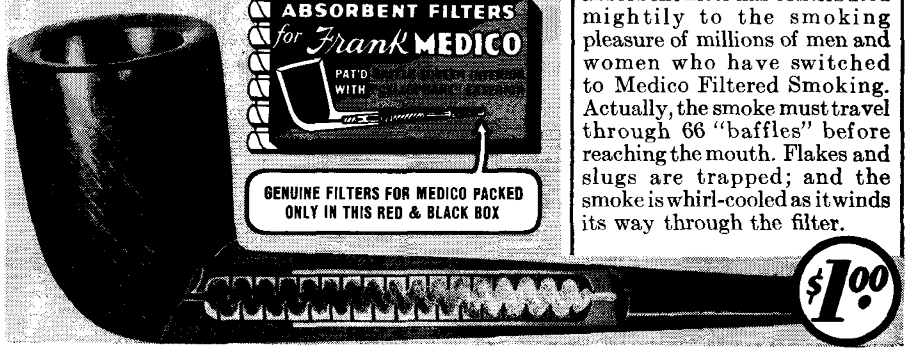

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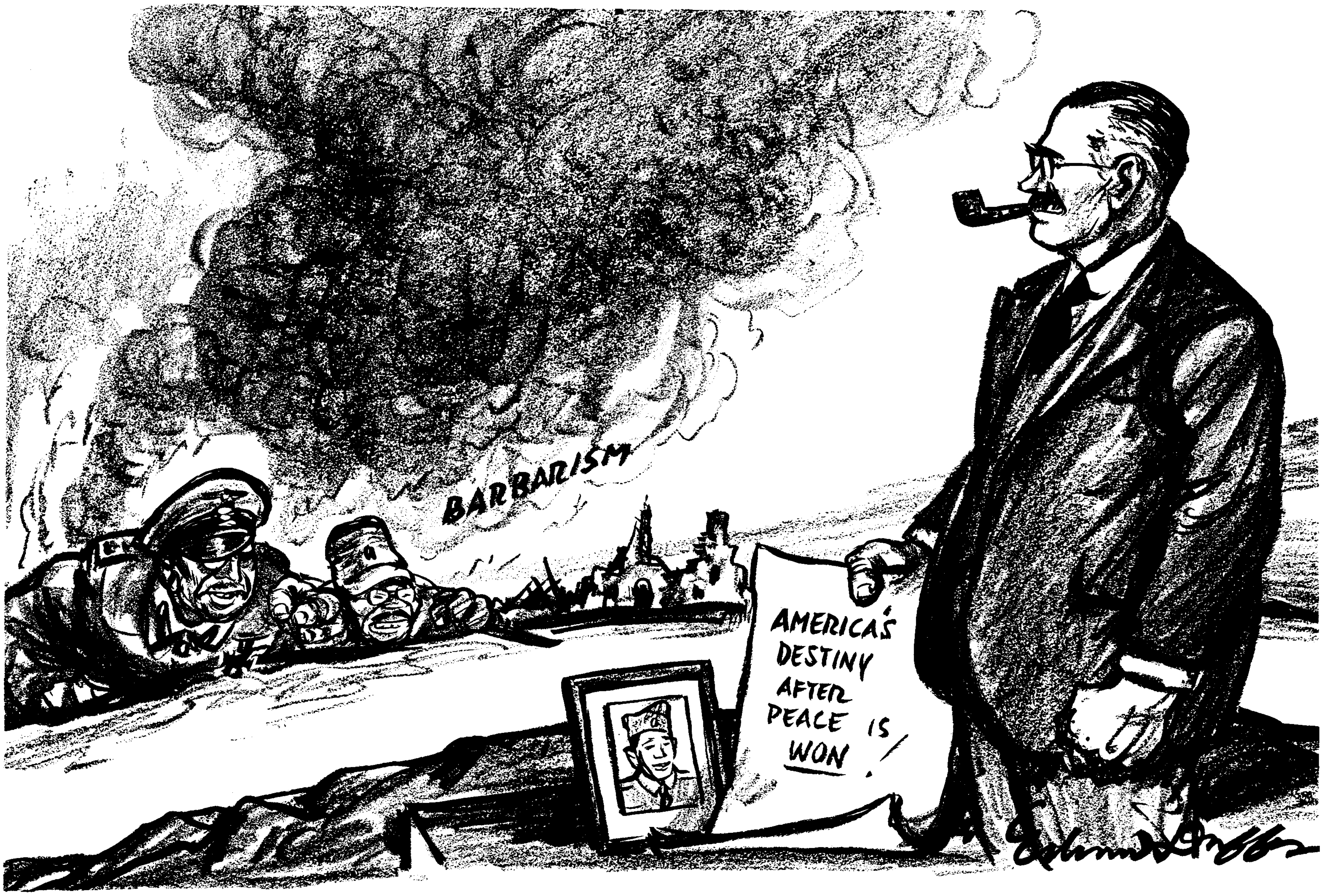

BARBARISM
AMERICA'S DESTINY AFTER PEACE IS WON!

MY SON HAS GONE TO WAR

YOUR son has gone too, no doubt. We have something in common. I never was entirely sure what my boy thought of his country. Was that the case with you? I might have found out had I asked him, but it never occurred to me. I'd as soon have thought of asking whether he preferred a different kind of air to breathe, or another brand of sunlight. But his generation knew the sore spots in our social and economic system, in our national education, in our use of resources and opportunities. His generation, I should add, are not merely critics; they are also hard workers, far more competent than some of us elders have supposed. When my boy went to war he interrupted a career well begun and turned his back on a newly established home.

What he has written and on an unforgettable visit said to me, since he became one of my defenders, makes me humble and proud. You and I should tell the world what kind of men our sons are. It will give no comfort to the enemy.

After a few weeks in his first camp he wrote about his outfit, the best crowd he has ever found himself in. If we look for brains and good humor and devotion to the job, he says, we may come to his training ground and take our pick of humdingers. He has sly jokes to tell on Army efficiency, such absurd incidents as we used to pass around in the other war; a soldier still believes the high command would profit by his advice. But my son's immediate officers, he assures me, are grand fellows, who need only a free hand to settle Hitler and Hirohito.

Neither officers nor men, he says, discuss the war, leaving that to us at home who, having leisure for worry, must exchange opinions to relieve our nerves. But he reports one universal eagerness in the Army, to finish the training and get at the real business. He has stories of boys coming down with a hard cold, or with something worse, who when their regiment leaves for the front, hide their condition with touching ingenuity, for fear their hospital will get them and they will be left behind. They are hell-bent for whatever place needs them—especially where the danger is.

Shame on us if ever we doubt the younger generation again!

If they waste no time discussing the war, if they agree that the Nazis and the Japs must be finished off without words, they have a fresh stock of ideas, freely exchanged, about the American destiny after peace is won. My boy and I used to talk by the hour about some kind of league to keep order, about our duty to other nations, about our closer fellowship with all the peoples of this hemisphere whom we are fast coming to know and admire. His interest in these subjects has not slackened. But he and his fellows now talk chiefly about the reorganization of their various professions, for greater progress in our own land. Brought together from many sections, they see the future of the country as a whole. We were falling into ruts, they say; we must strike out on new paths.

My son asked one comrade, whose thinking he particularly admires, whether there are not large opportunities for ability and ambition in South America. "Yes," was the answer, "the opportunities are there, and the money will be there, but not, I hope, for us. We should look for our opportunities in the United States, where we belong. South America is perhaps for us what we were to Europe. The best brains and the sturdiest characters have migrated here for the prizes to be picked up. Europe was weakened by their departure. If they had stayed where they were born and where they were needed, Europe might not have slumped so low."

God grant our sons victory and an early homecoming! In their hands, America will be safe.

JOHN ERSKINE

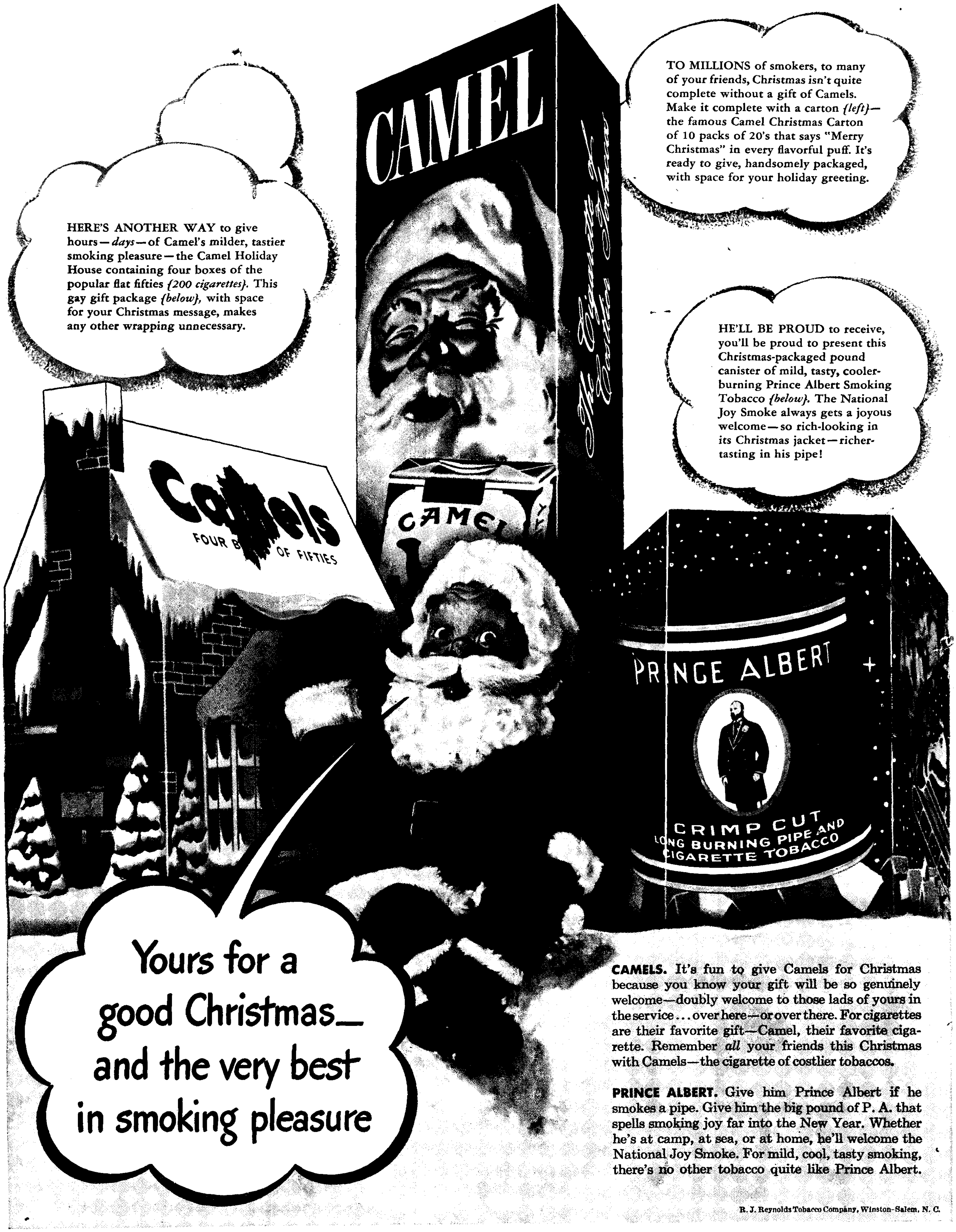
What Every Woman wants to know about a Man...

that Christmas and New Year's symbolize more to him now than ever before . . . that even with his war duties, he still keeps the holiday tradition, sending flowers to *her* —and gifts of Old Schenley to his friends!

that he serves a magnificent punch to help ring out the old year and ring in the new . . . that he mixes the Egg-Nog with "First Quality" ingredients, choosing as the whiskey, Old Schenley, *America's Mildest Bottled in Bond!*

First in Quality
OLD SCHENLEY
America's Mildest
BOTTLED IN BOND
SIX 6 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.
100 PROOF

RECIPE FOR A BOWL OF MERRY CHEER . . . (serves twenty persons) . . . Beat separately yolks and whites of six eggs. Add one-half cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add one-quarter cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in one pint cream and one pint milk. Add one pint Old Schenley Bottled-in-Bond and one ounce Bacardi Rum (89 Proof). Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg. DELICIOUS! ✝ ✝ ✝ *Copyright 1942, Stagg-Finch Distillers Corporation, New York, N. Y.*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The Cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos
Camels
FOUR B OF FIFTIES
CAMEL
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

HERE'S ANOTHER WAY to give hours—*days*—of Camel's milder, tastier smoking pleasure—the Camel Holiday House containing four boxes of the popular flat fifties *(200 cigarettes)*. This gay gift package *(below)*, with space for your Christmas message, makes any other wrapping unnecessary.

TO MILLIONS of smokers, to many of your friends, Christmas isn't quite complete without a gift of Camels. Make it complete with a carton *(left)*—the famous Camel Christmas Carton of 10 packs of 20's that says "Merry Christmas" in every flavorful puff. It's ready to give, handsomely packaged, with space for your holiday greeting.

HE'LL BE PROUD to receive, you'll be proud to present this Christmas-packaged pound canister of mild, tasty, cooler-burning Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco *(below)*. The National Joy Smoke always gets a joyous welcome—so rich-looking in its Christmas jacket—richer-tasting in his pipe!

Yours for a good Christmas—and the very best in smoking pleasure

CAMELS. It's fun to give Camels for Christmas because you know your gift will be so genuinely welcome—doubly welcome to those lads of yours in the service . . . over here—or over there. For cigarettes are their favorite gift—Camel, their favorite cigarette. Remember *all* your friends this Christmas with Camels—the cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

PRINCE ALBERT. Give him Prince Albert if he smokes a pipe. Give him the big pound of P. A. that spells smoking joy far into the New Year. Whether he's at camp, at sea, or at home, he'll welcome the National Joy Smoke. For mild, cool, tasty smoking, there's no other tobacco quite like Prince Albert.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.